

POLICE

COMICS

OCTOBER No. 71

10¢

**PLASTIC
MAN**

finds

**A SPECIAL BRAND
OF TROUBLE!**

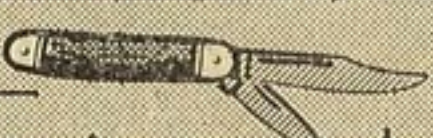
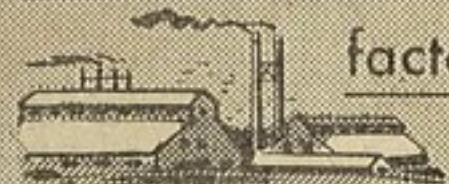




WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

SHOOT SAFE & BUDDY!

BOYS! SHOW THIS MESSAGE TO YOUR PARENTS!

You'll never see a real outdoorsman  aim or shoot his rifle at anything but a safe, proper target... he handles his firearms  with care and respect. Your Daisy  is made for fun shooting. It is not a lethal weapon but... like a knife,  or auto it may cause damage if handled carelessly. So do not aim or shoot at windows, street lights, song-birds,  pets, property or any other person... ever! Remember,  carelessness causes accidents to millions of Americans every year in cars, homes  factories. So... if you are careless with your Daisy or abuse the privilege of owning one.... your parents,  guardian  or police  have the right to take it from you.. and  should!  Don't let this happen. Be careful. Aim and shoot safe, Buddy!



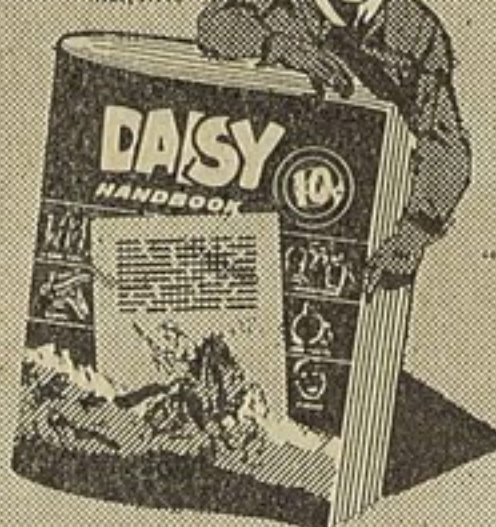
MEMORIZE THE SHOOTER'S SAFETY PLEDGE!

I pledge myself to PROTECT animals, property and people in my community by always aiming and shooting my Daisy safely!

Get Your DAISY HANDBOOK NOW!

Ready—the amazing 128-page DAISY HANDBOOK—your guide to safer shooting, more fun! Featuring Red Ryder, Buck Rogers comic strips—atomic bombs—how to saddle western style—adventure stories—jokes—mechanical marvels explained—trick shots—manual of marksmanship—woodcraft tips—many others. Also included... complete Daisy Air Rifle Catalog describing the beautiful Daisys being made and delivered to dealers fast as the supply of materials and labor permits. Get your Handbook. Hurry—limited supply. Mail dime (10c) and unused 3c stamp with name, address to Daisy—we'll send Handbook postpaid!

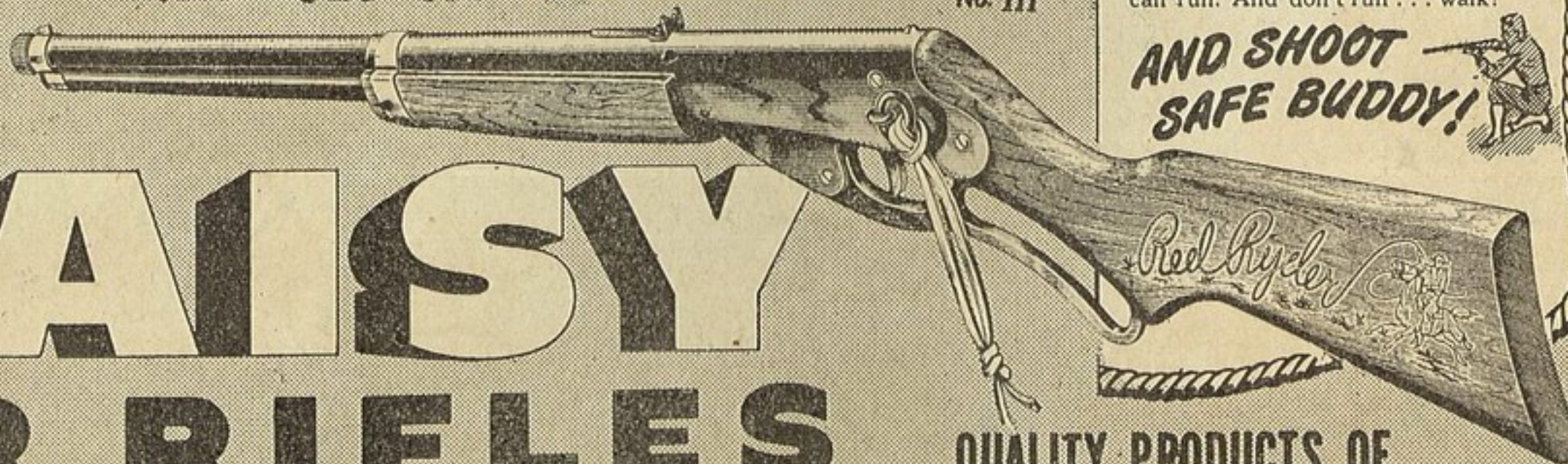
Licensed By Stephen Slesinger, Inc., N.Y.



ILLUSTRATED BELOW IS THE FAMOUS DAISY 1000 SHOT

RED RYDER CARBINE

MODEL
No. III



DAISY

AIR RIFLES

... QUALITY PRODUCTS OF



DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 4910 UNION ST., DEPT. 7, PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN, U. S. A.



SAFETY TIPS

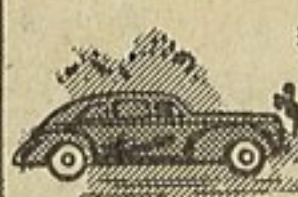


BICYCLE SAFELY...

Careless bicycling may cause accidents! Always ride single file. Never "hitch on" to car or truck. Follow all traffic signs, rules. Avoid ruts. Ride close to right edge of road. Use hand signals for turn, stops.

ROLLER SKATE SAFELY...

Avoid roller skating accidents by being careful. Always skate on sidewalk. Come to stop at curbs. Cross streets at corners only. Do not "hitch" on to bicyclists. Cross small cracks at right angles.



DRIVE SAFELY...

An average of more than ONE MILLION children, women, men are injured every year in traffic accidents! Think that over, Buddy! Decide now that when you are old enough to get your driver's license—and after you get it—you will remember and follow the safety driving rules you learned.

CROSS STREETS SAFELY...

Always stop at curb, look right and left to see if street is clear. Cross streets only at corners. Obey signal lights. Remember, an auto moves faster than you can run. And don't run... walk!



AND SHOOT SAFE BUDDY!



PLASTIC MAN



East is east and west is west
But with one stride, **PLASTIC MAN**,
spans the distance and solves a mystery
of the wide open spaces!

F.B.I. Headquarters...and a visitor is in the chief's private office...

SO EVEN IF YOU CALL MY STORY A FUNNY ONE, YOU CAN SEE THERE'S THINGS ABOUT IT THAT AIN'T LAUGHABLE. WE NEED THE F.B.I. TO STRAIGHTEN IT OUT!

THE MOST INTERESTING THING IS THE STAMP THEFT, MR. ROBERTS!

STAMP THEFT? THAT'S MIGHTY SMALL POTATOES, PODNER, COMPARED TO THE CATTLE GRABBIN', HI-JACKIN', PISTOL SHOOTIN'...

BUT STAMPS ARE GOVERNMENT PROPERTY! WE OF THE F.B.I. CAN BE CALLED IN OFFICIALLY ON THAT! HEY, PLAS!

MEET PLASTIC MAN! HE'S OUR MOST UNUSUAL OPERATIVE... LIKEWISE OUR MOST SUCCESSFUL! DON'T MIND IF HE LOOKS LIKE A GIRAFFE SOMETIMES!

SPEAKIN' OF GIRAFFES, I REMEMBER WHAT MY POP SAID WHEN HE SAW HIS FIRST... THEY AIN'T NO SECH ANIMAL!

SON, THE COW COUNTRY'S IN TROUBLE. KILLIN'S, THIEVIN'S, MYSTERIES! I WAS SENT TO BRING BACK A GOV'MENT OFFICER!

TELEPHONE AND TELL YOUR FRIENDS THAT YOU **FAILED**... NO OFFICER WOULD COME!

BUT SAY THAT YOU'VE HIRED SOME TENDER- FEET AS COW- HANDS TO RE- PLACE THE CASUALTIES!

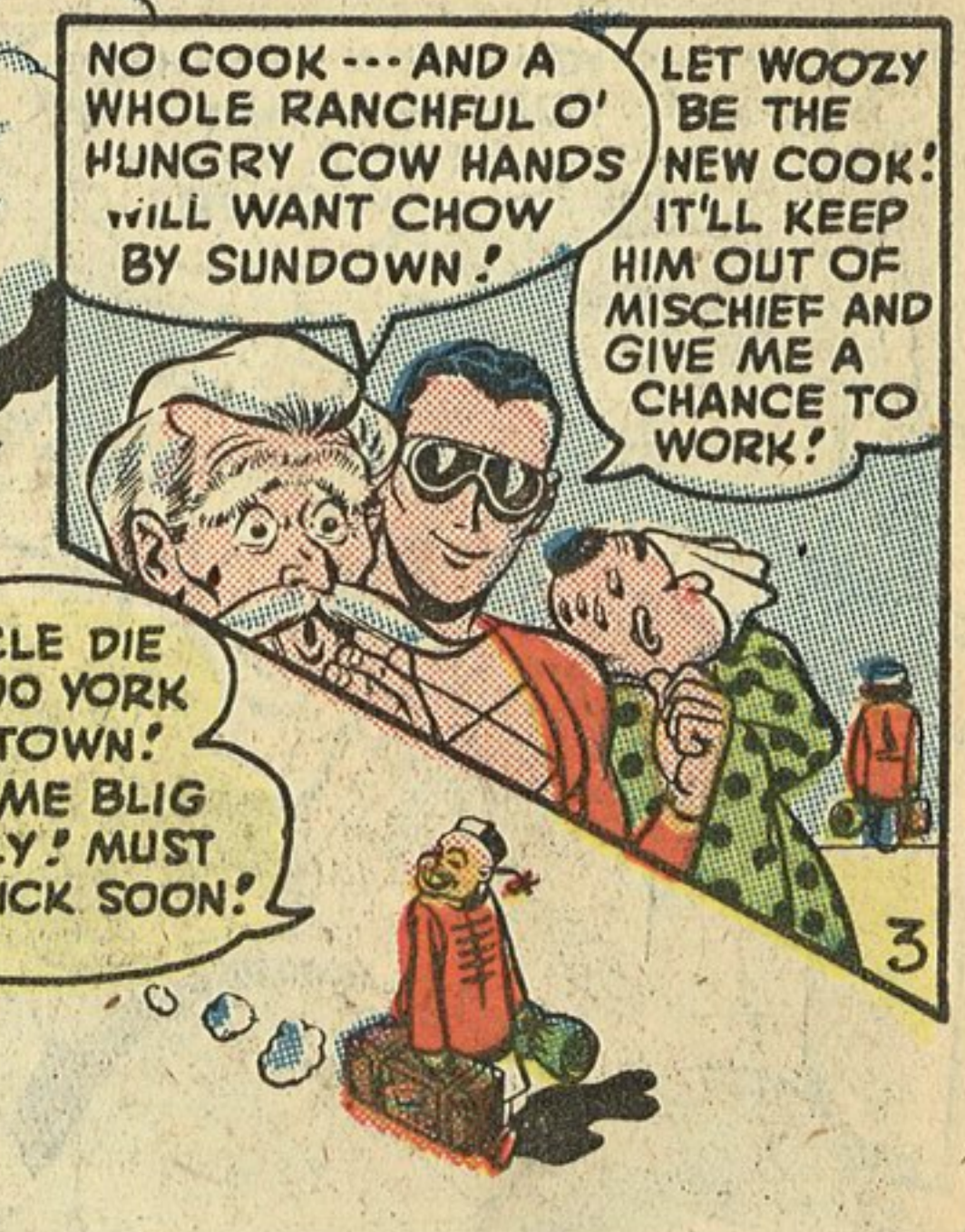
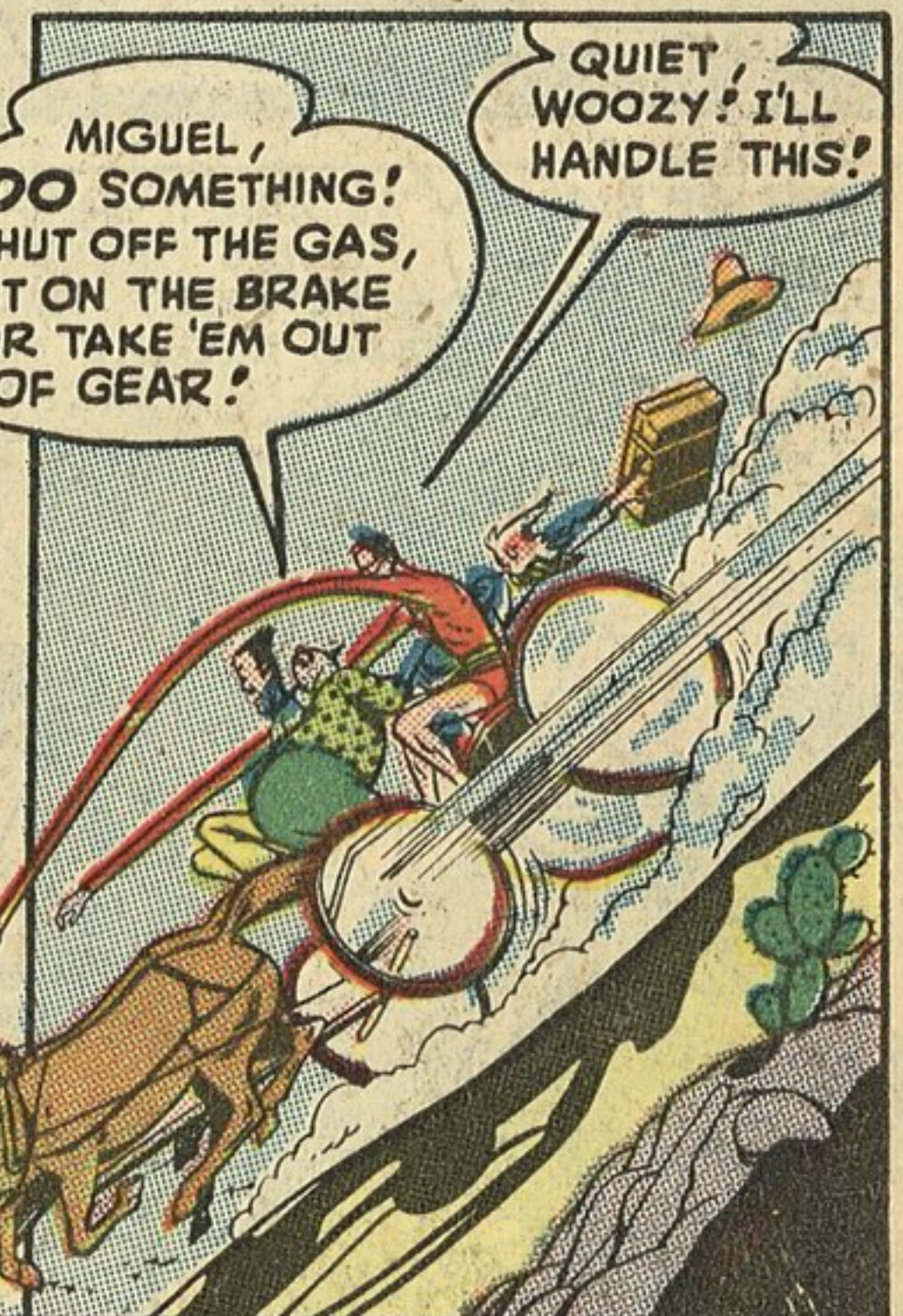
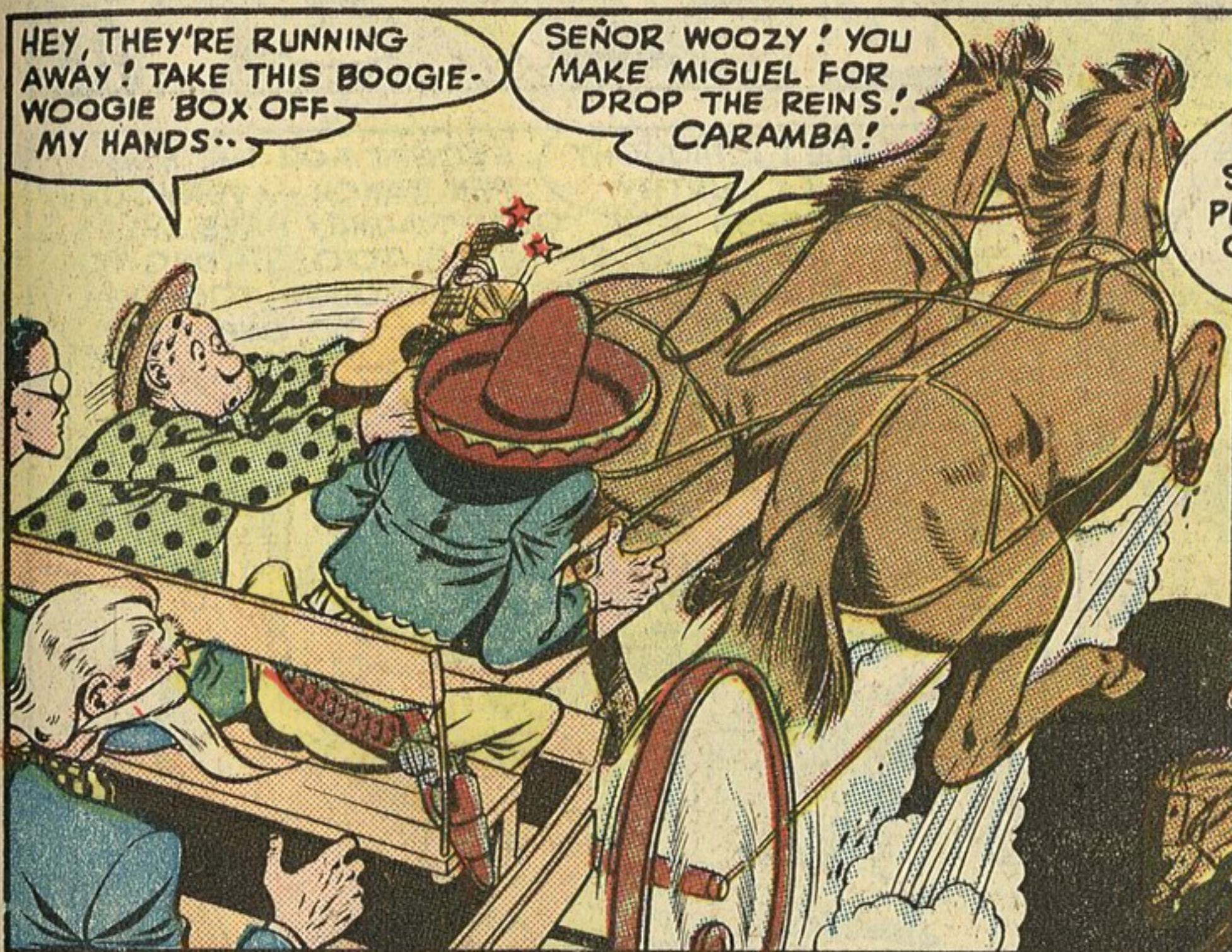
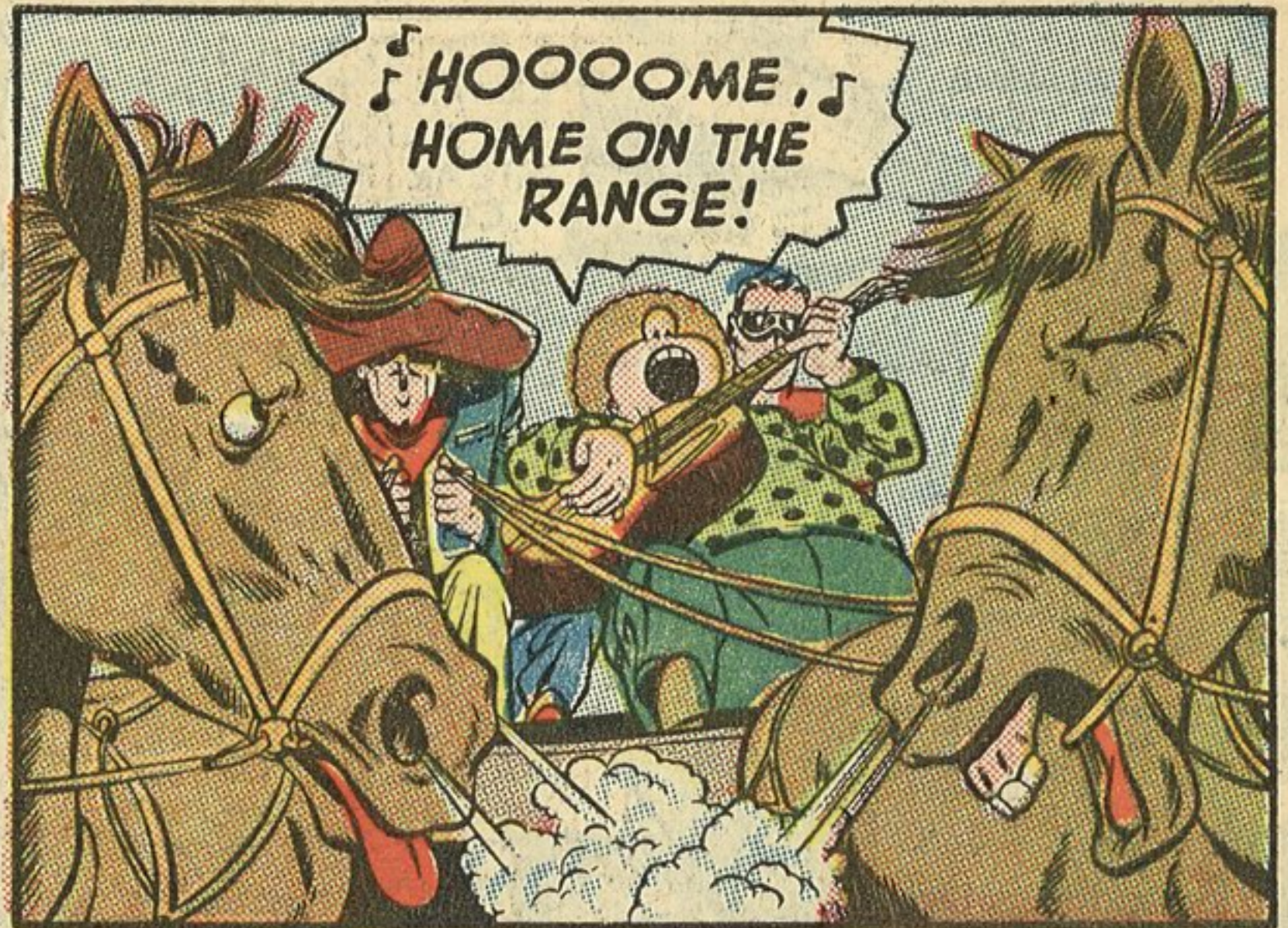
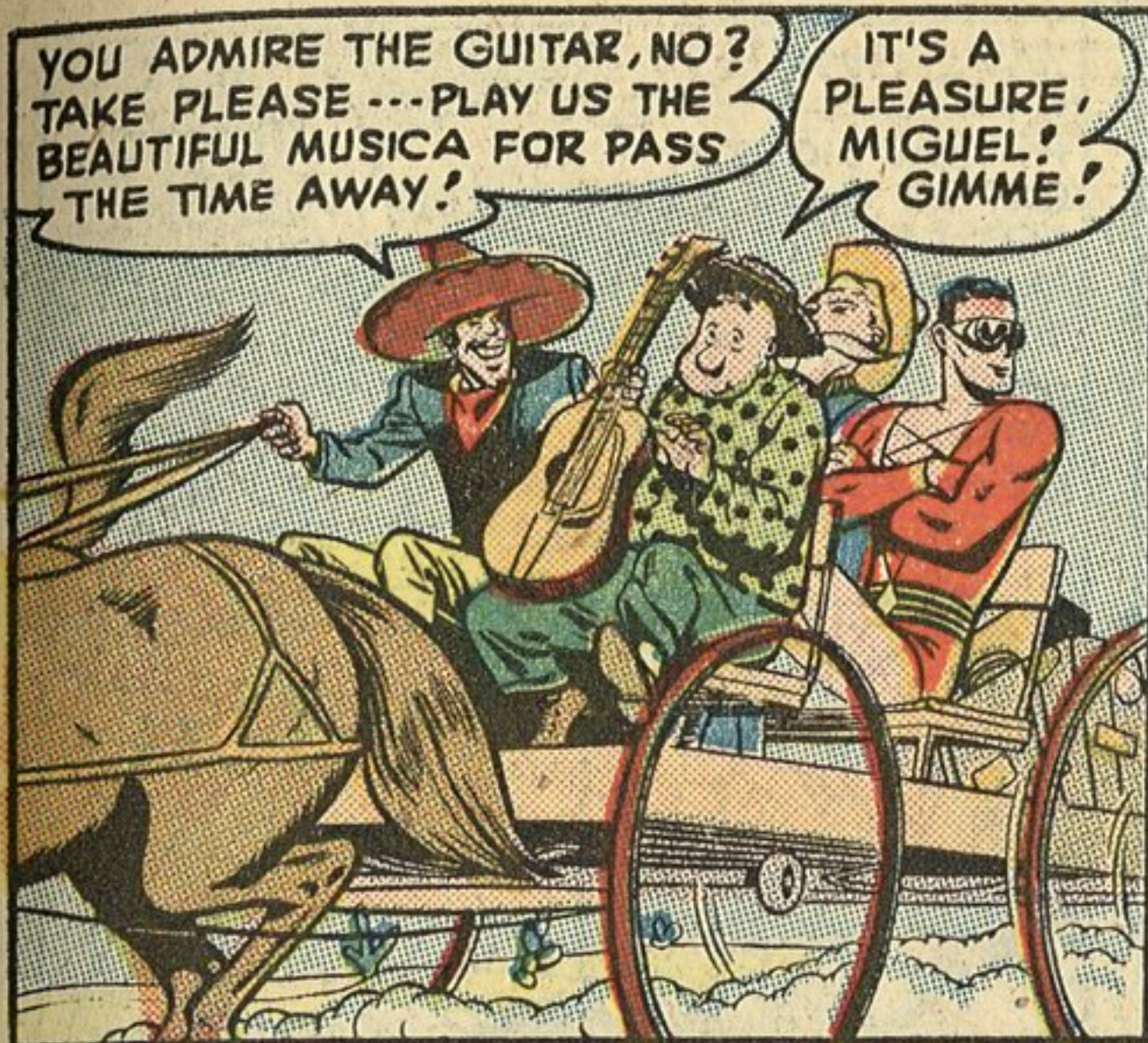
THAT'S WHERE YOU COME IN, PLAS? WORKING IN SECRET? GOOD!

Two days later...

SEÑOR ROBERTS, EET EES THAT I BRING THE WAGON FOR YOU AND YOUR AMIGOS, NO?

PICTURESQUE TURNOUT, EH, WOOZY?

CACTUS JUNCTION





WHY DID PLAS GIVE ME A JOB AS A COOK? I CAN'T EVEN BOIL WATER!

I ADVISE QUEECK THE LEARN! THE COWBOYS, THEY LIKE THE TENDER STEAK, THE STRONG COFFEE, THE BROWN FLAPJACK --- OR ELSE THEY GET O, SO **ANGRY!**



Meanwhile...

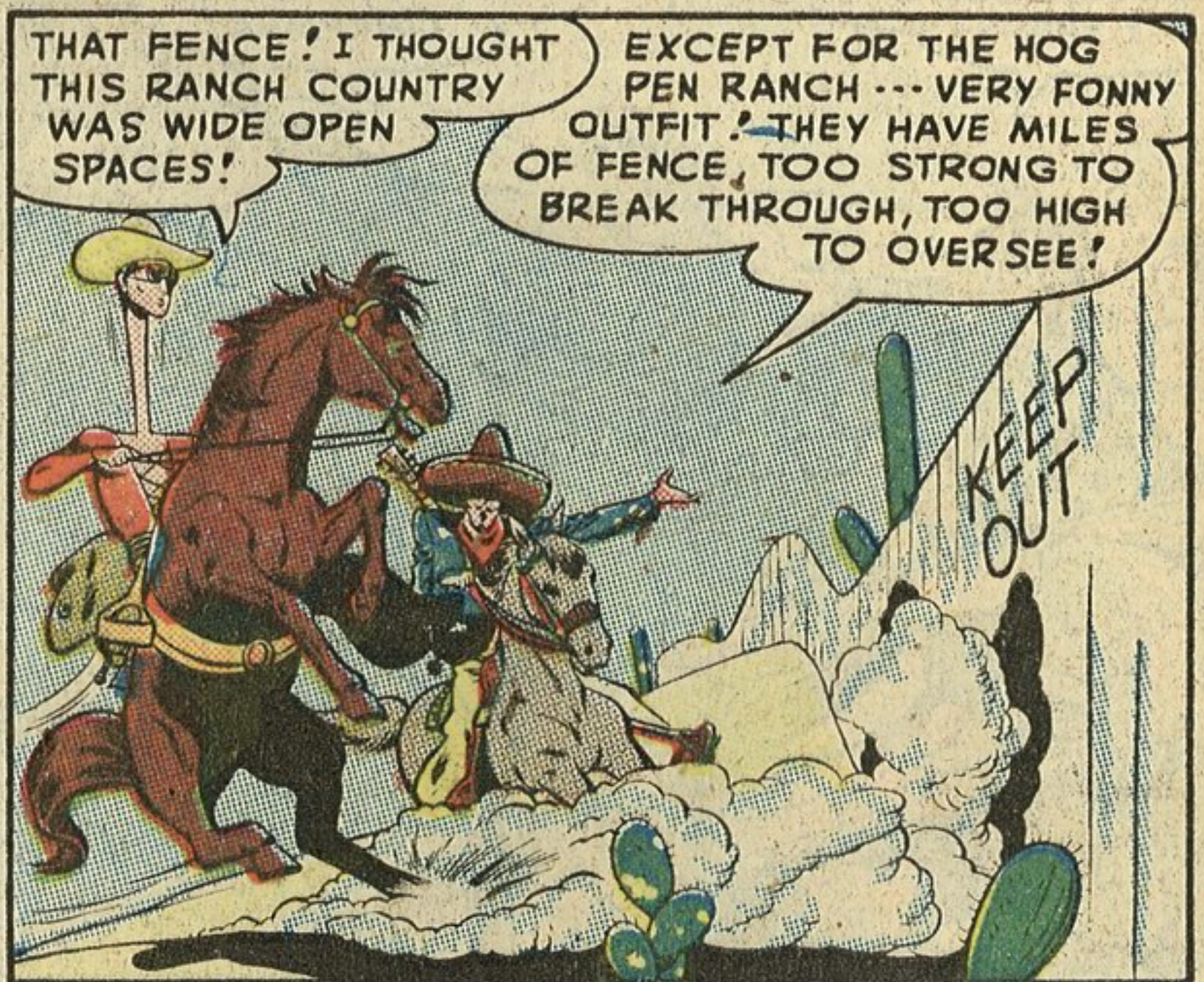
NOW, AS I GET IT... CATTLE HAVE DISAPPEARED, NOT LEAVING EVEN HOOF-MARKS! COW HANDS ON YOUR RANCH AND OTHERS HAVE DIED MYSTERIOUSLY WHEN THEY SAW THE CRIMINALS! AND THERE HAVE BEEN HOLDUPS!

YEAH, INCLUDING ONE AT THE POST OFFICE, WHERE THEY TOOK GOVERNMENT STAMPS... ALLOWING THE F.B.I. TO COME IN!



FIRST OF ALL, I WANT TO LOOK AROUND... SEE WHAT'S WHAT AND WHERE!

MIGUEL! SADDLE TWO PONIES AND SHOW THIS NEW COW HAND AROUND THE RANCH!



THAT FENCE! I THOUGHT THIS RANCH COUNTRY WAS WIDE OPEN SPACES!

EXCEPT FOR THE HOG PEN RANCH... VERY FONNY OUTFIT! THEY HAVE MILES OF FENCE, TOO STRONG TO BREAK THROUGH, TOO HIGH TO OVERSEE!



YOU MEAN TOO HIGH FOR ORDINARY PEOPLE TO SEE OVER!

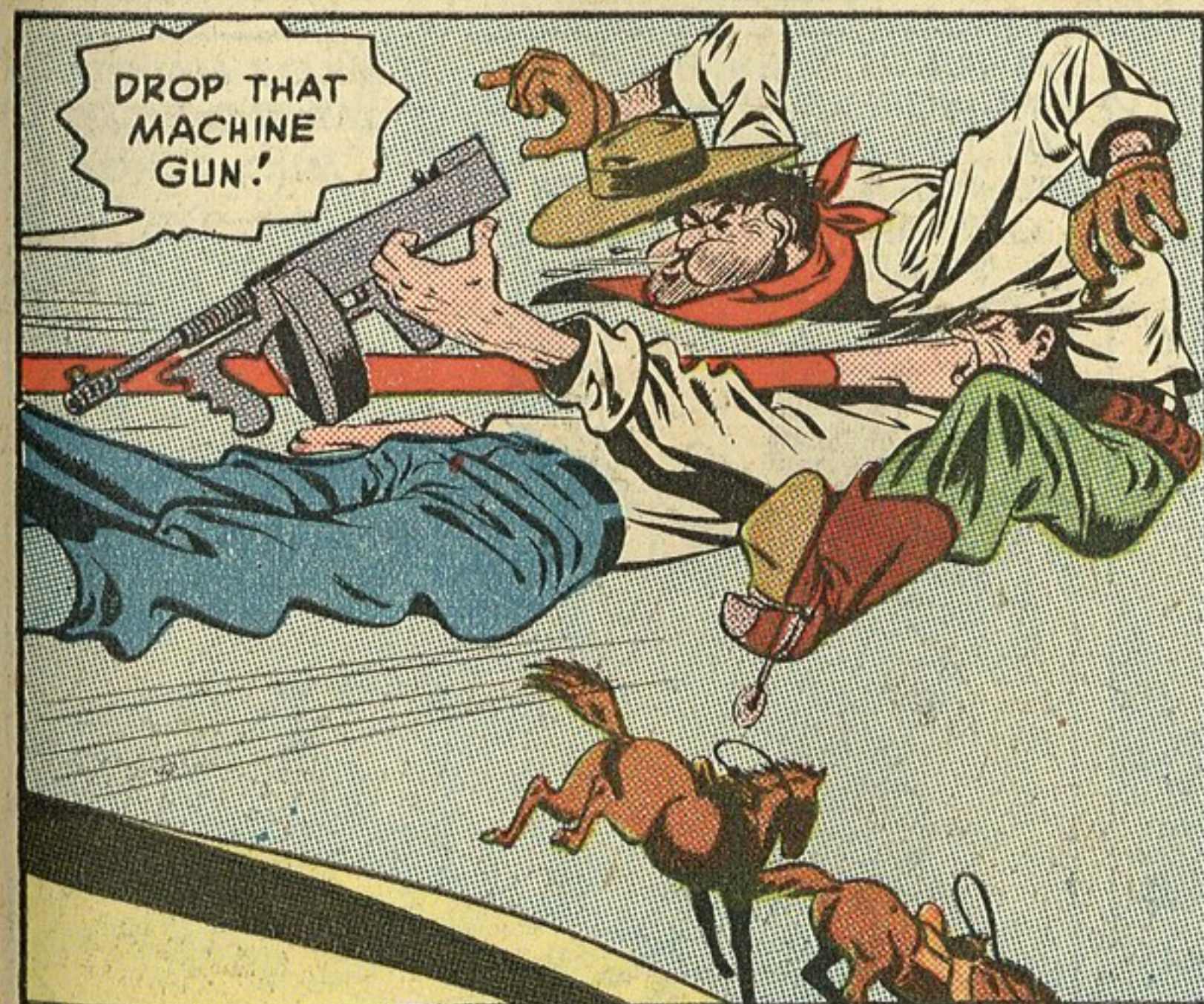
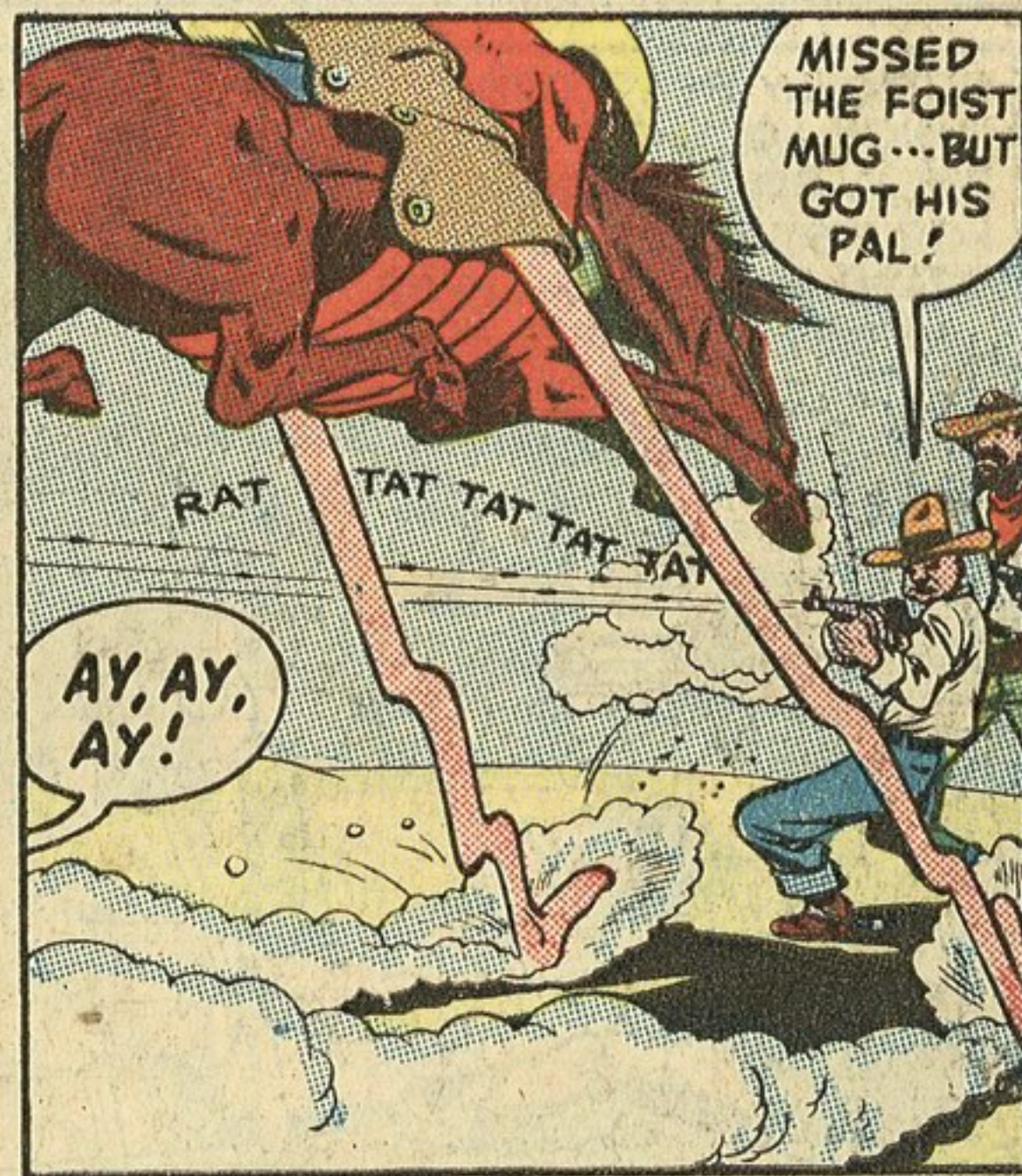
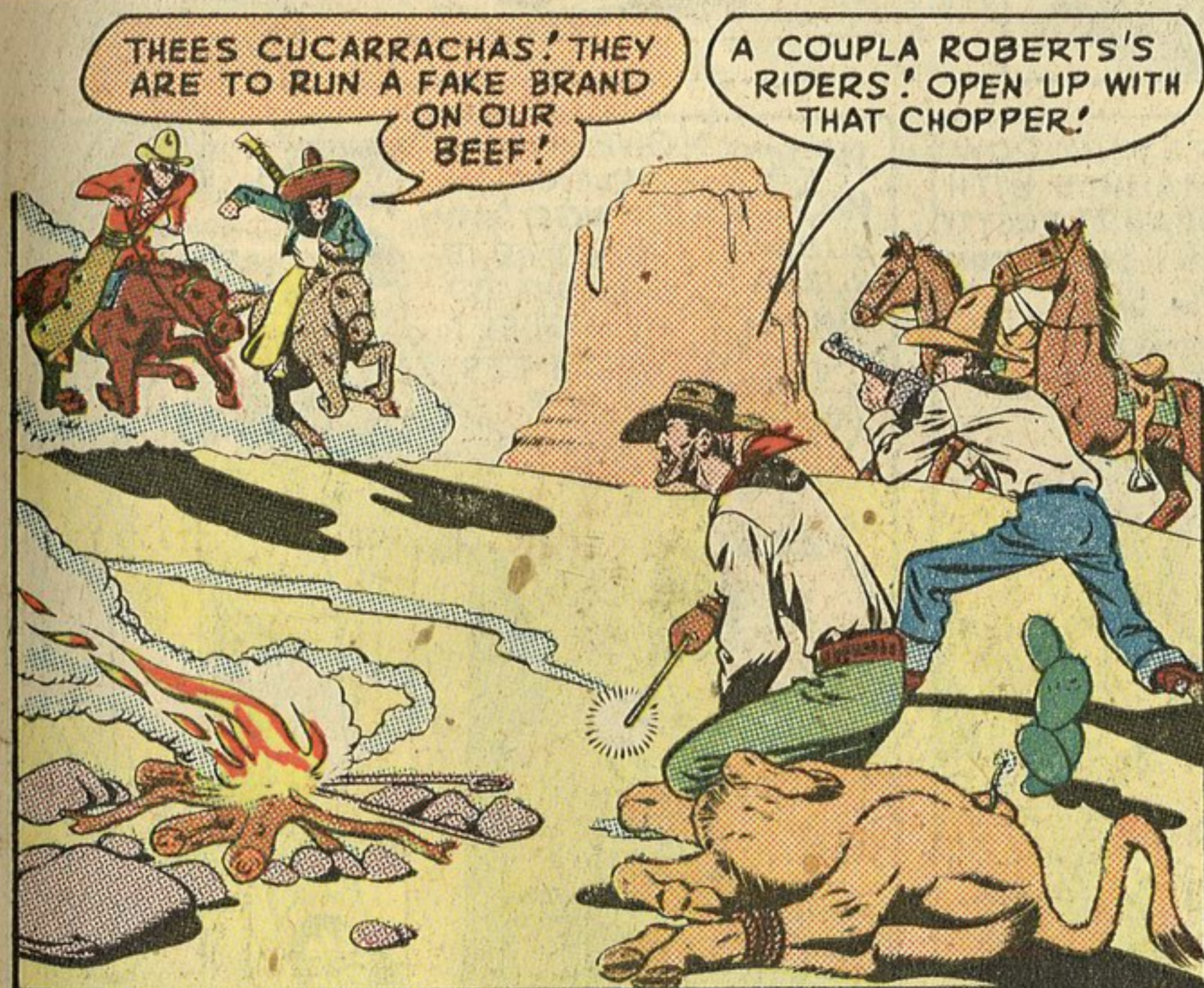
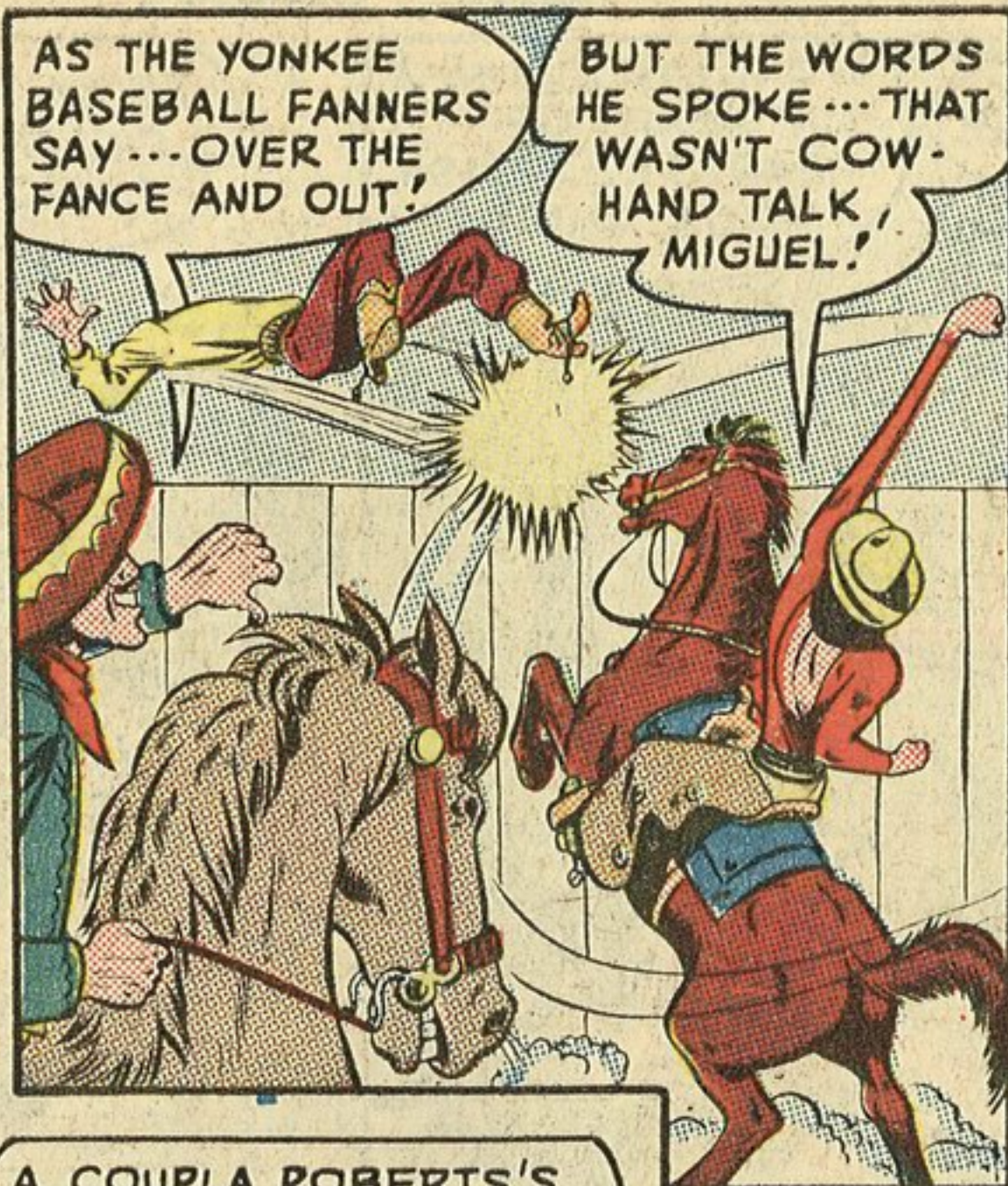
GET OUTA HERE, BUB... OR I'LL BREAK OFF THAT LONG NECK AT THE WAIST!

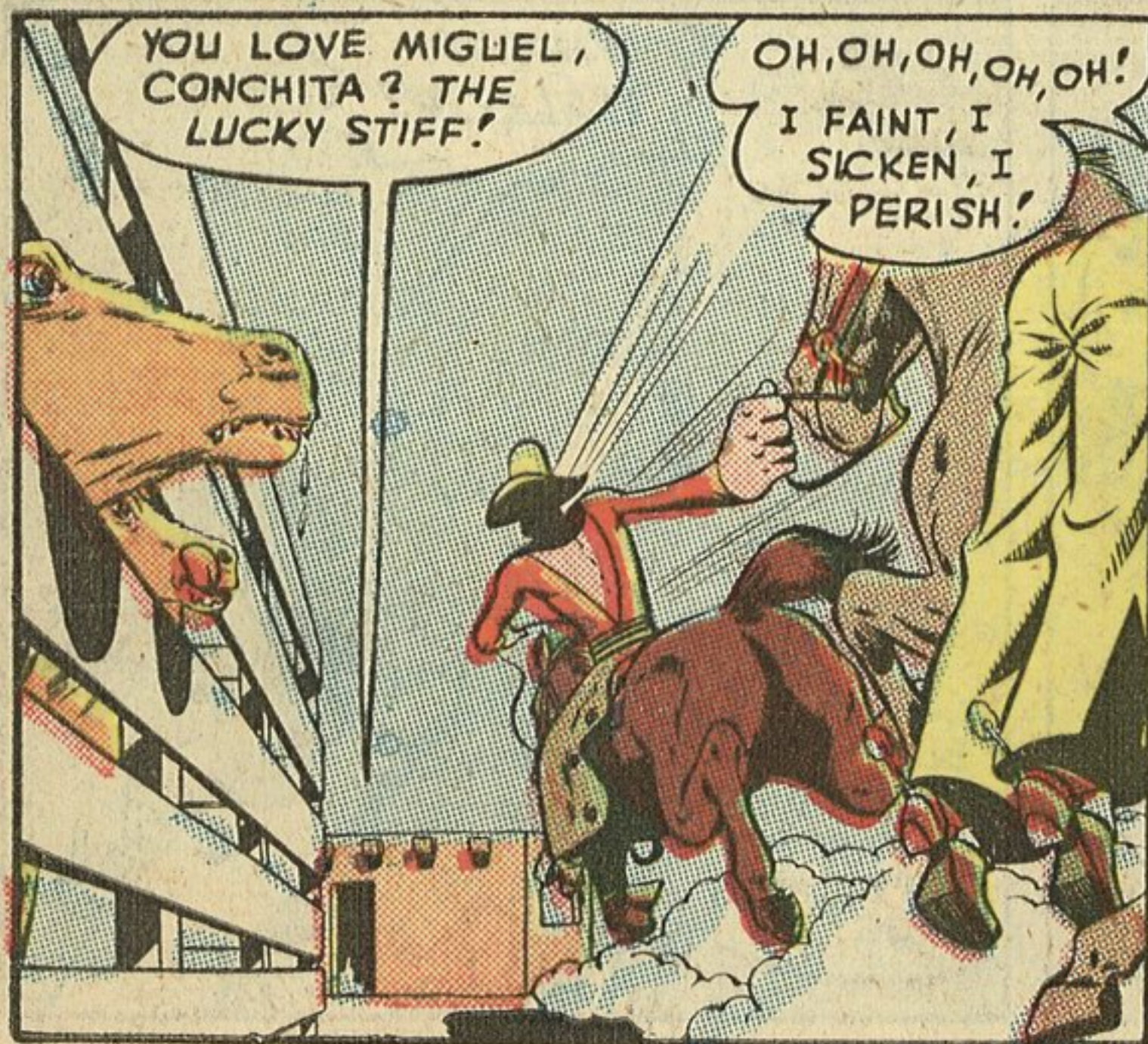
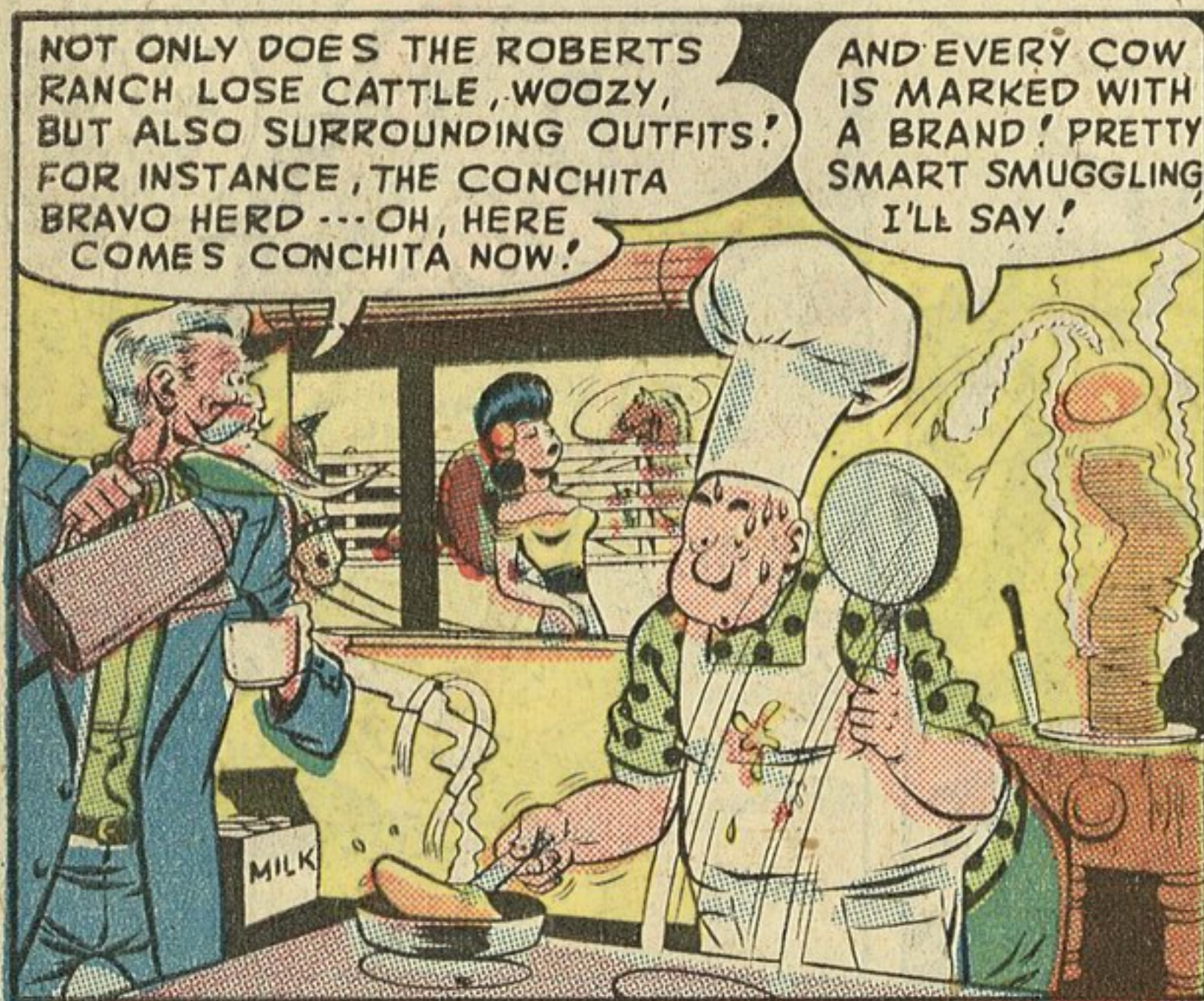
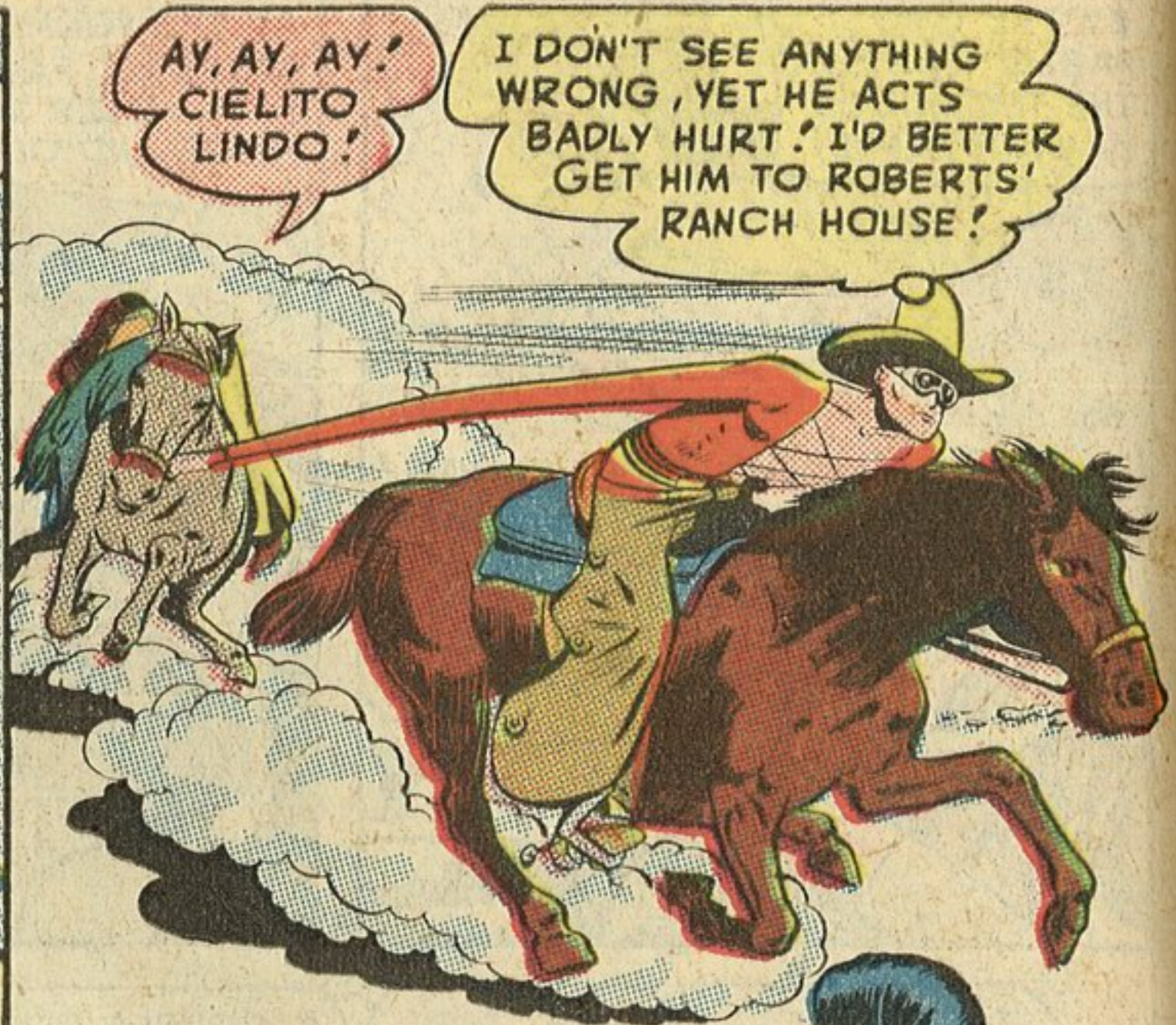
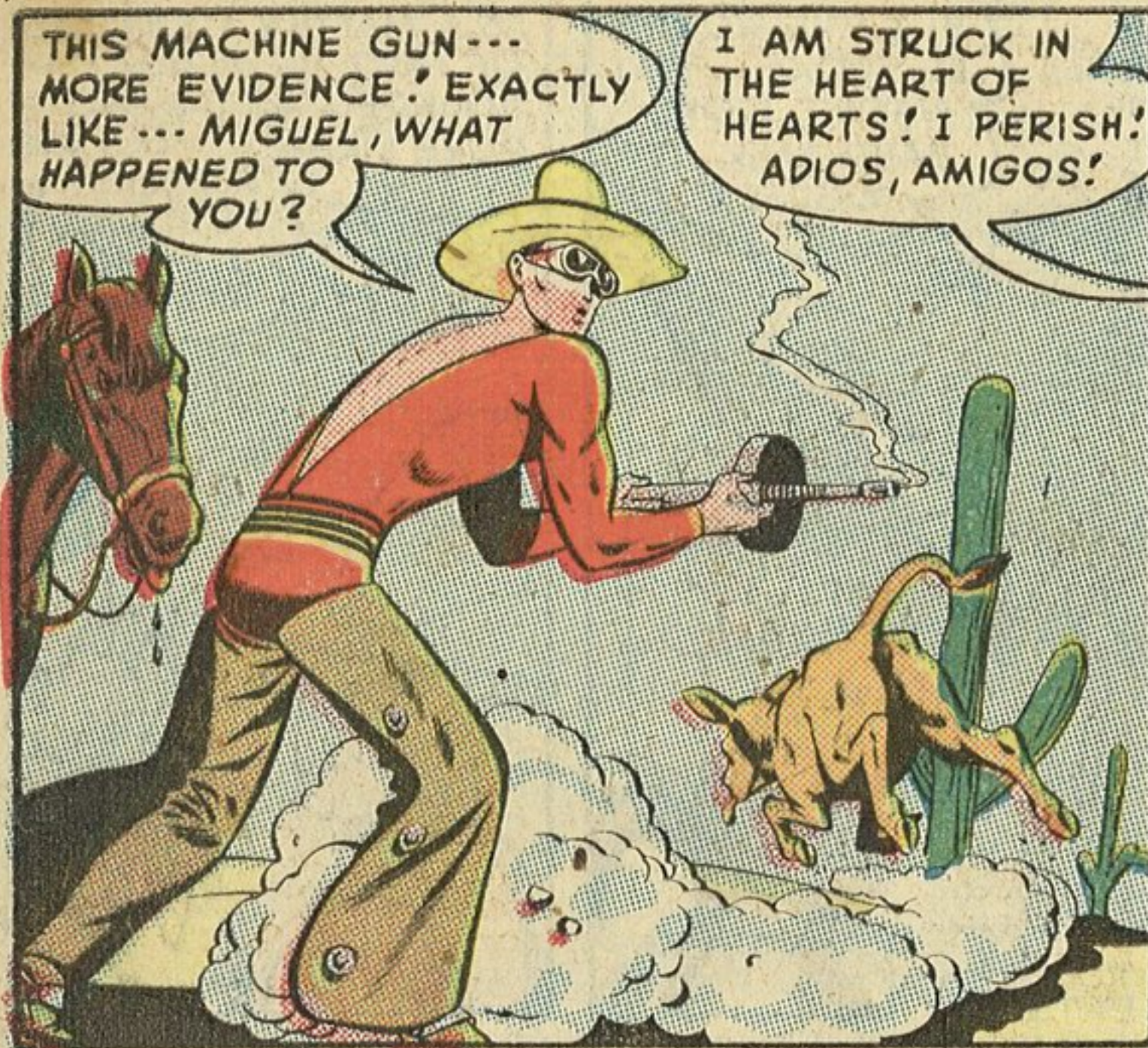


YOU CAN'T COME ON HOG PEN RANCH GROUND... **HEY!**

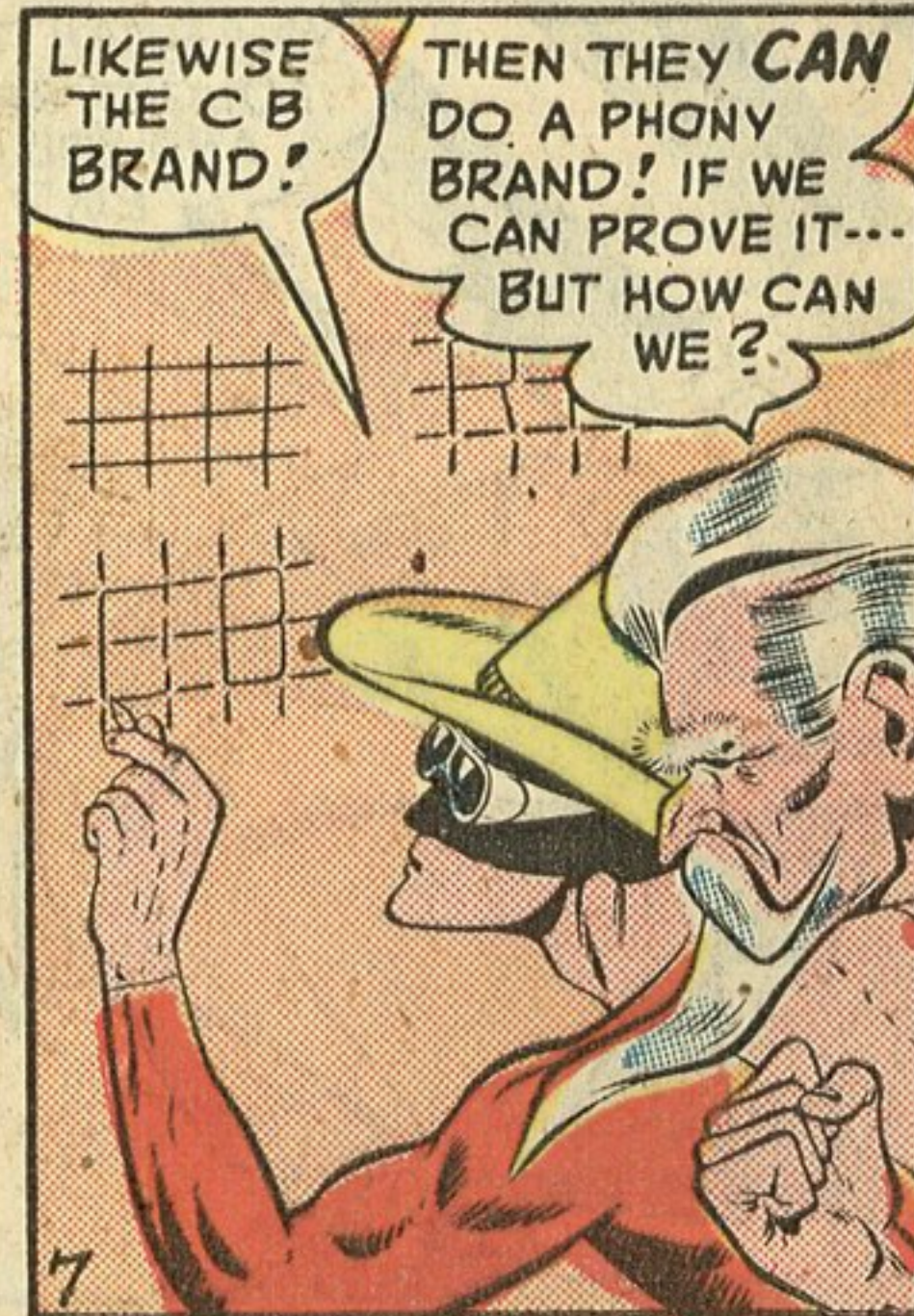
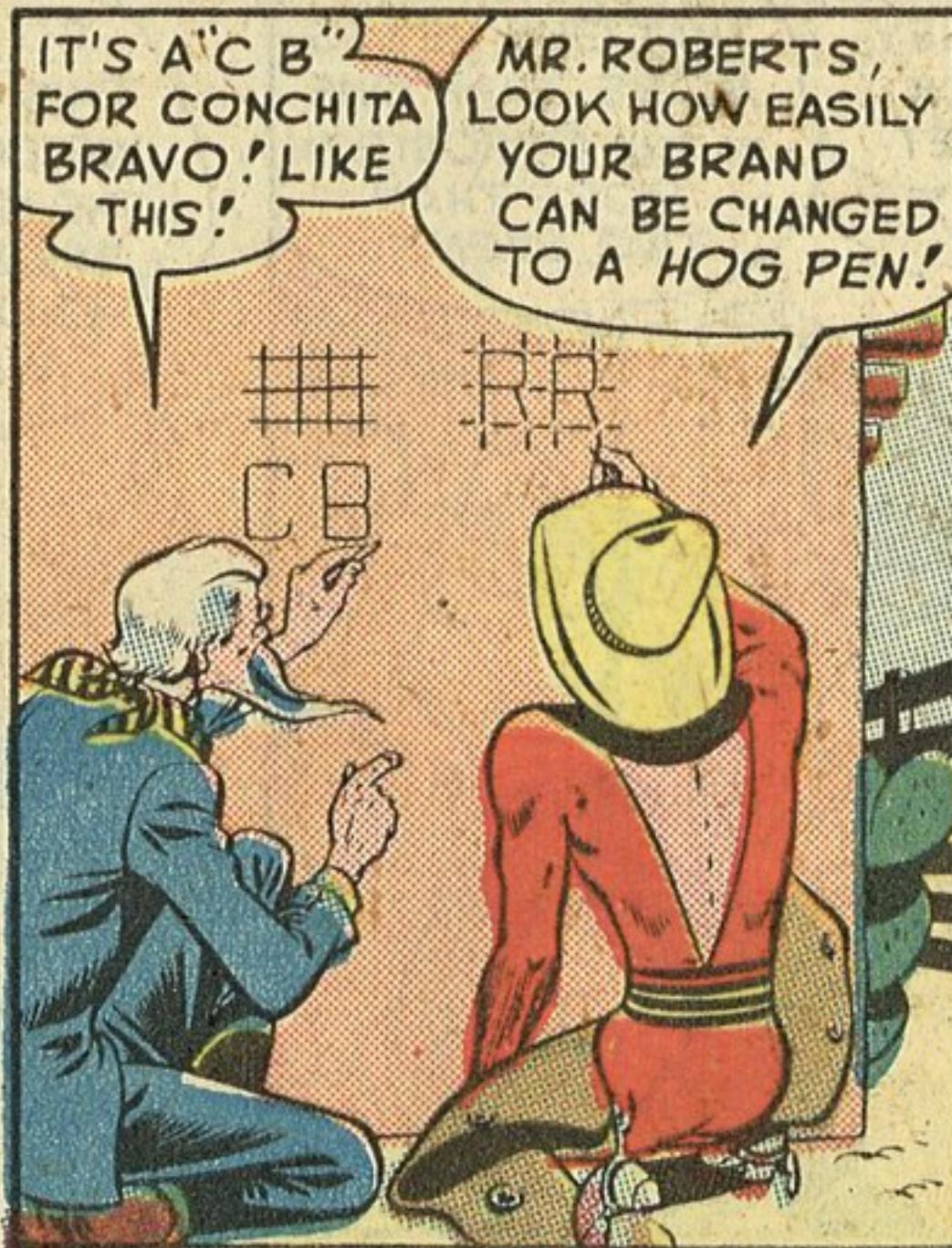
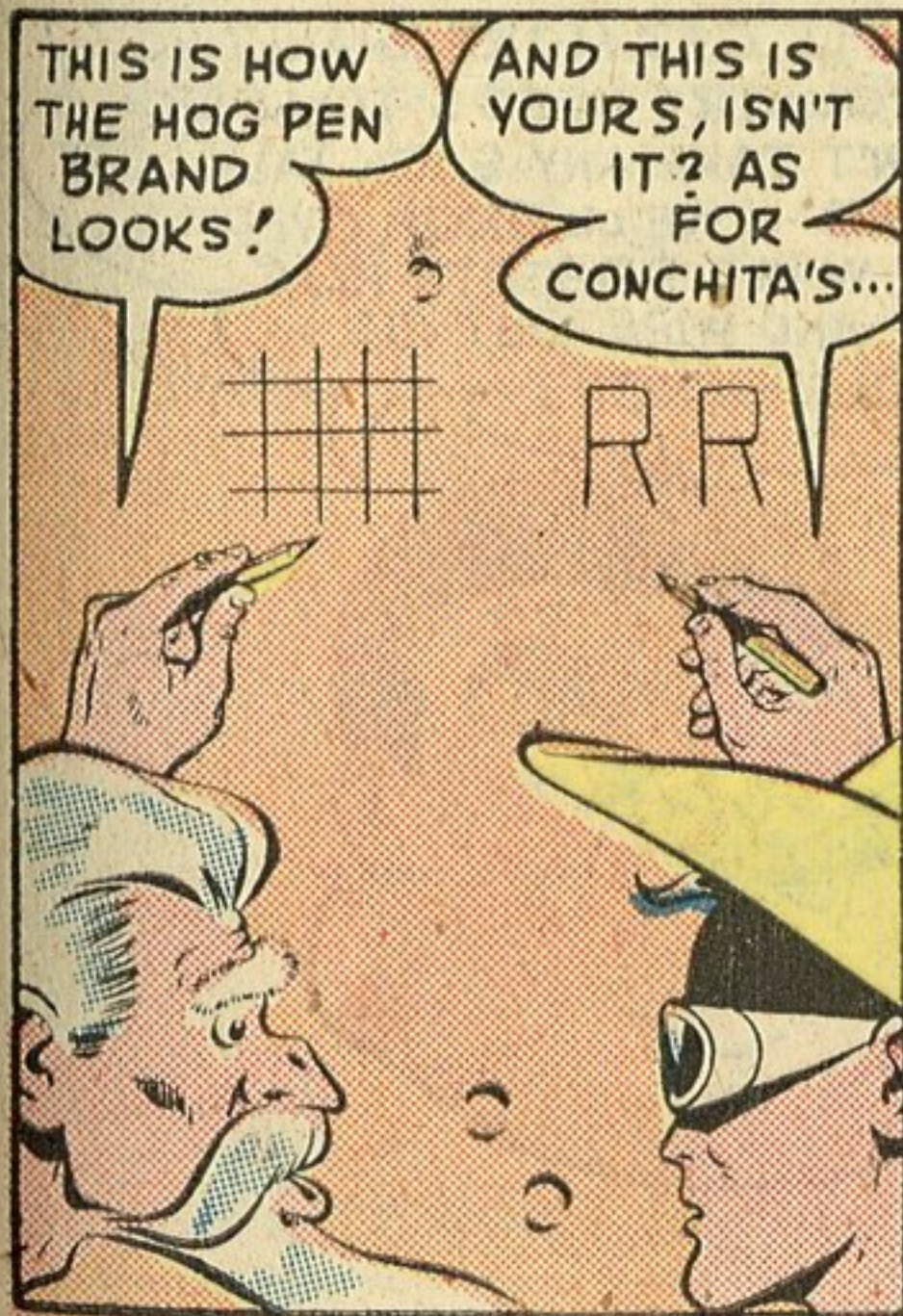
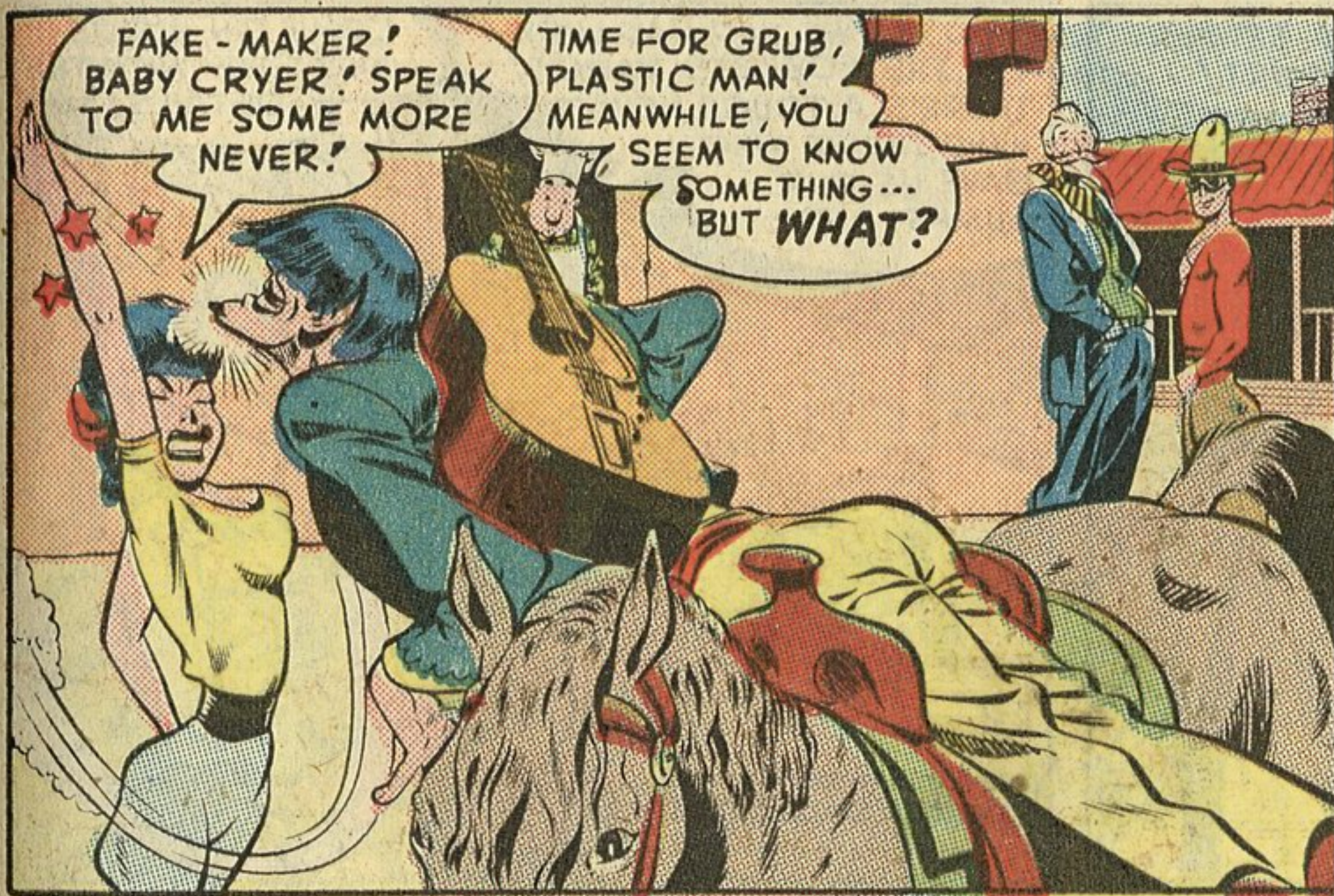
THEN COME ONTO THIS GROUND AND WE'LL TALK THINGS OVER!

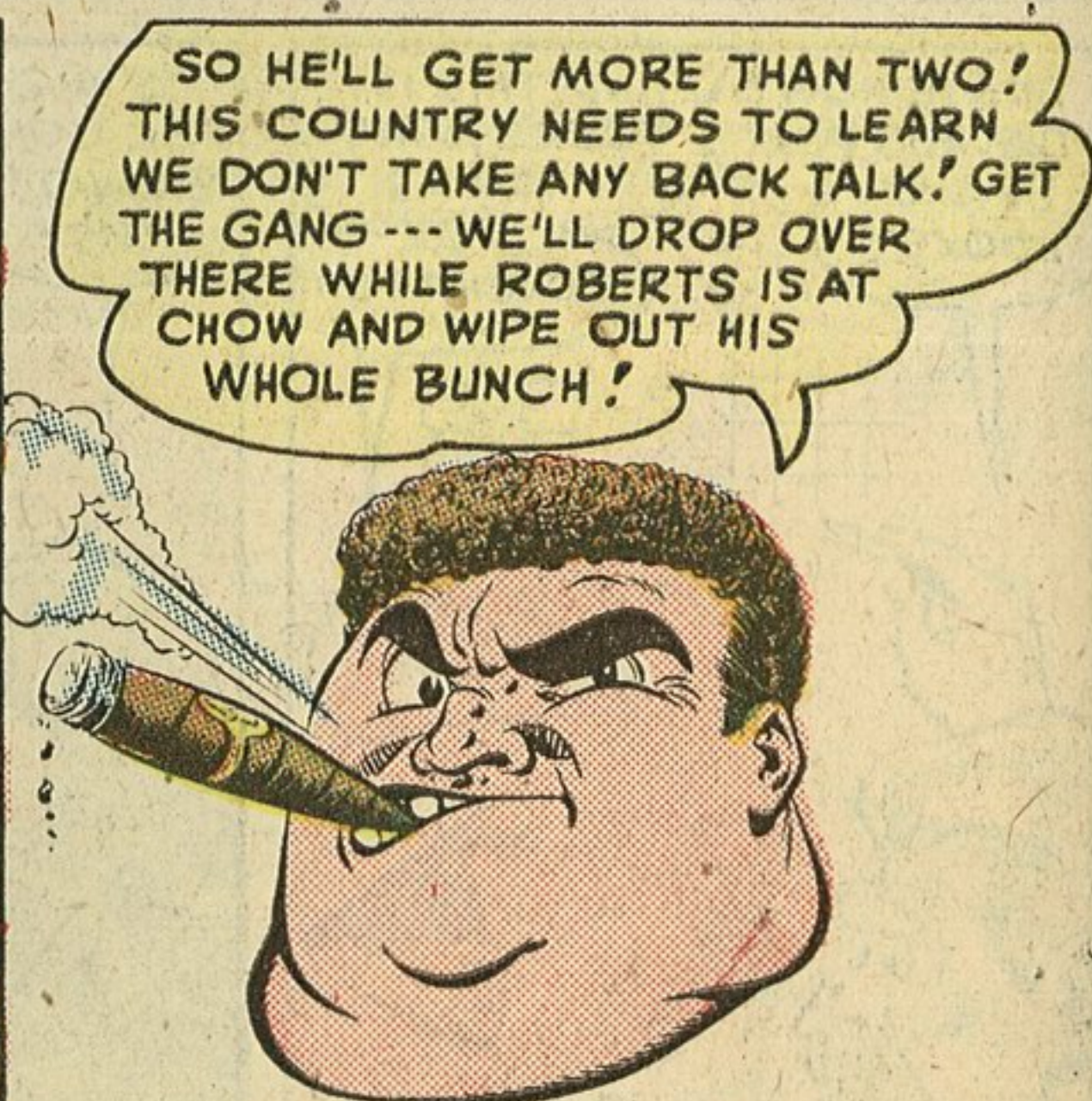
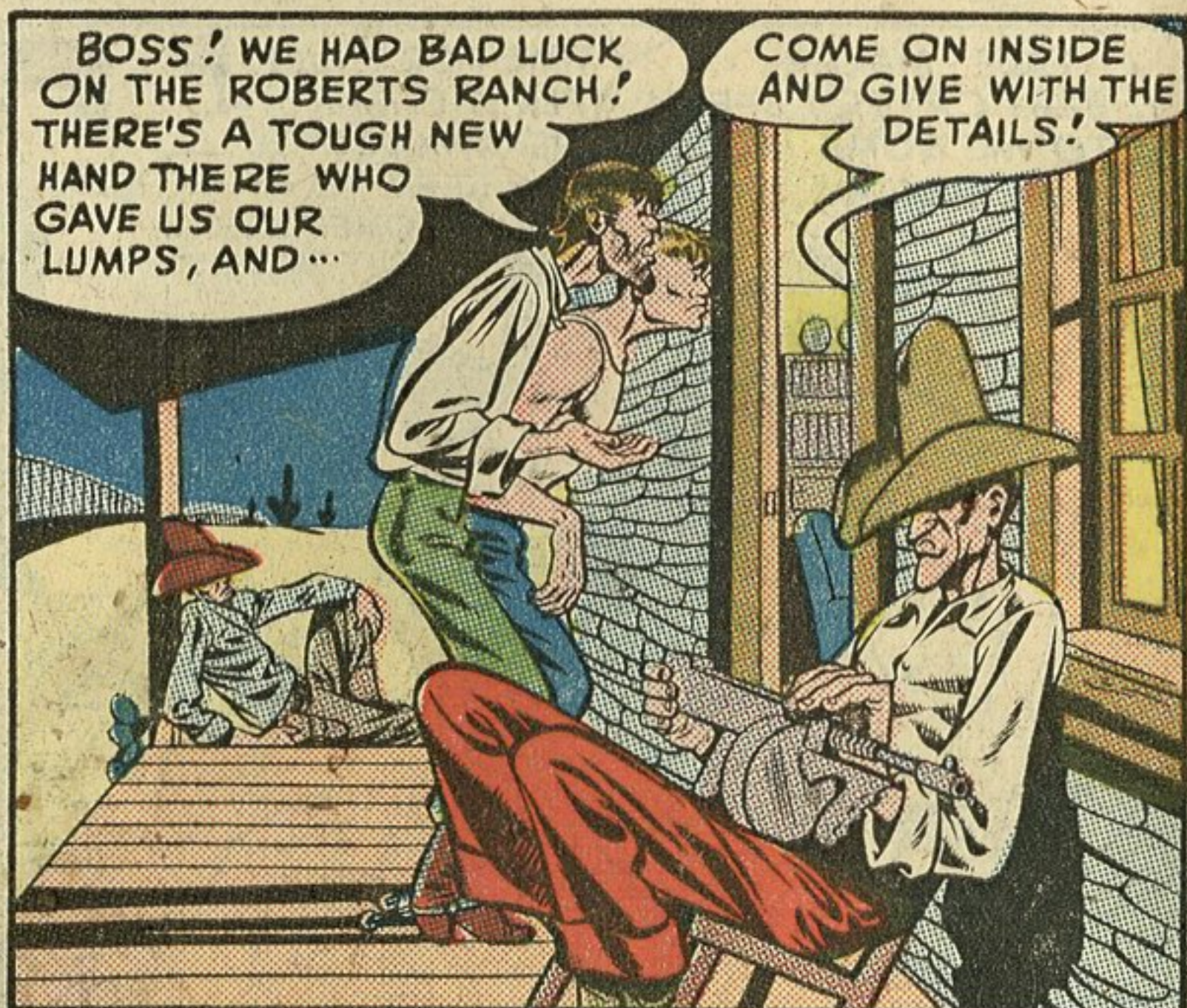
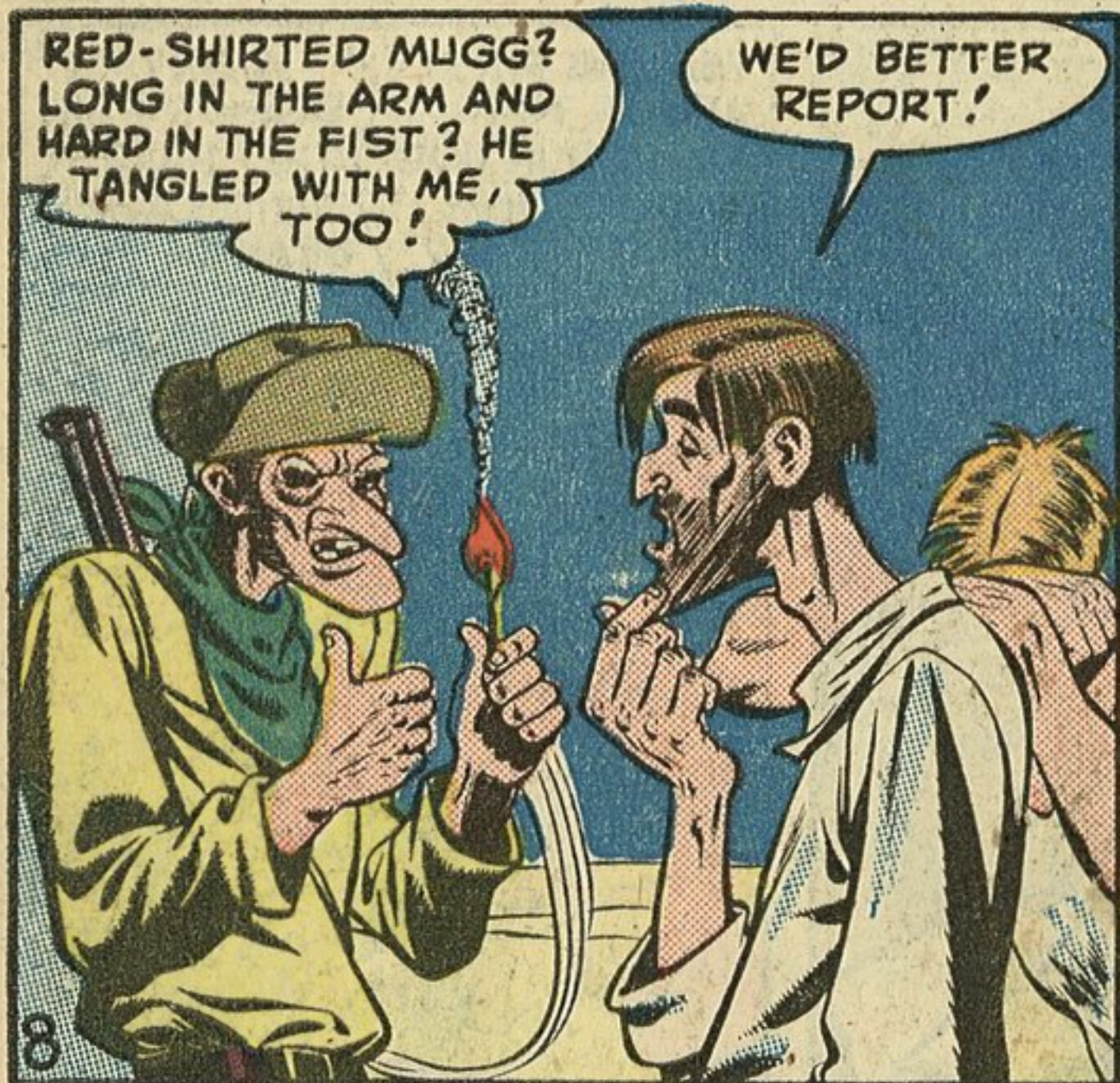
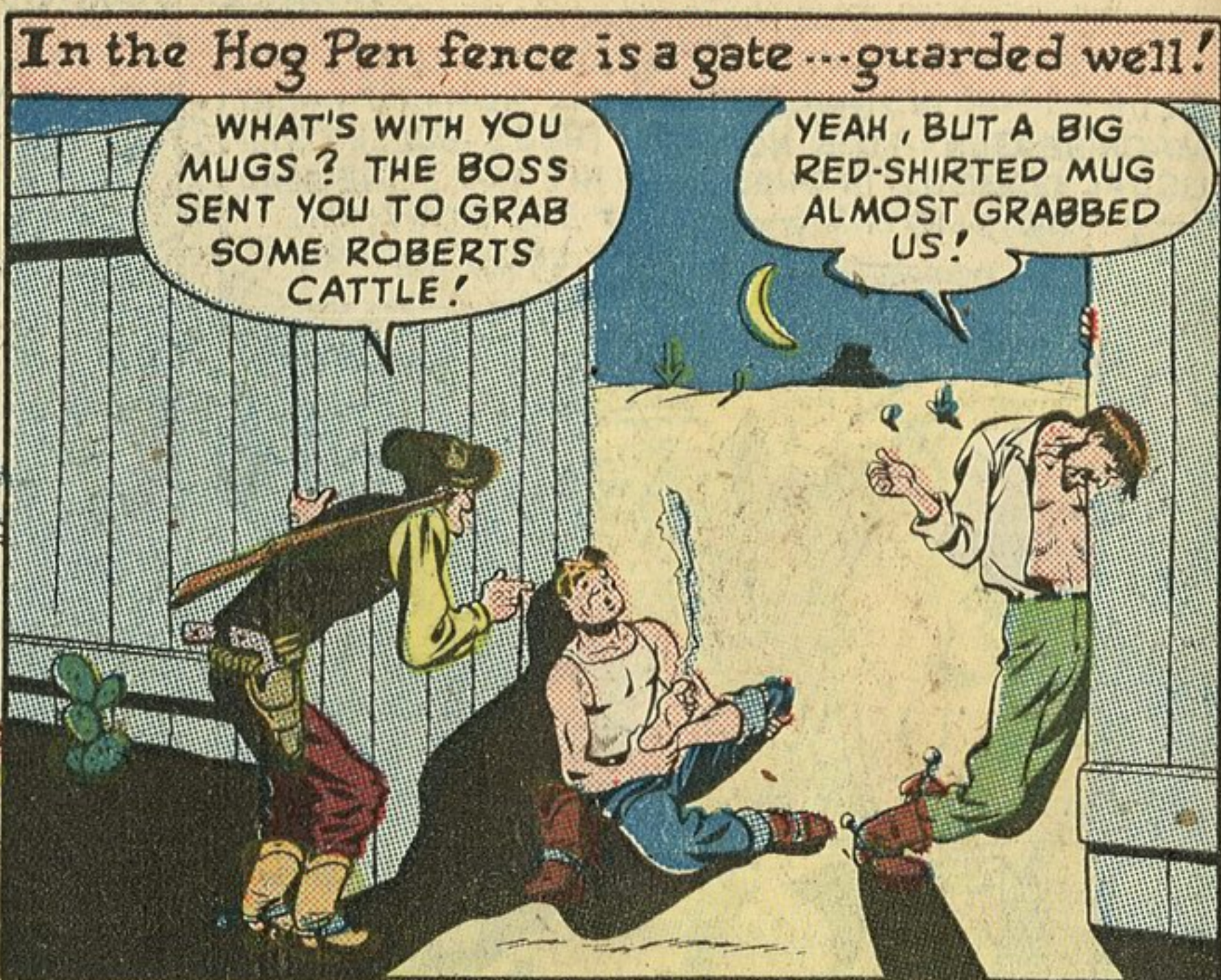
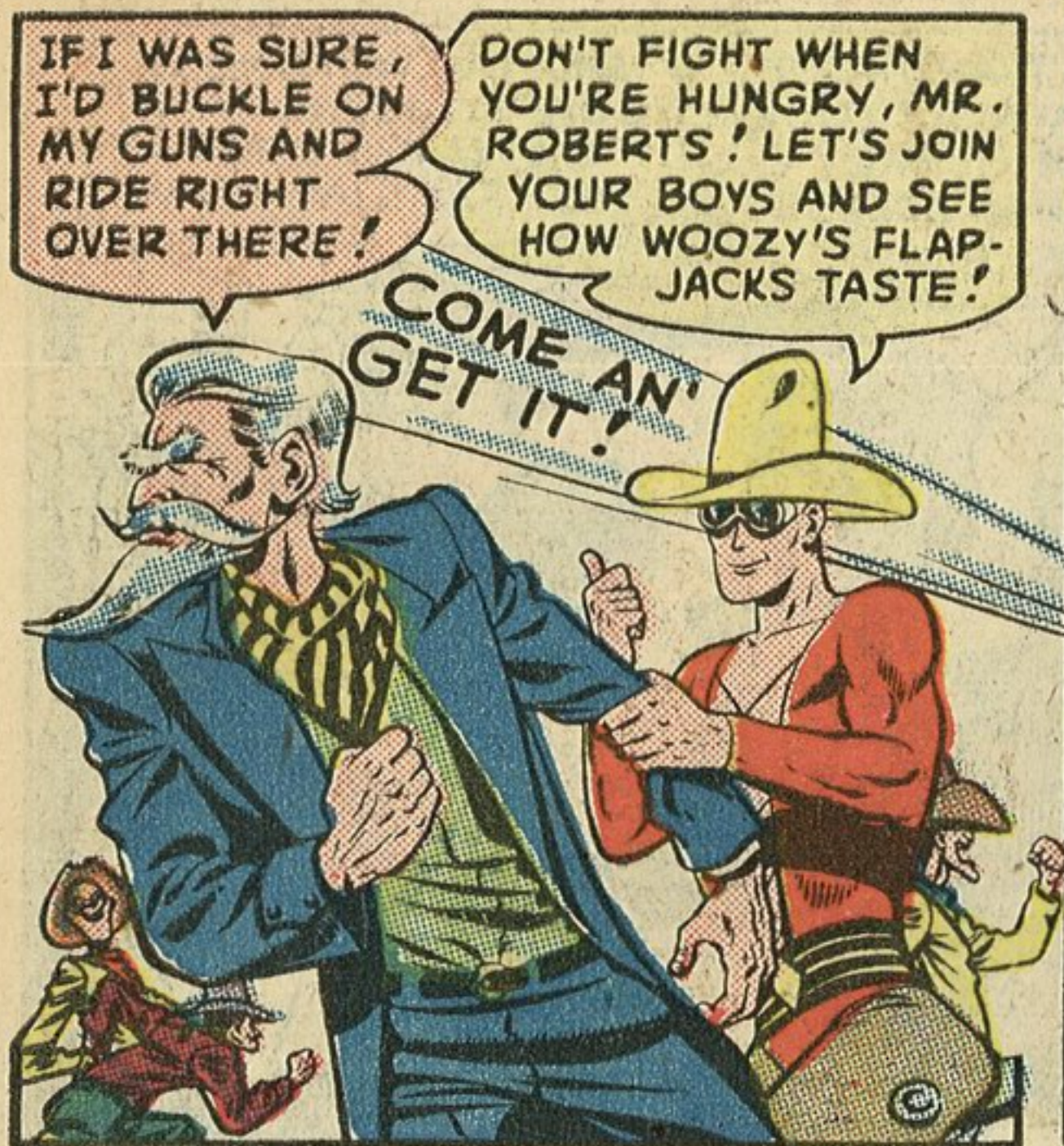
KEEP OUT

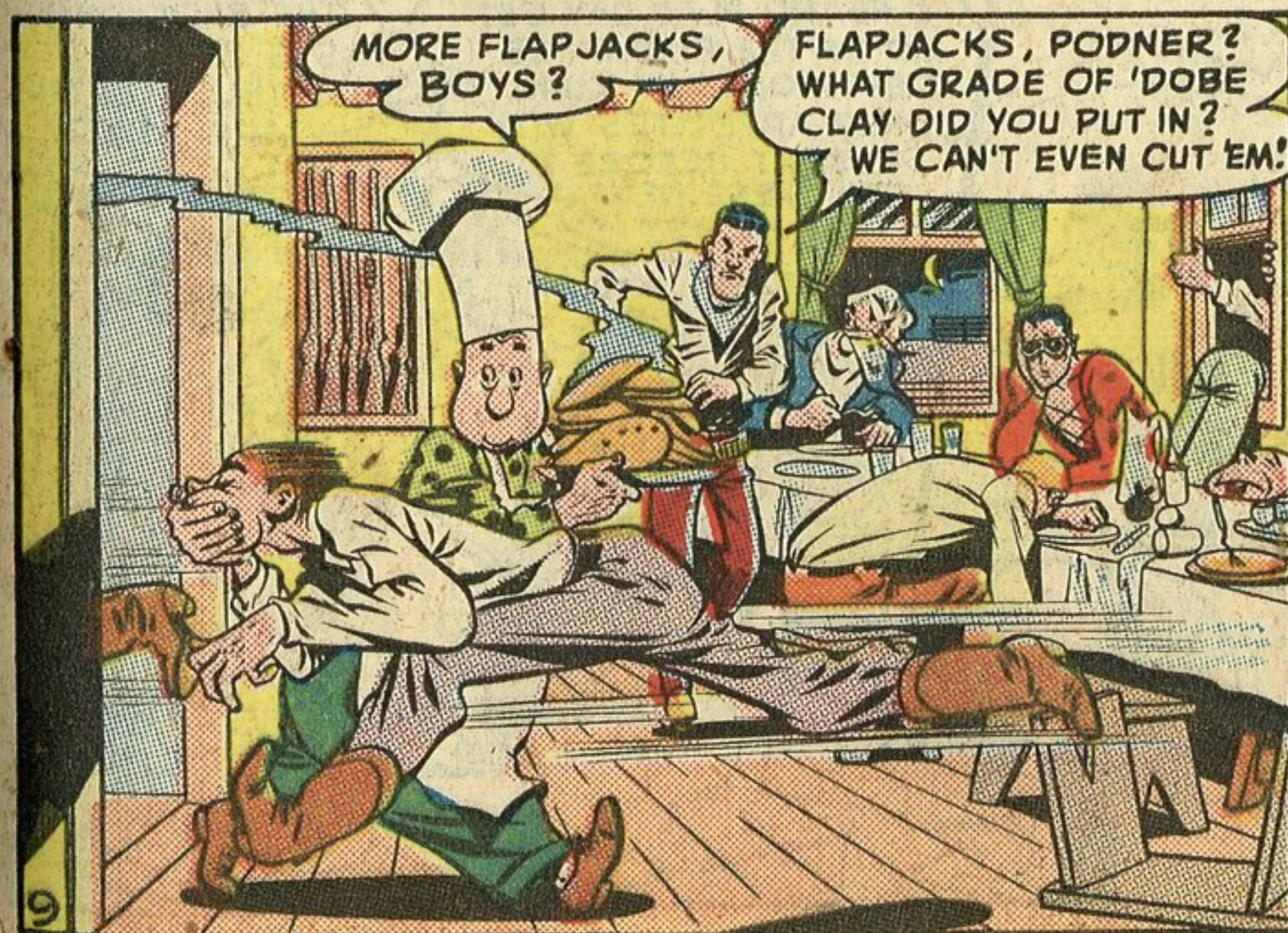
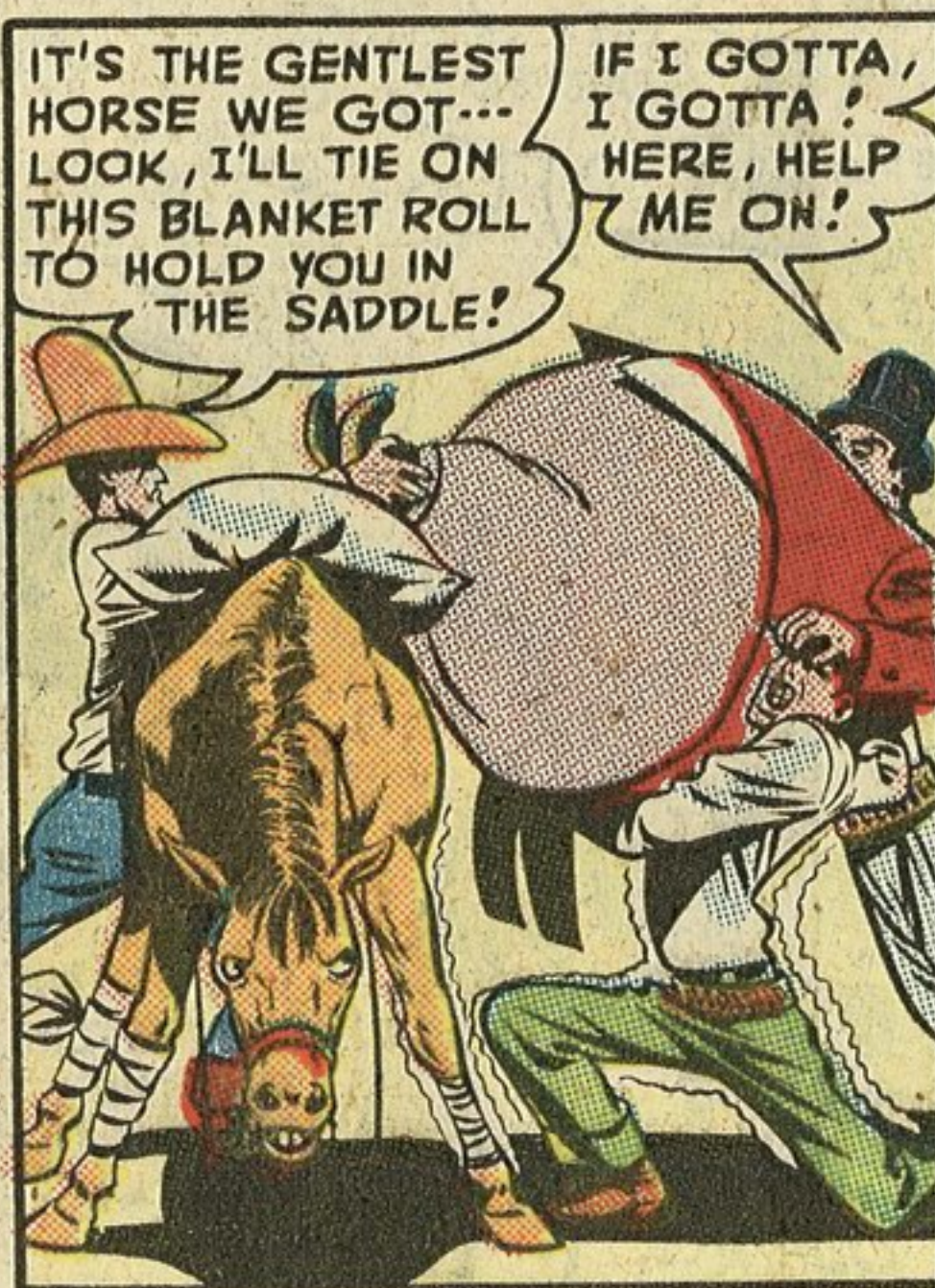
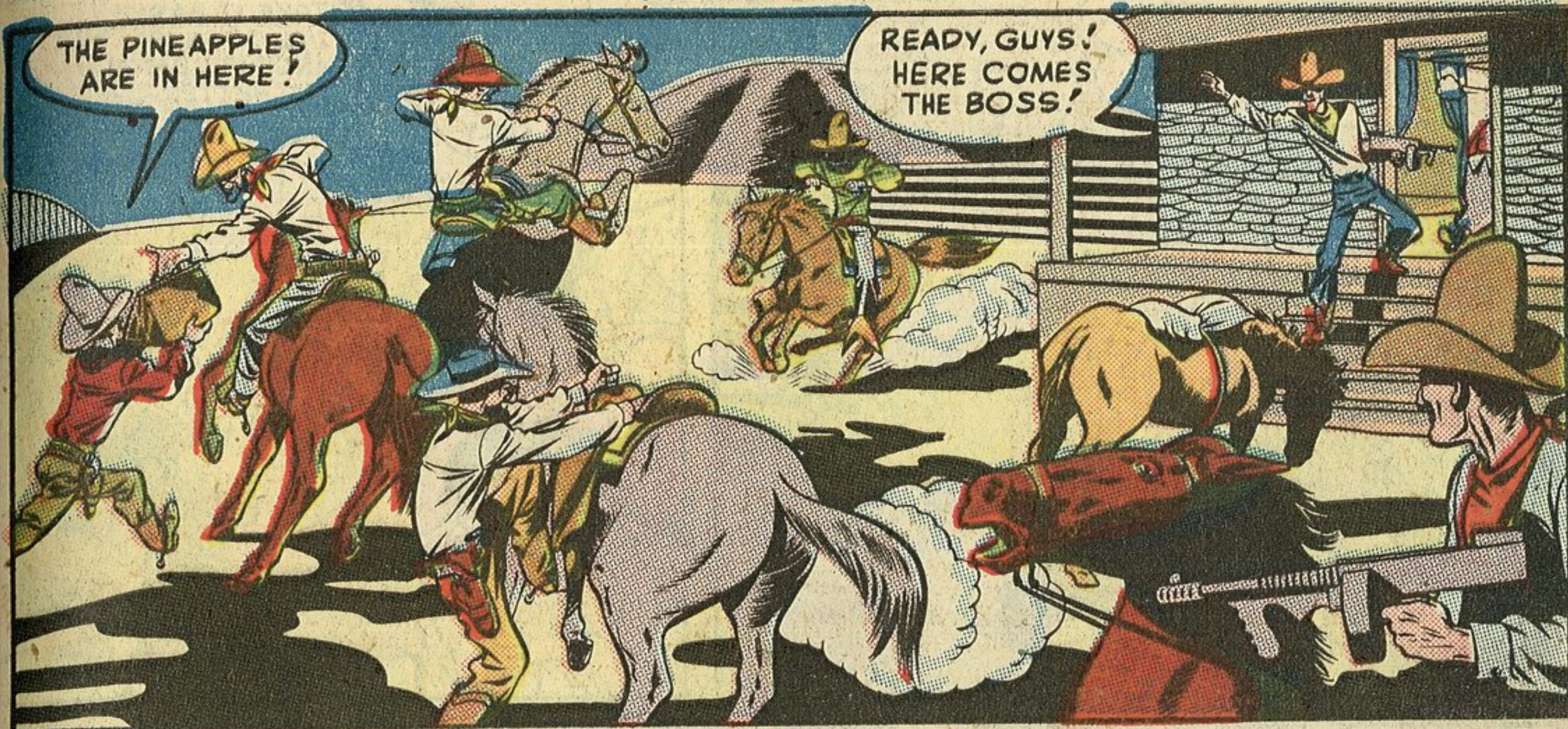


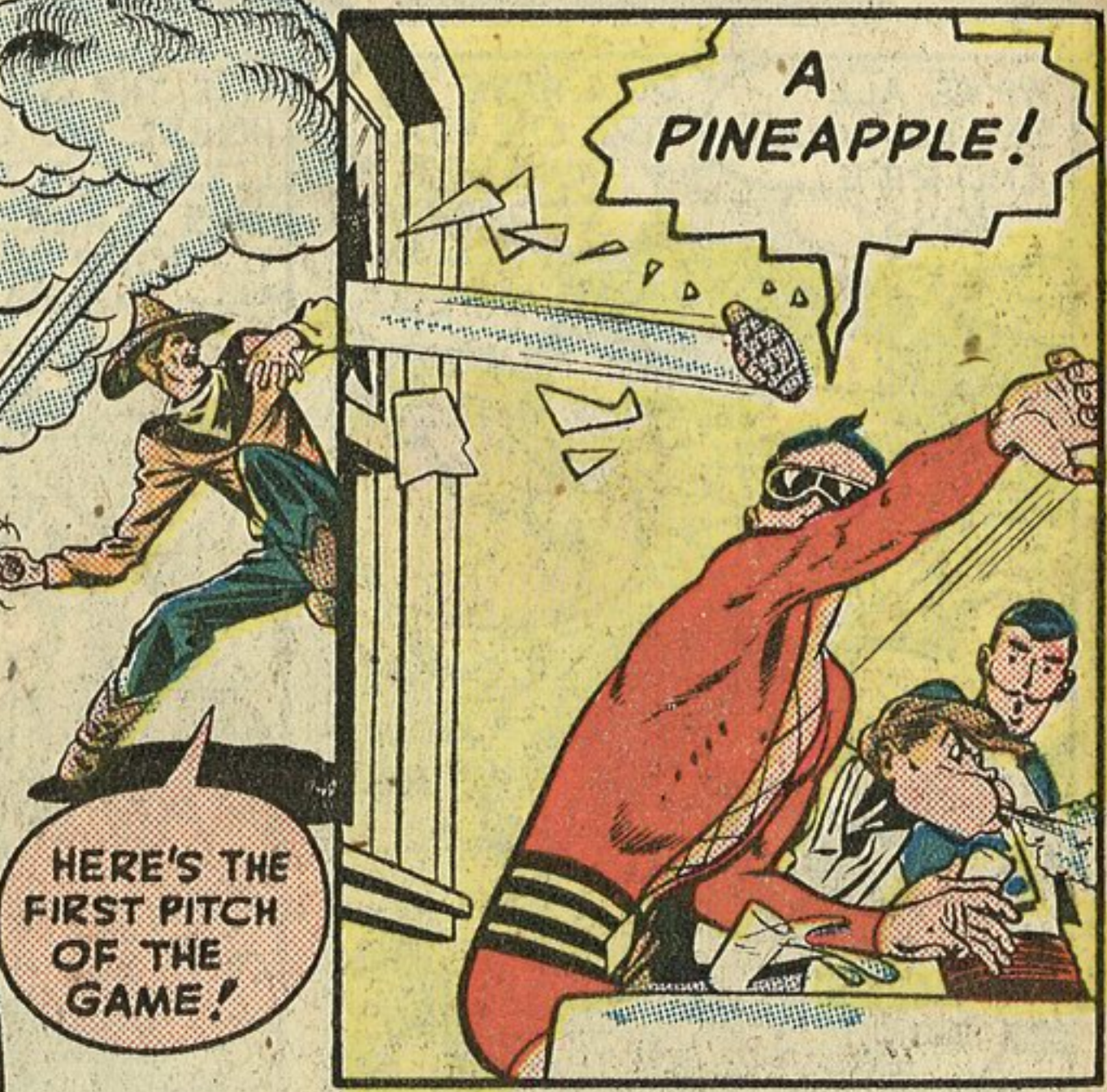
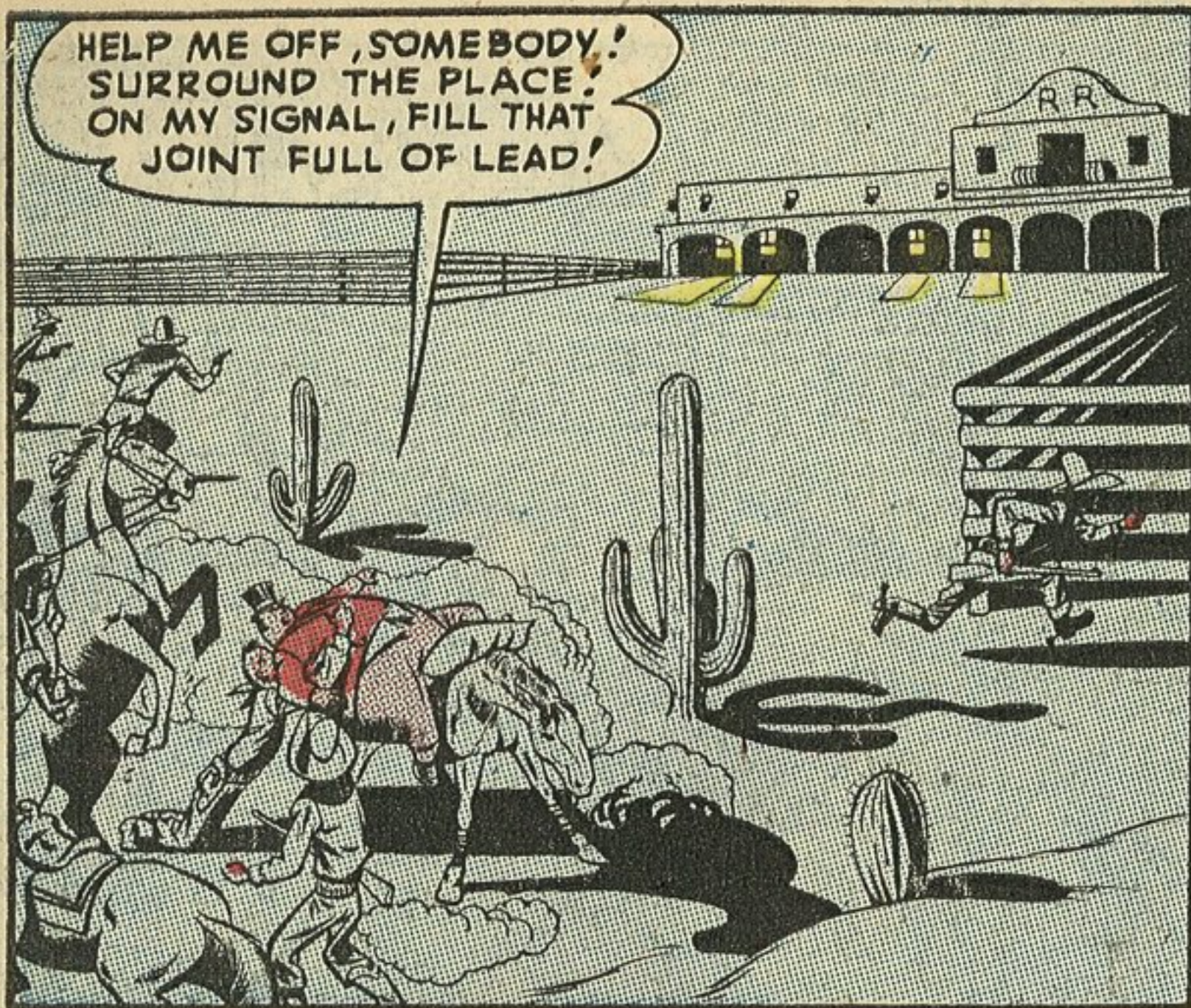


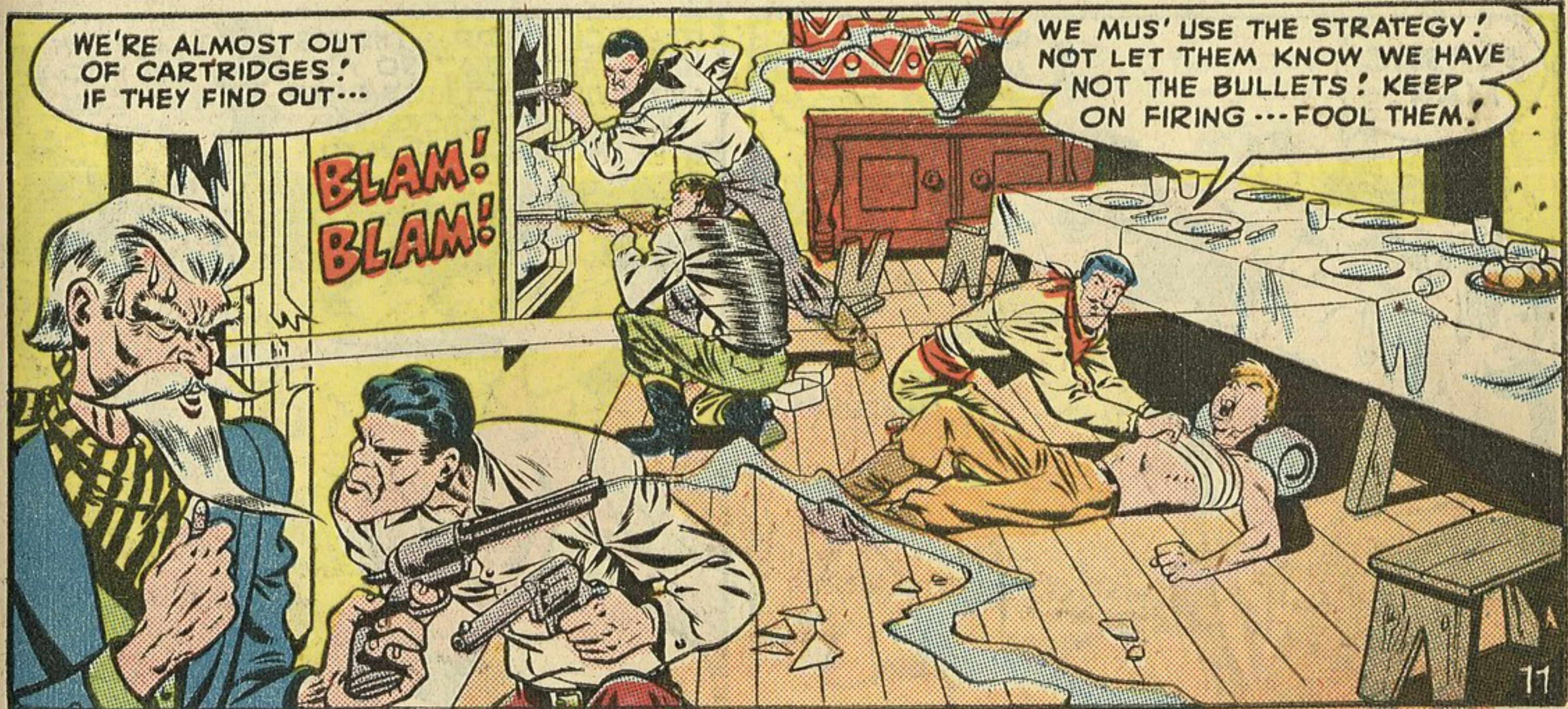
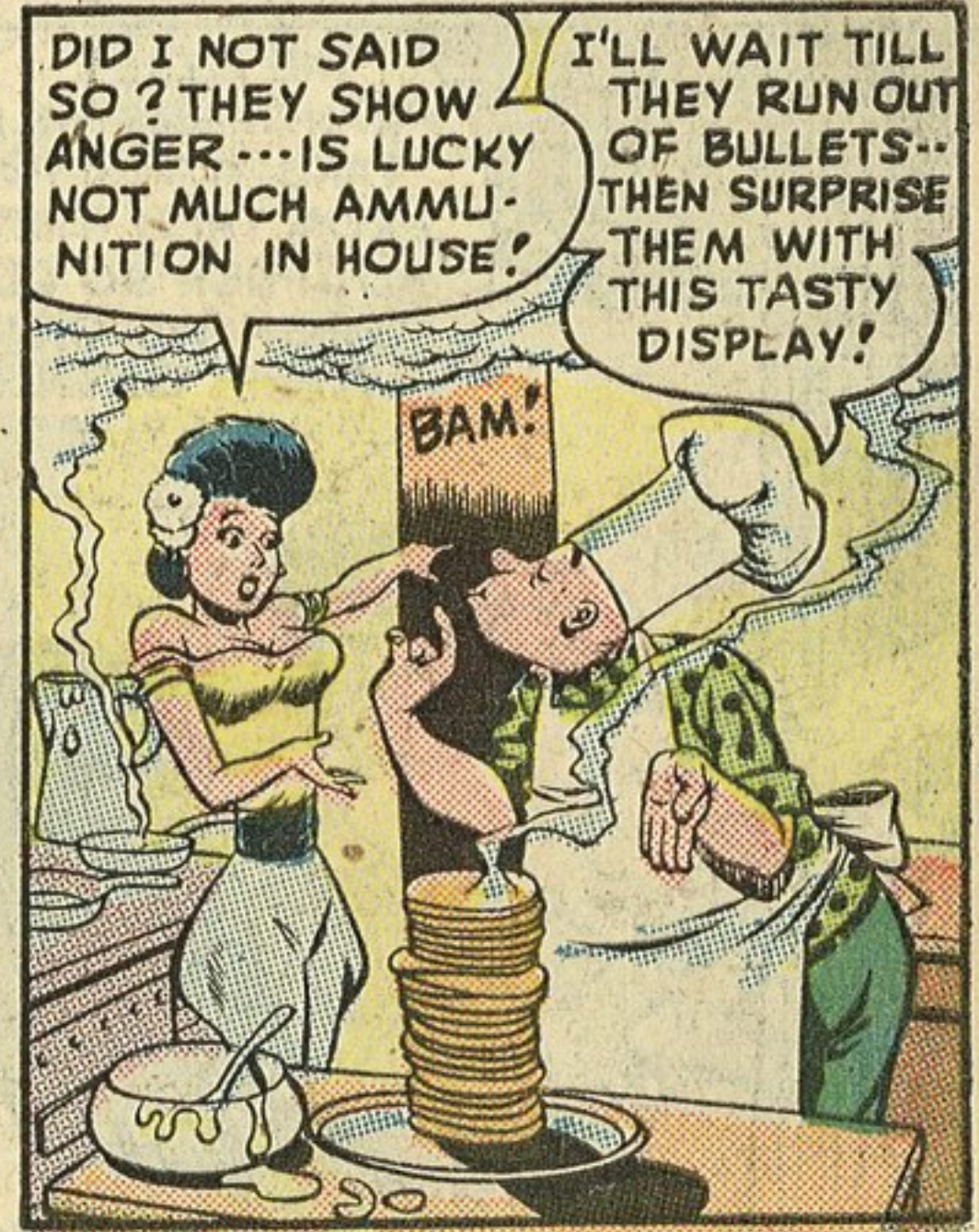
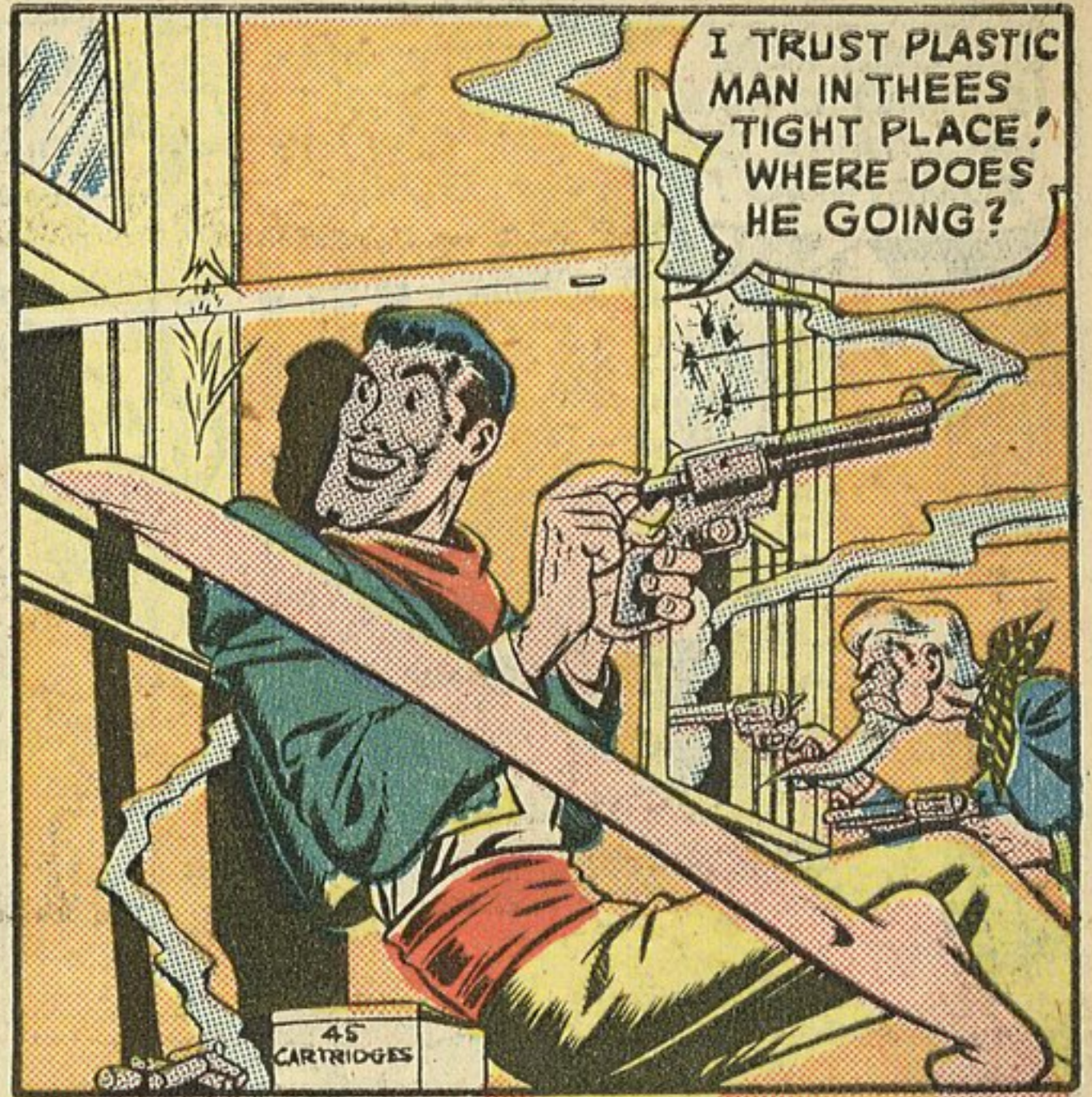
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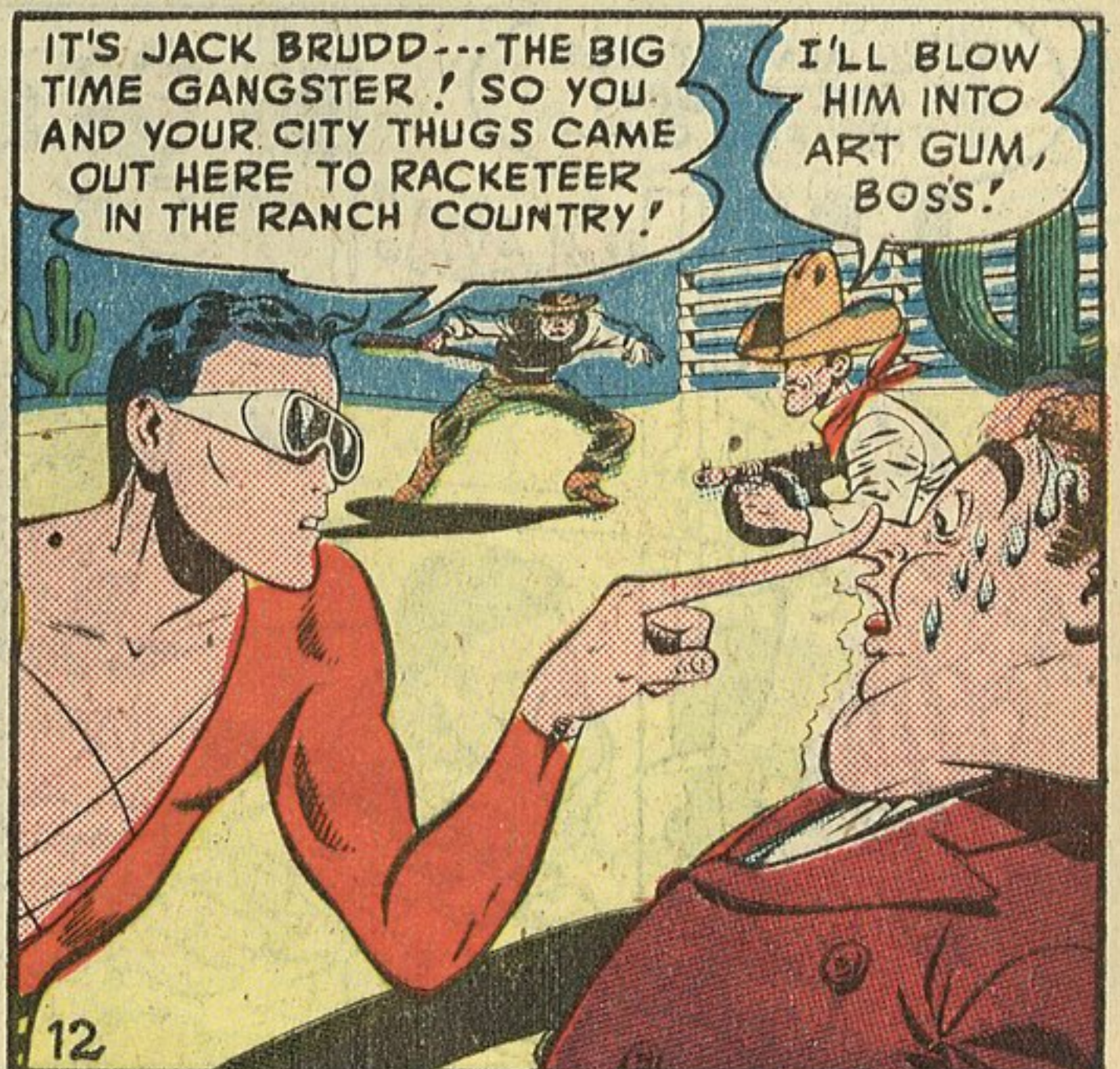
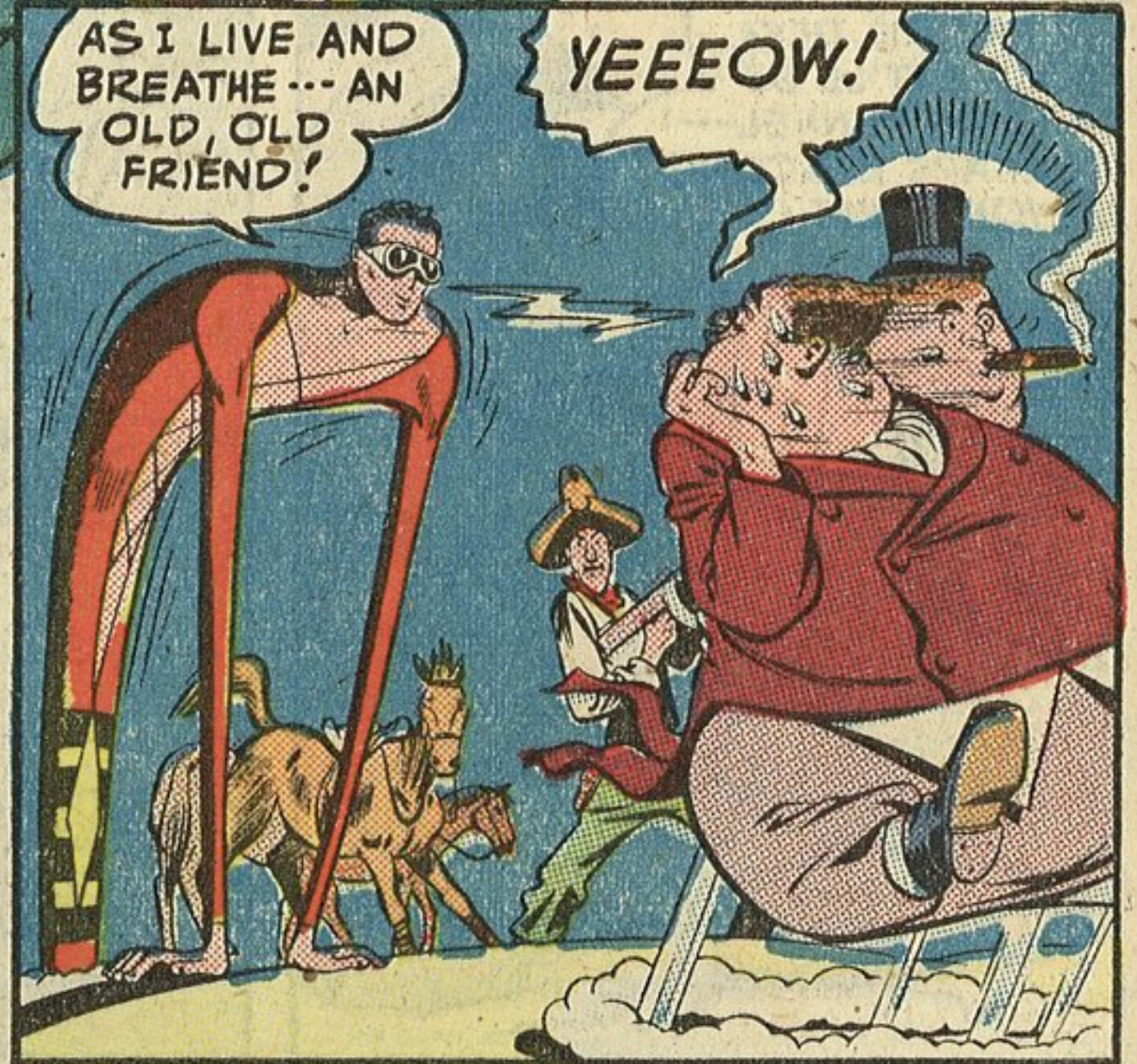
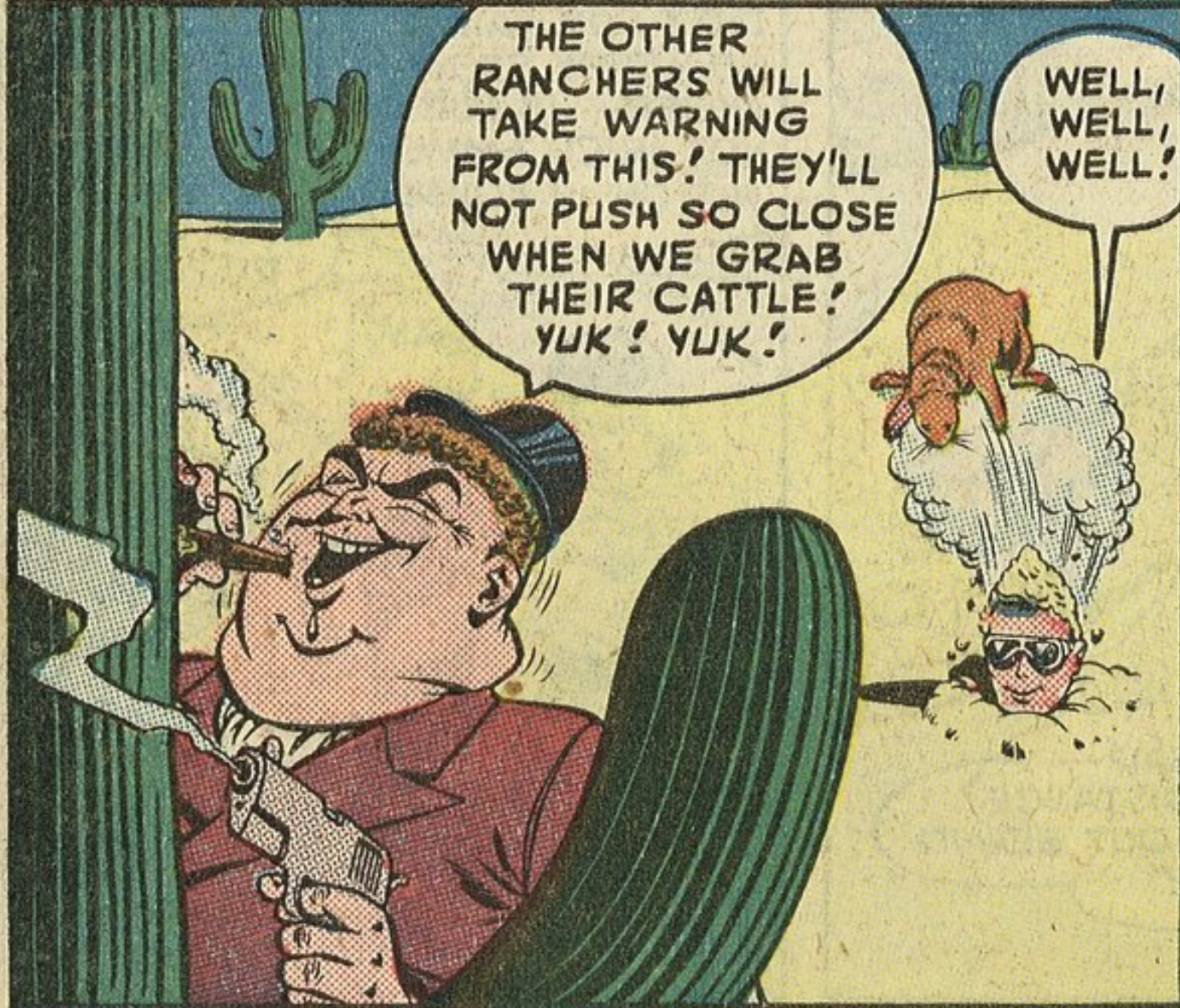


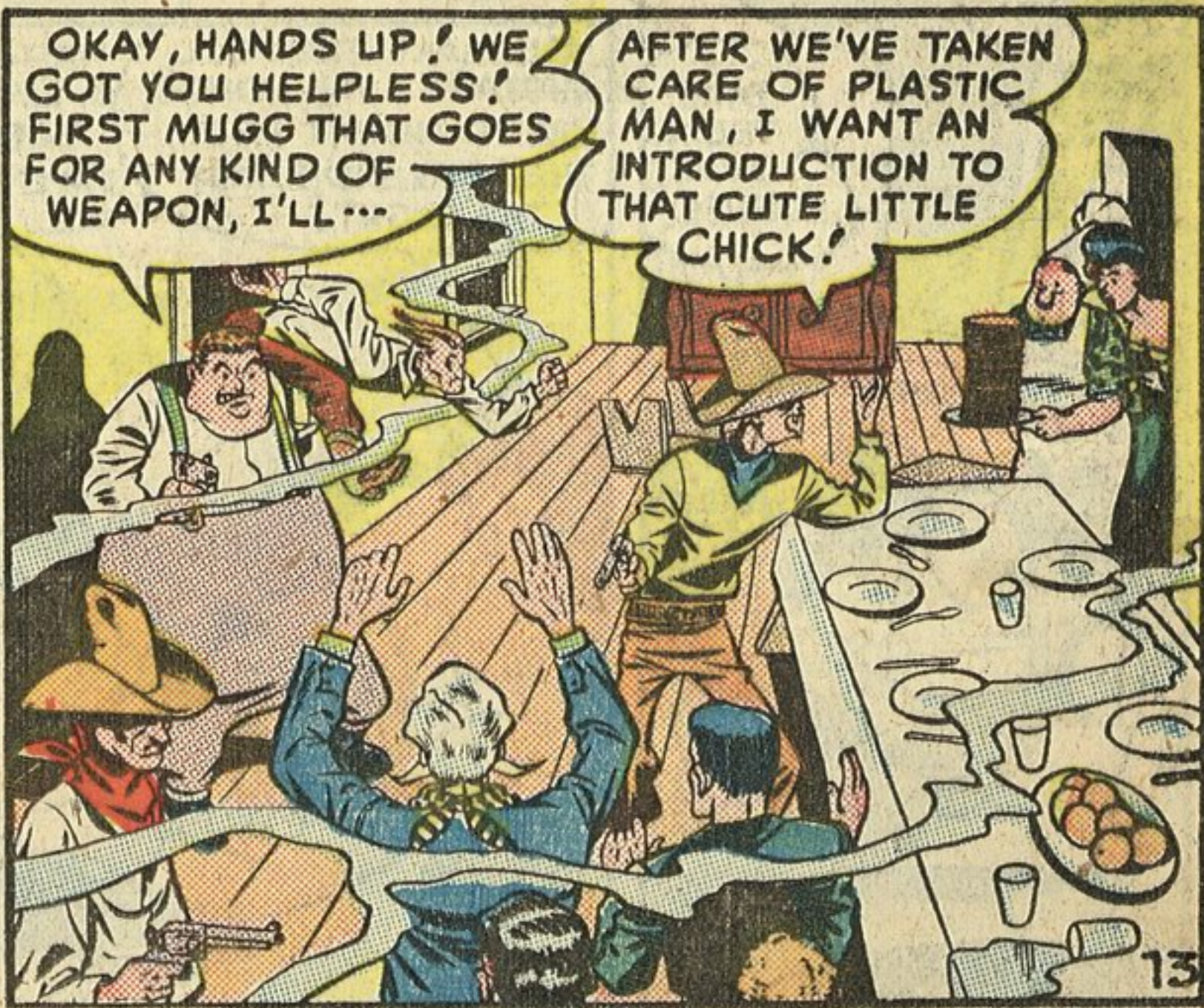
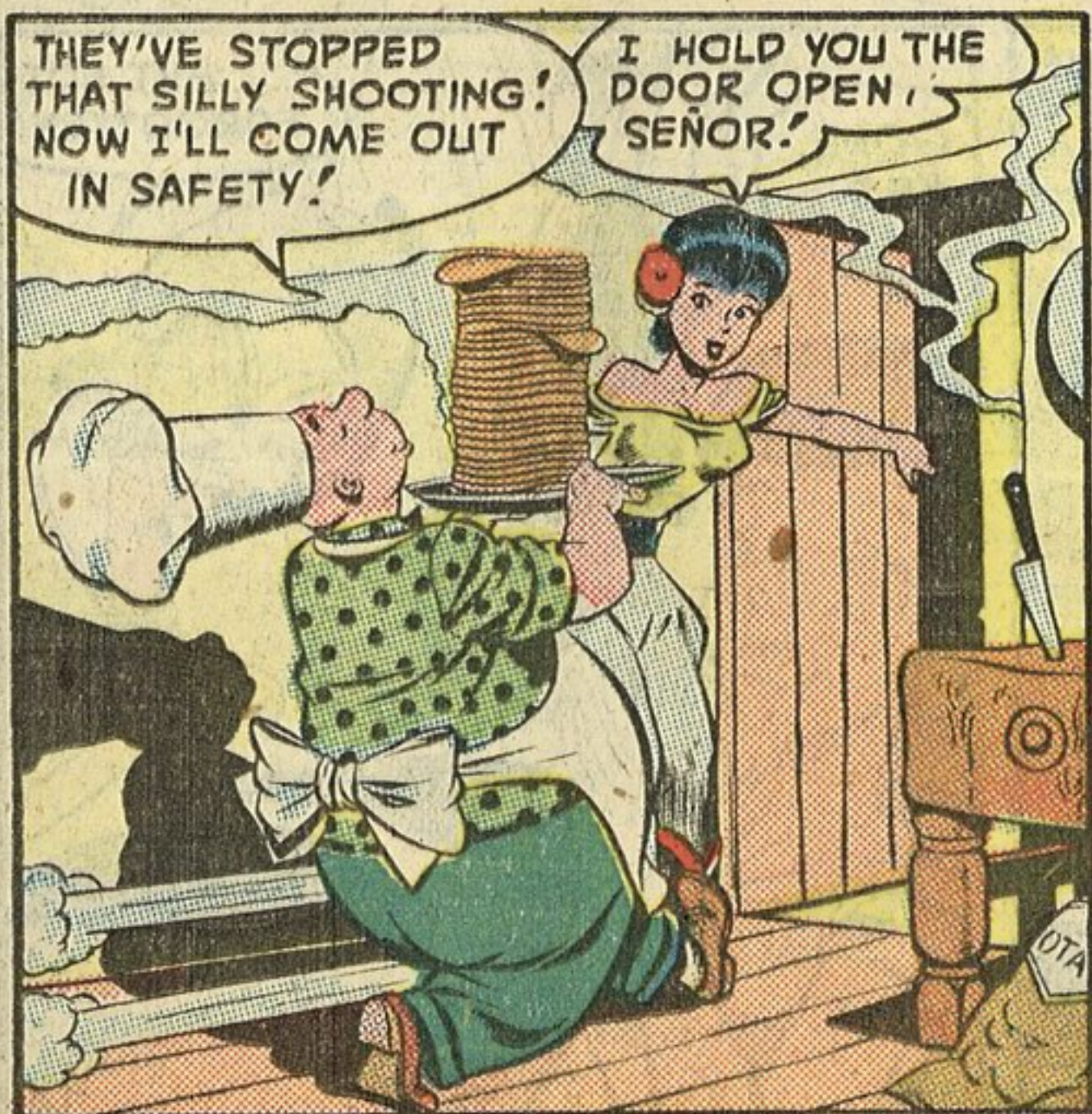
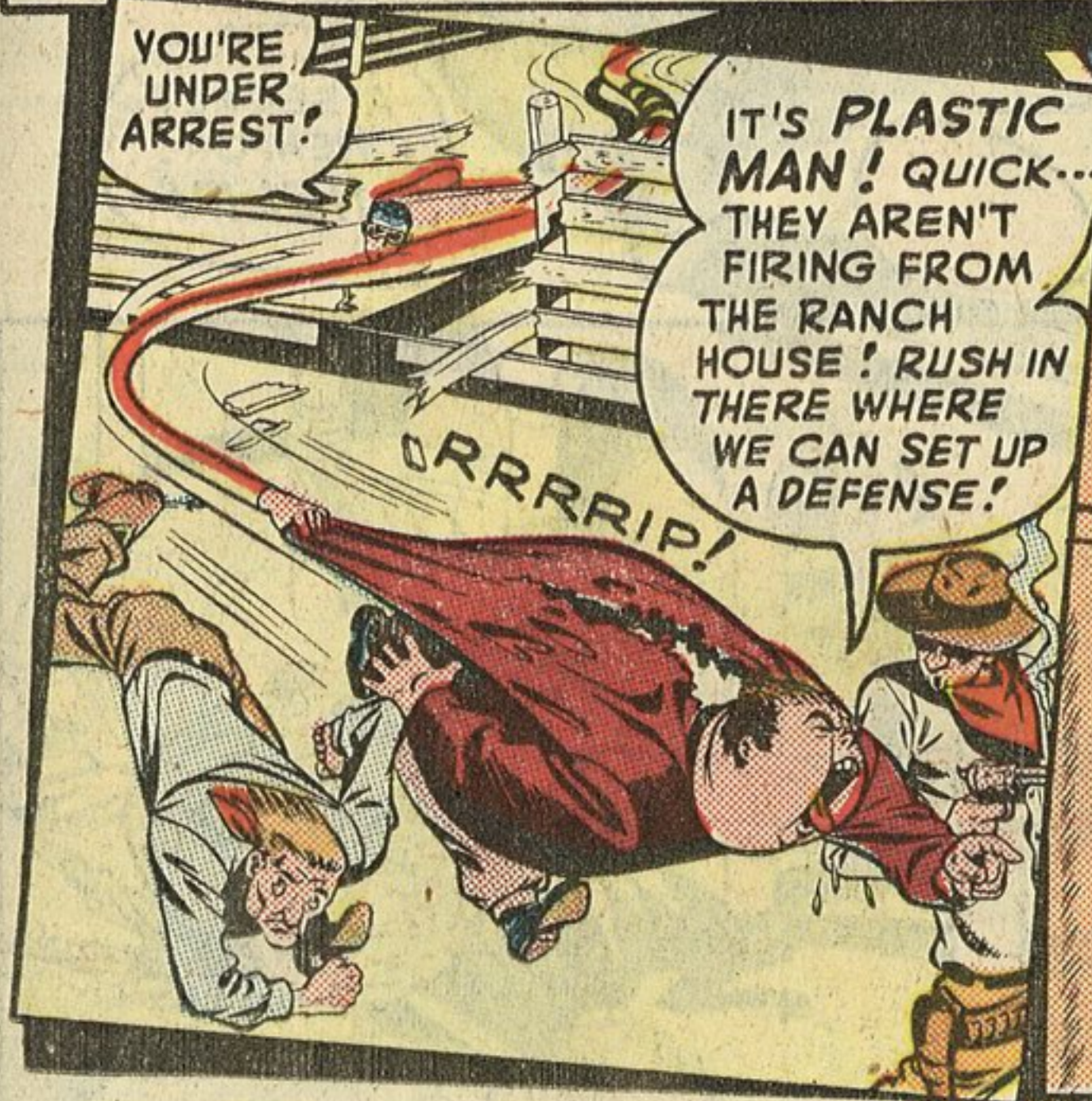


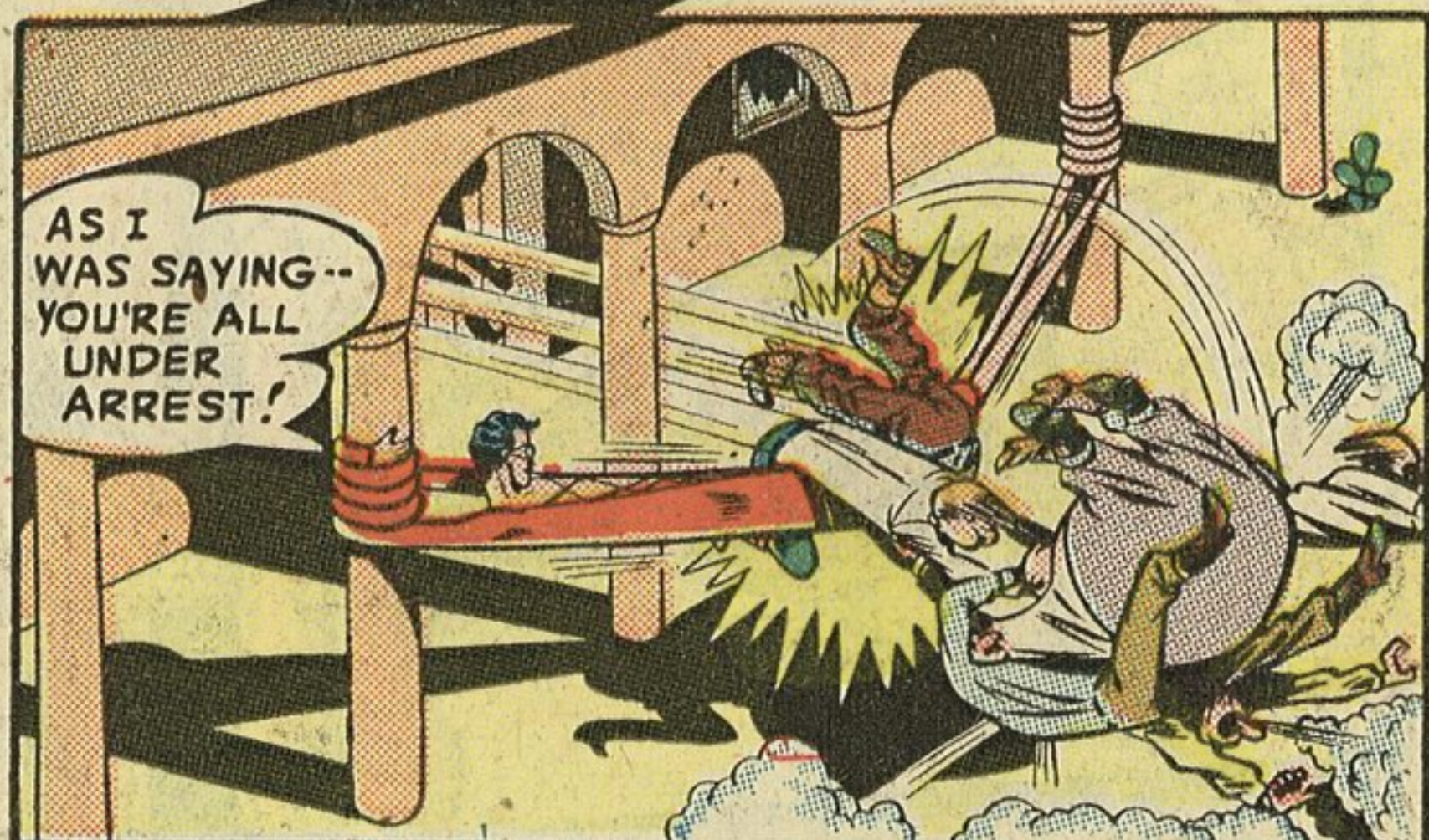
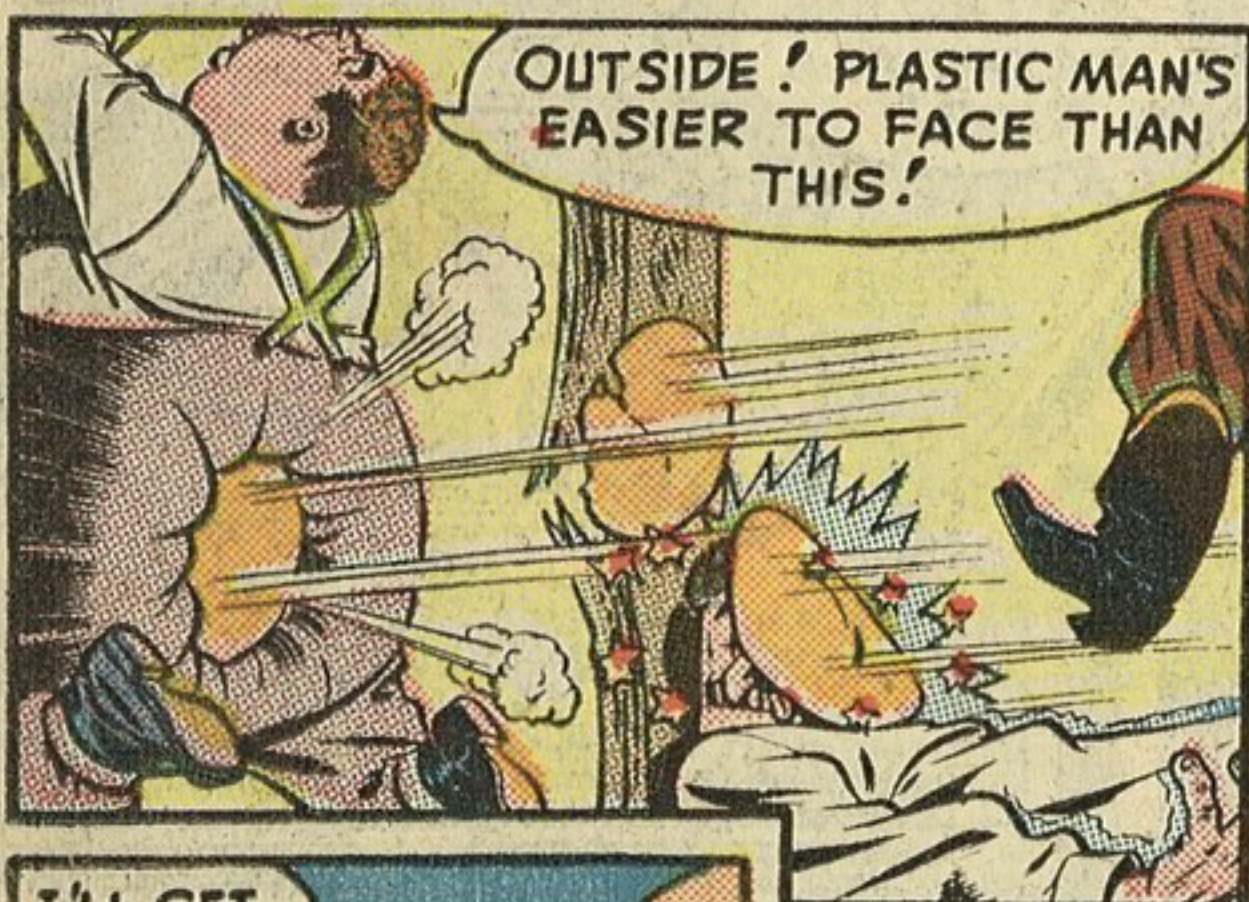


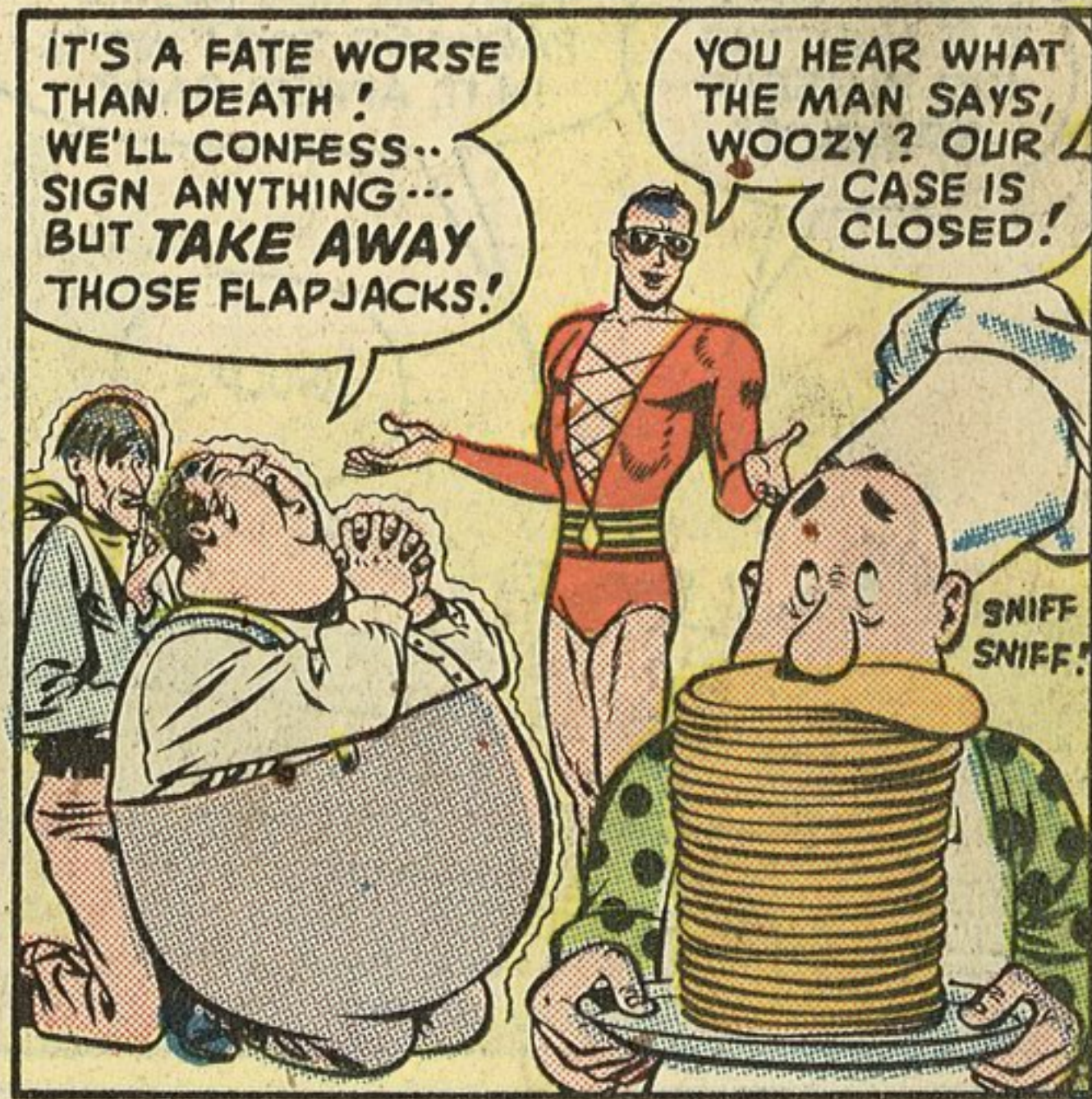
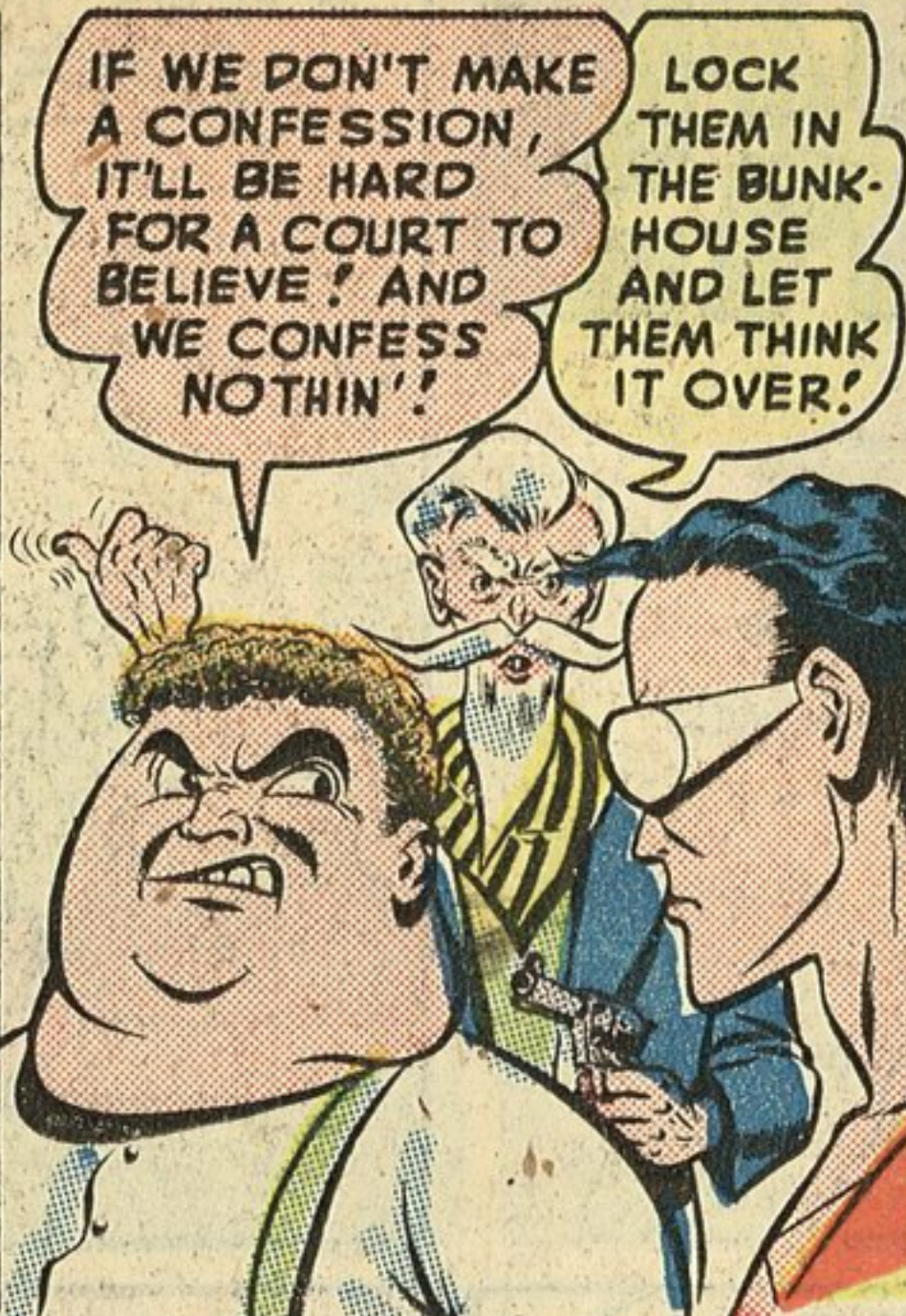




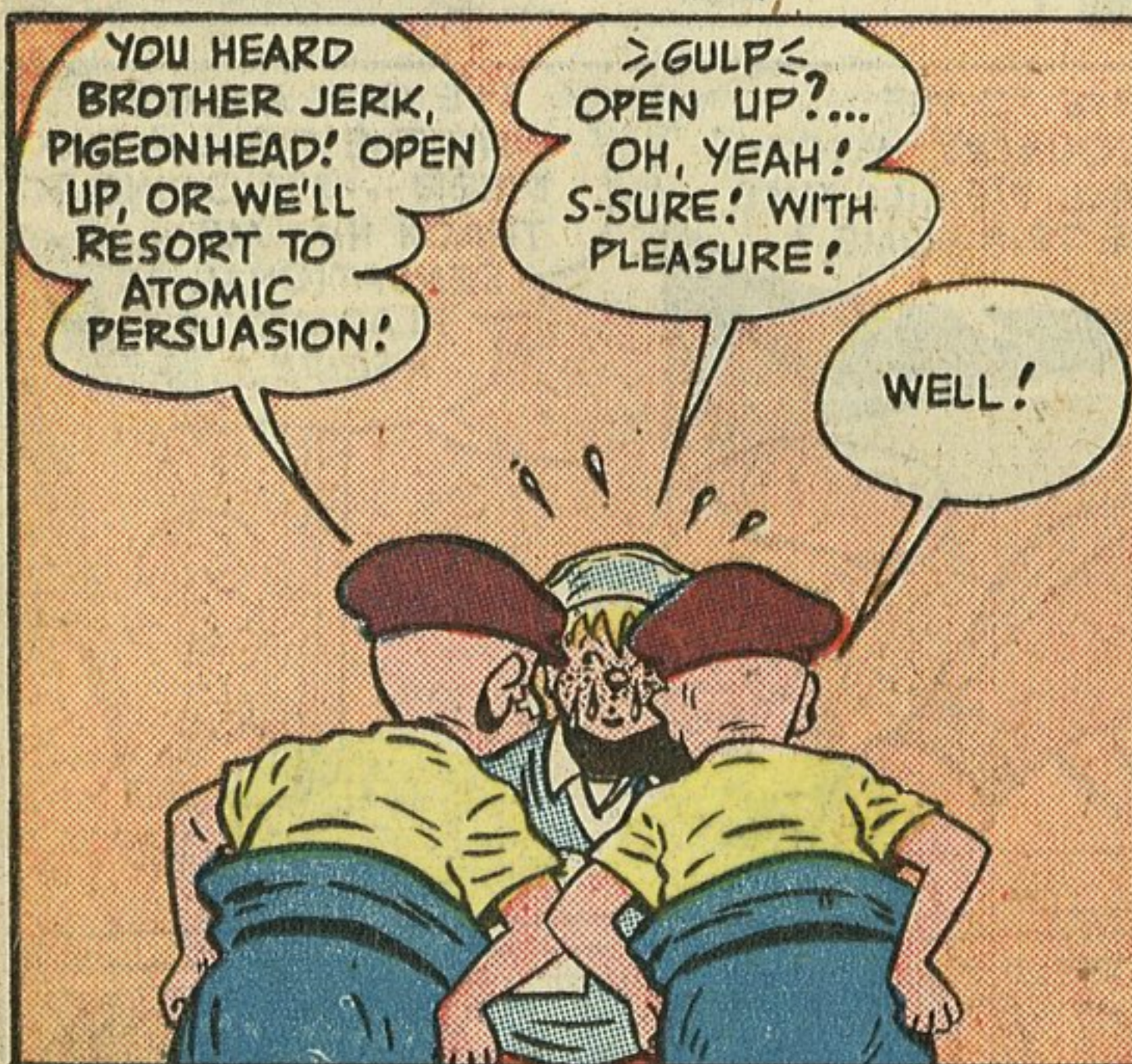
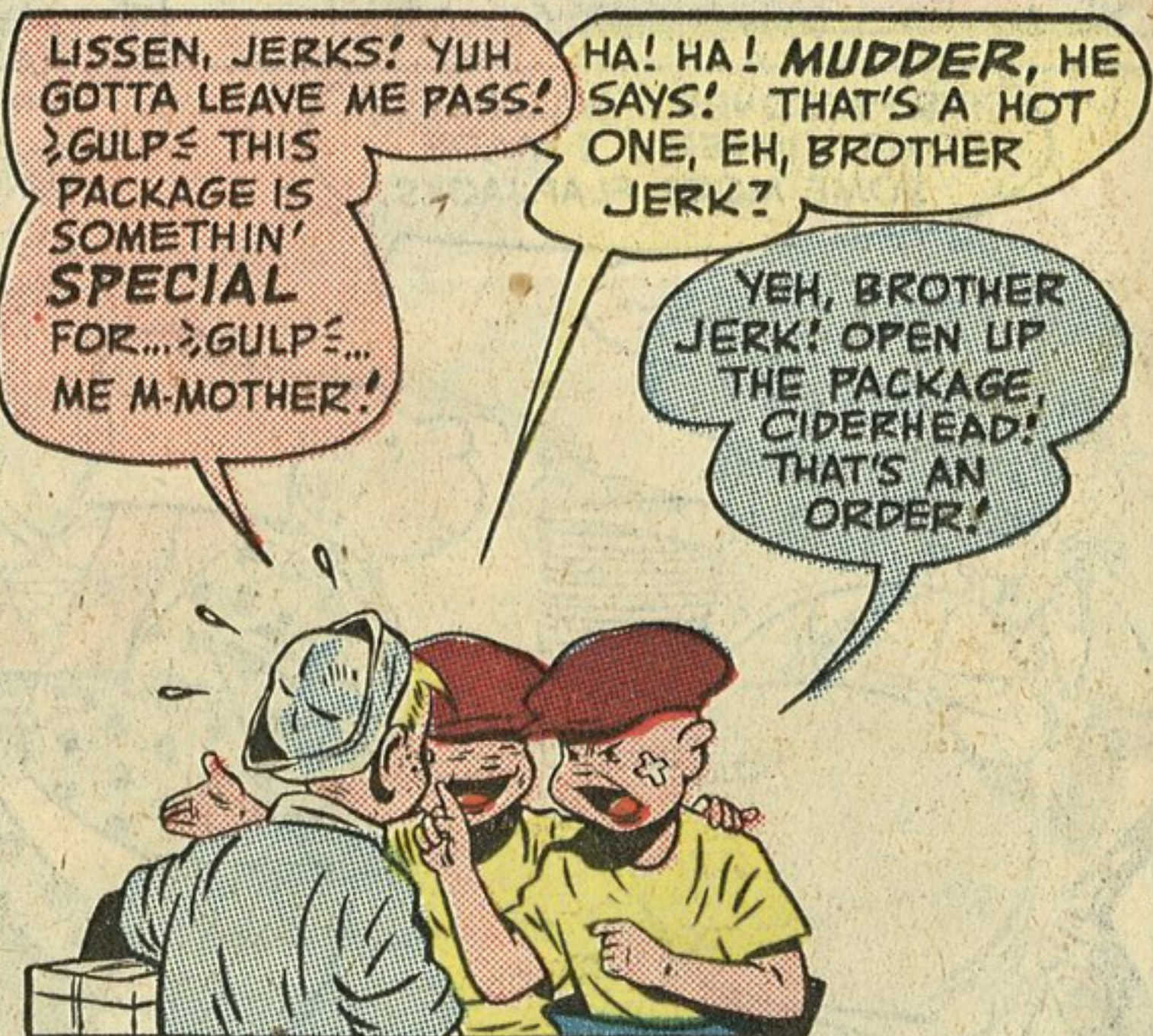
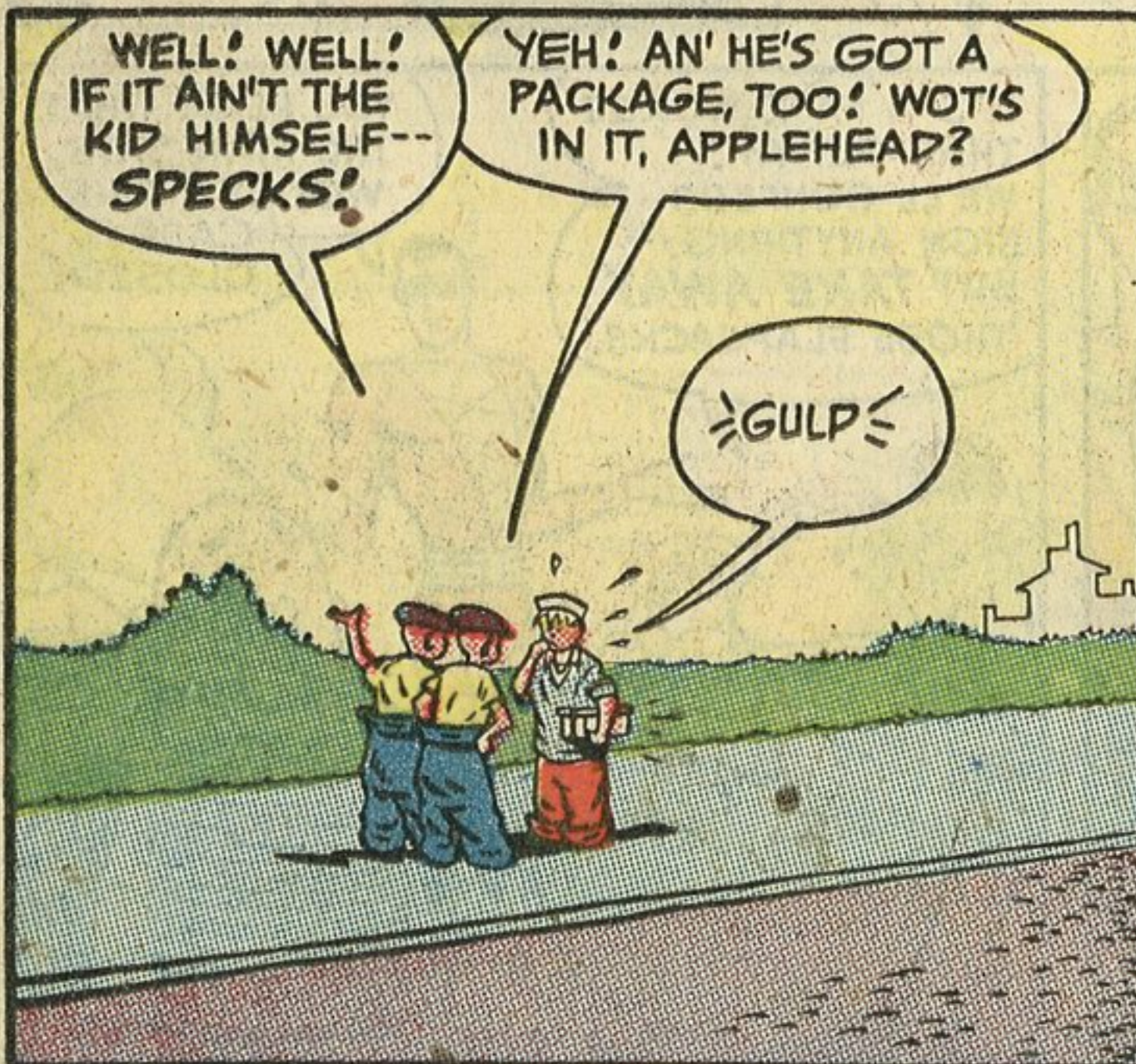
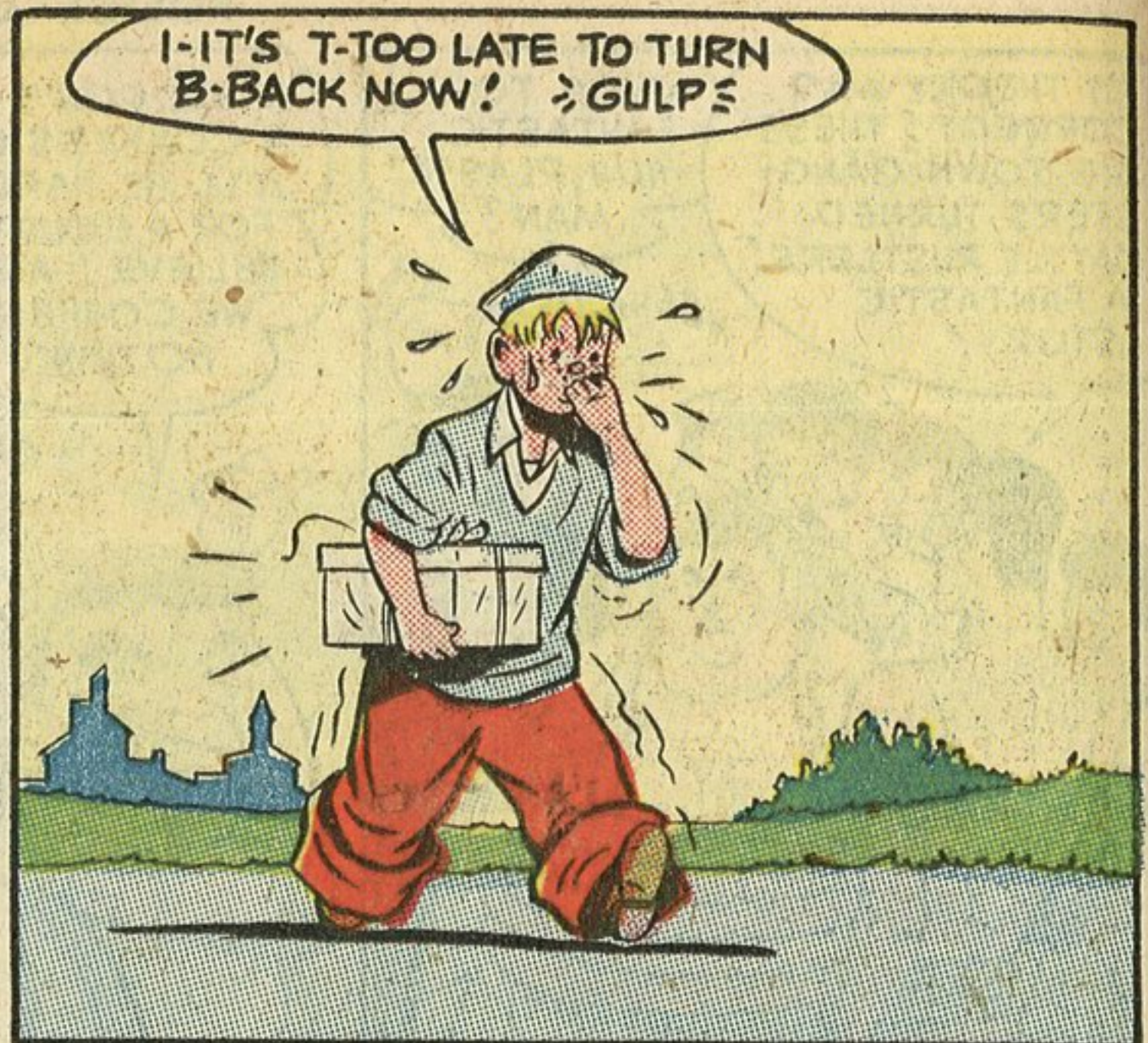


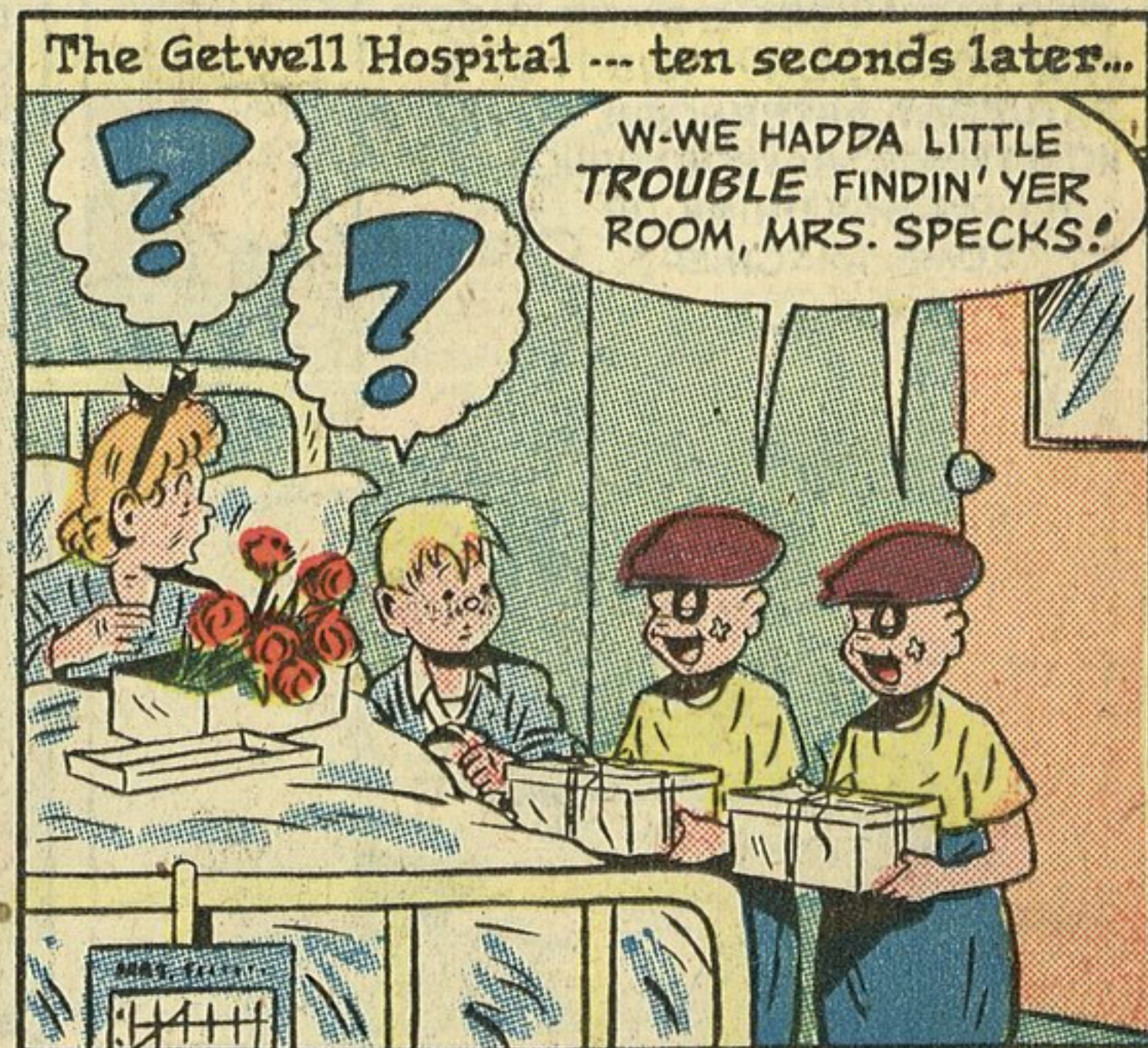
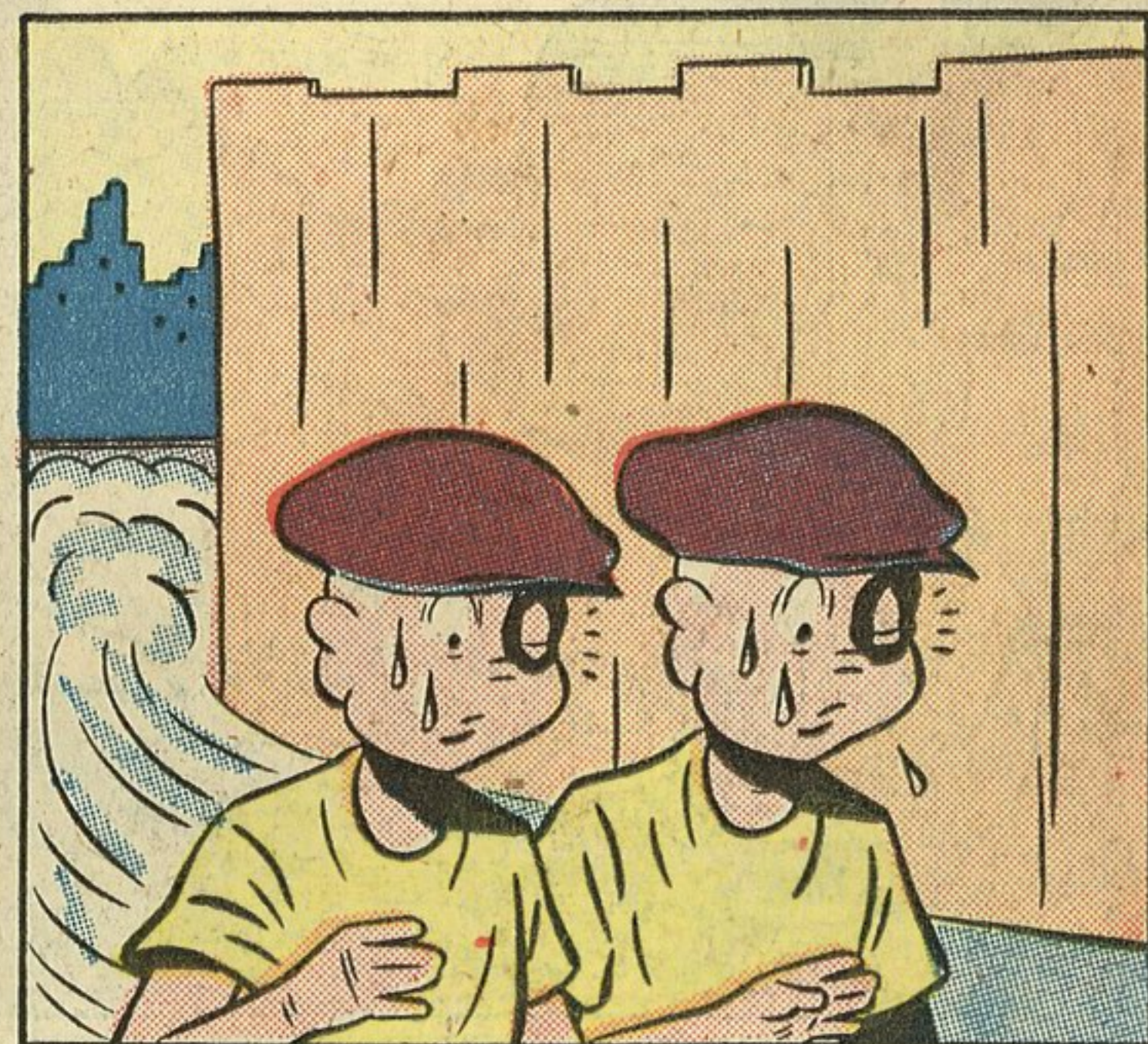
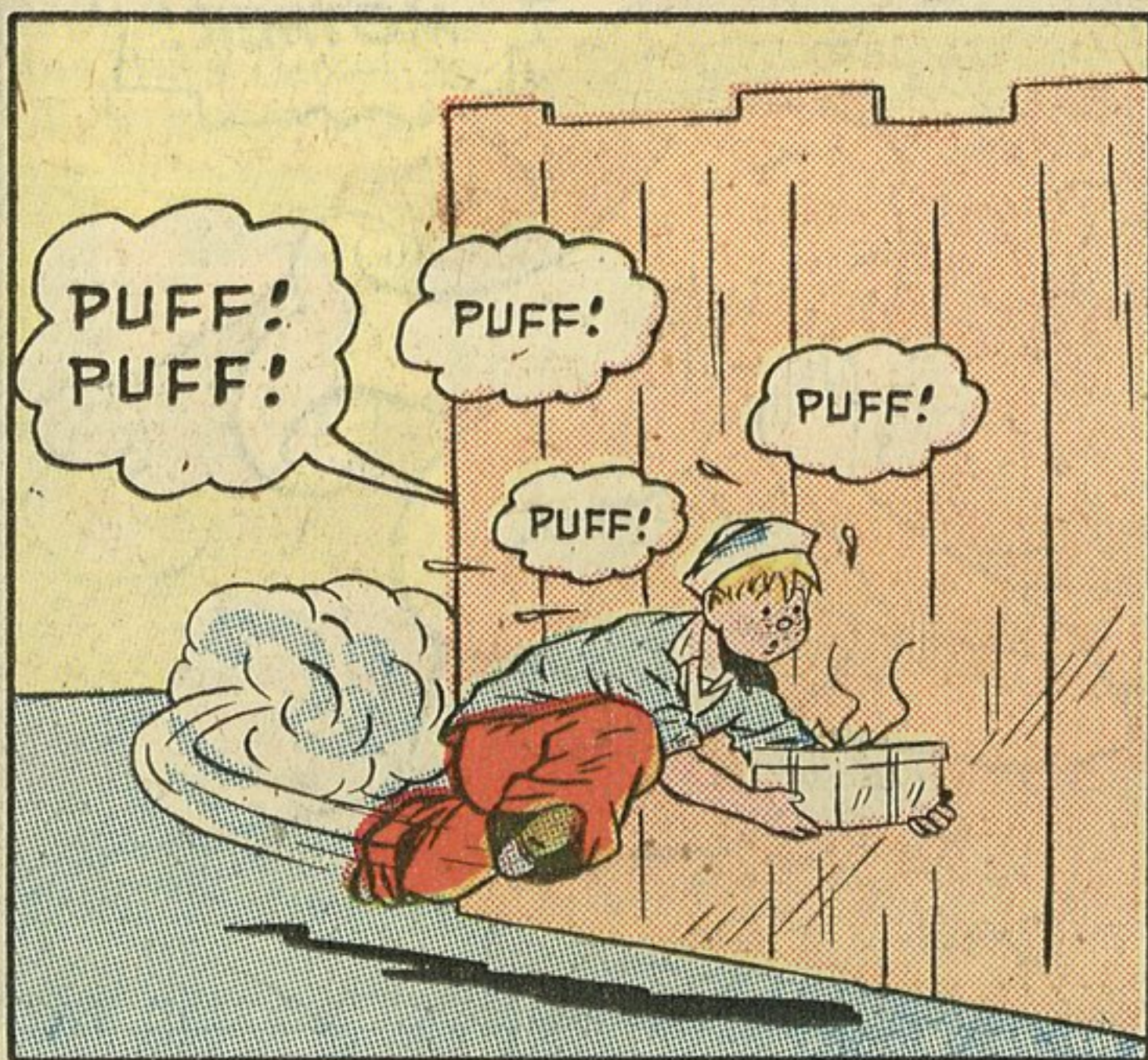
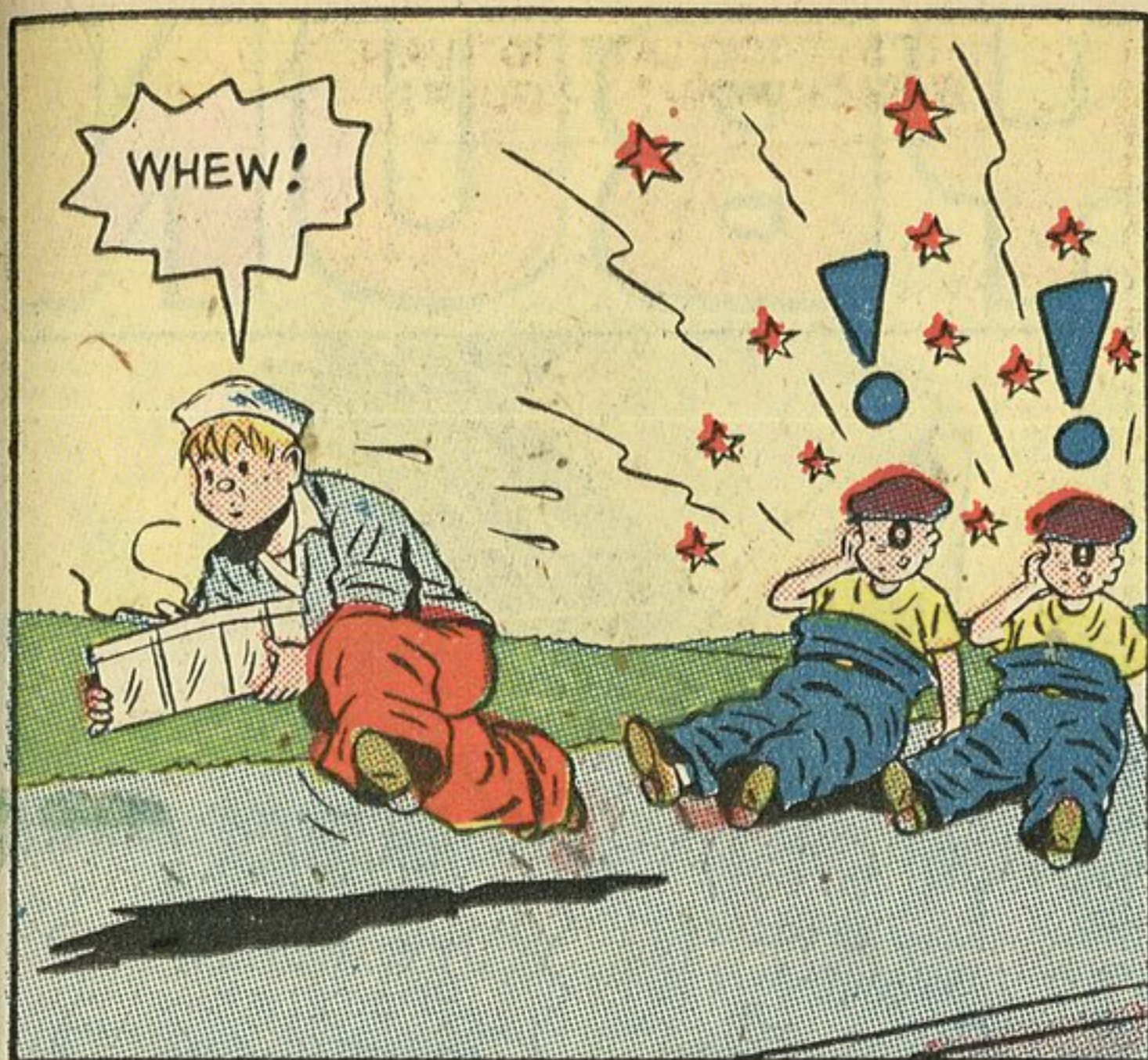




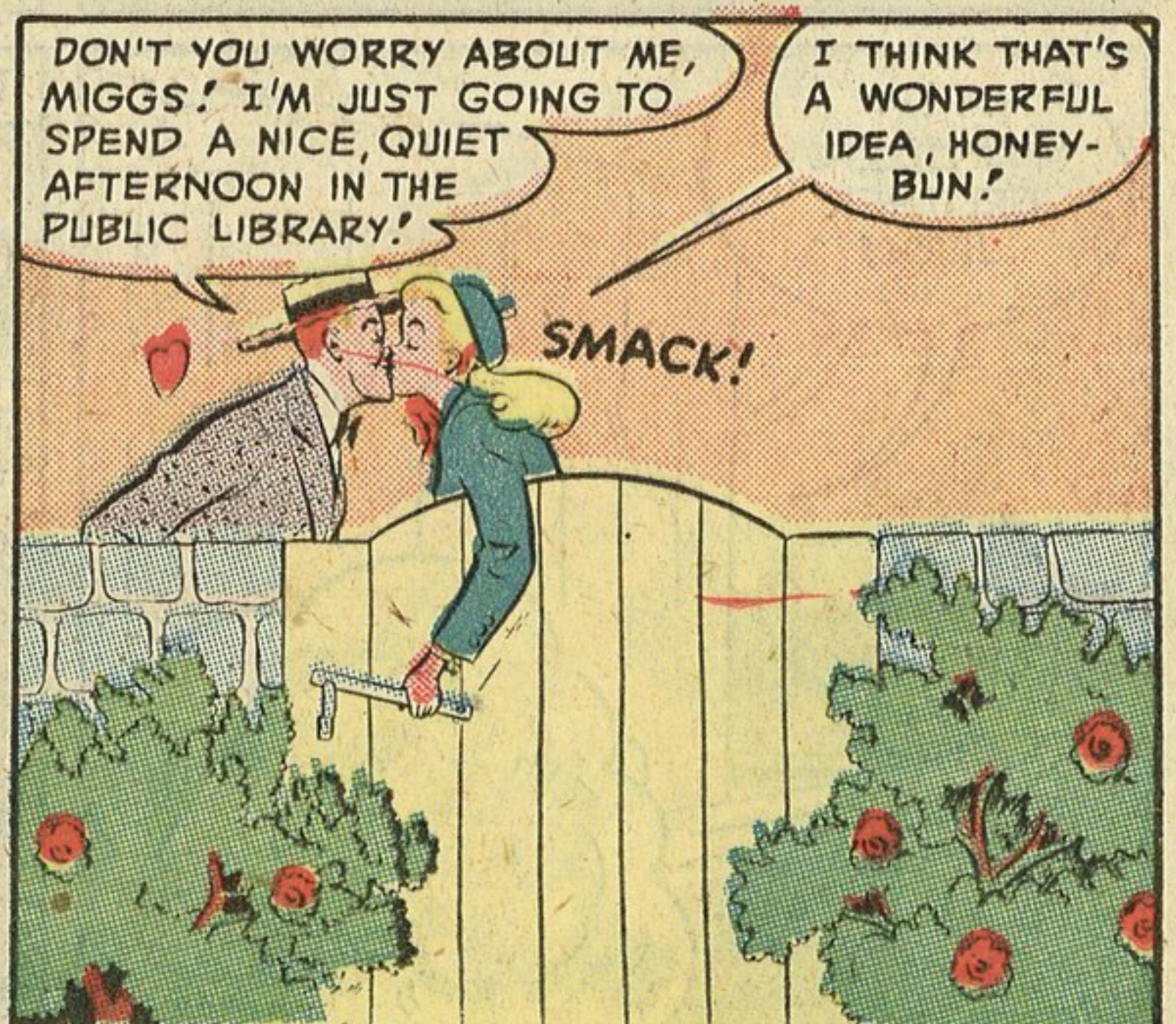
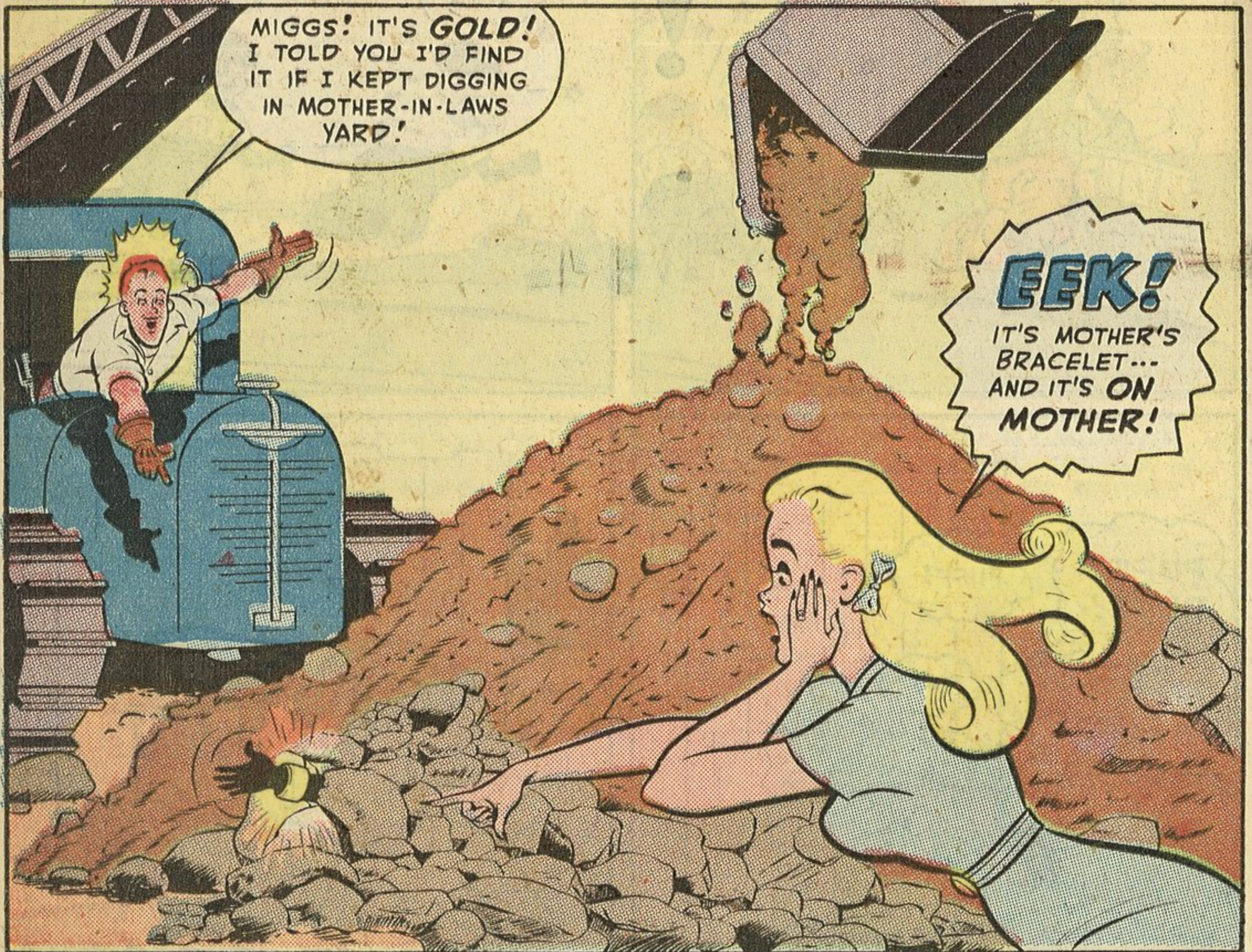


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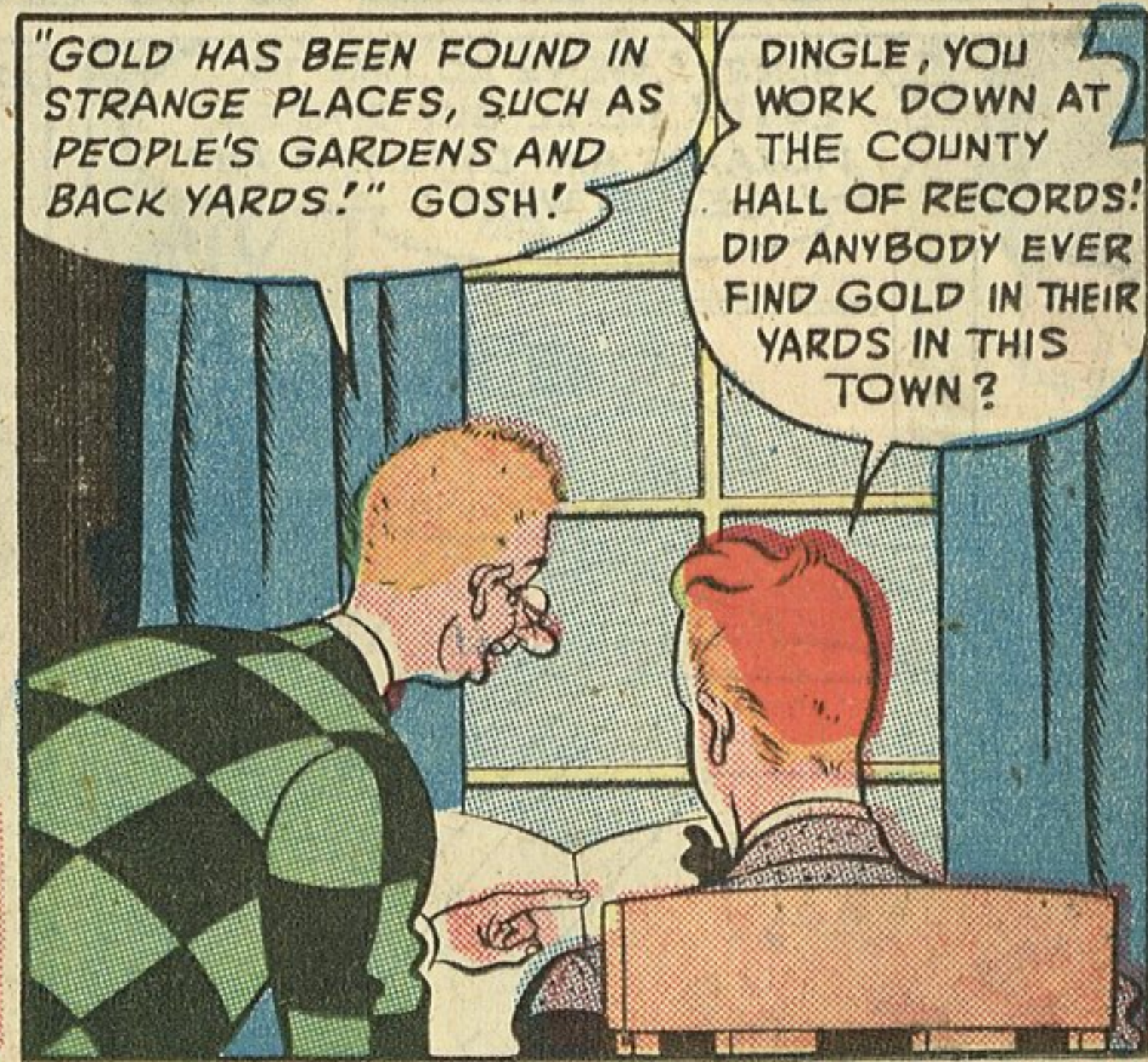
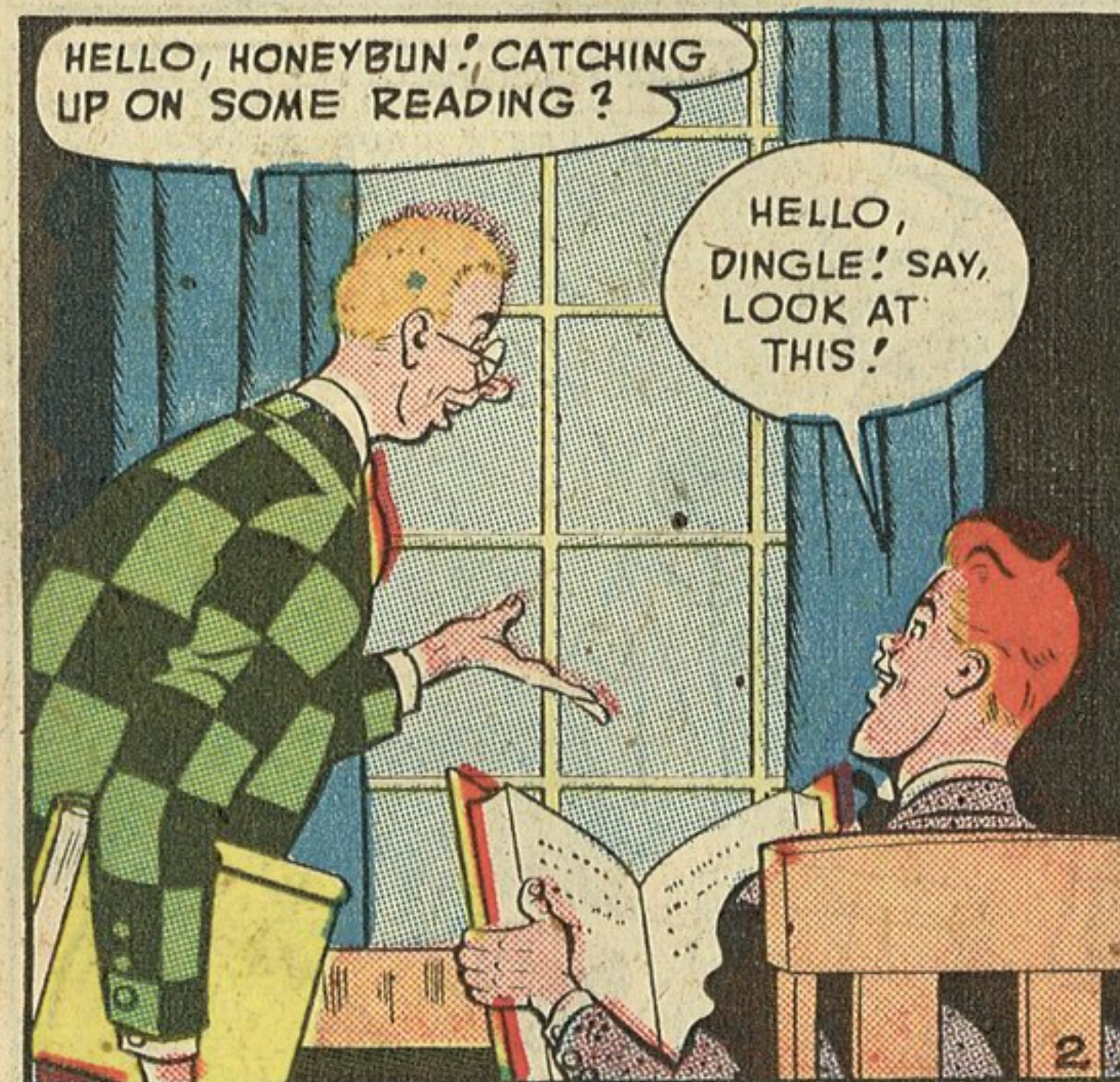
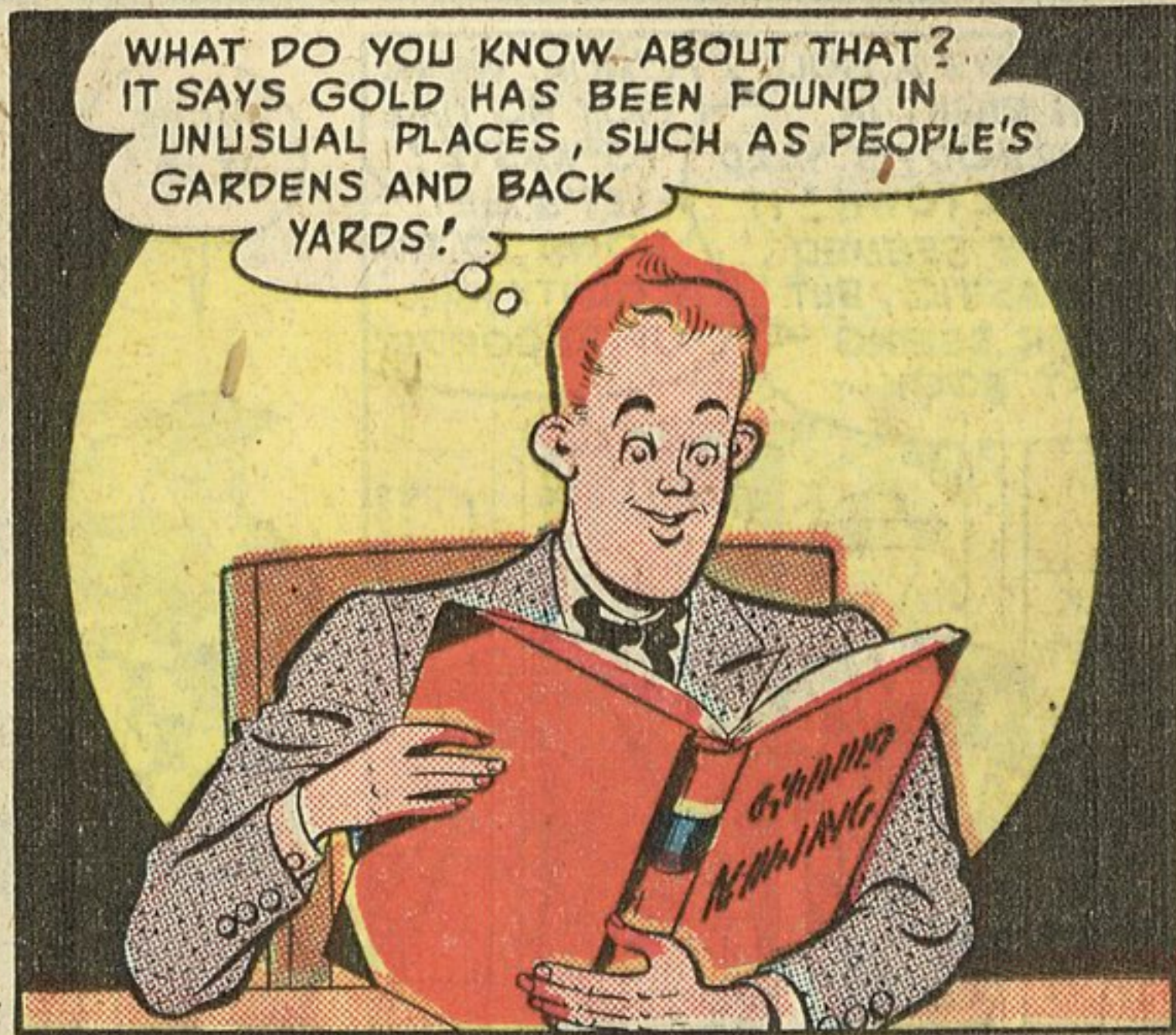
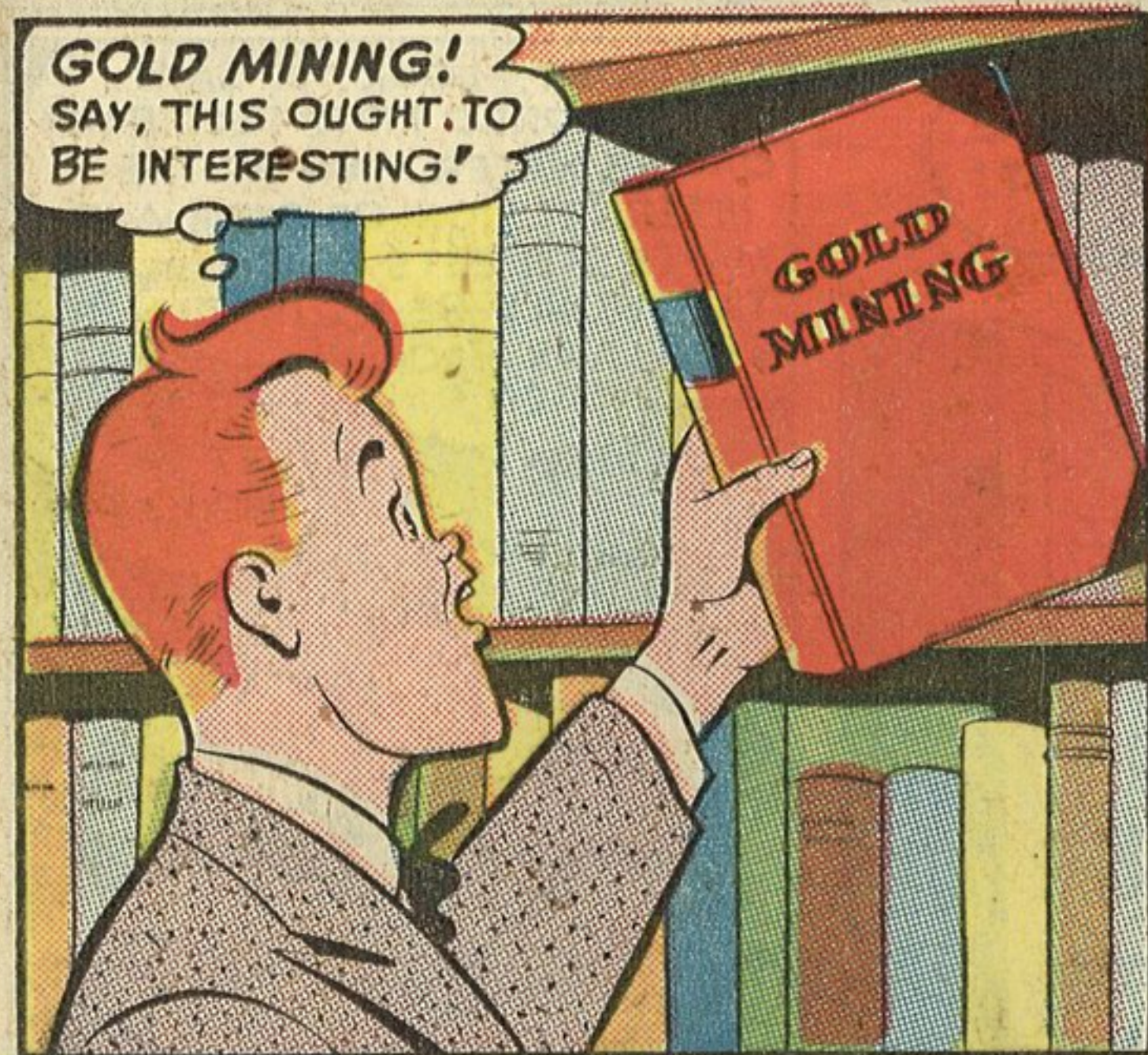
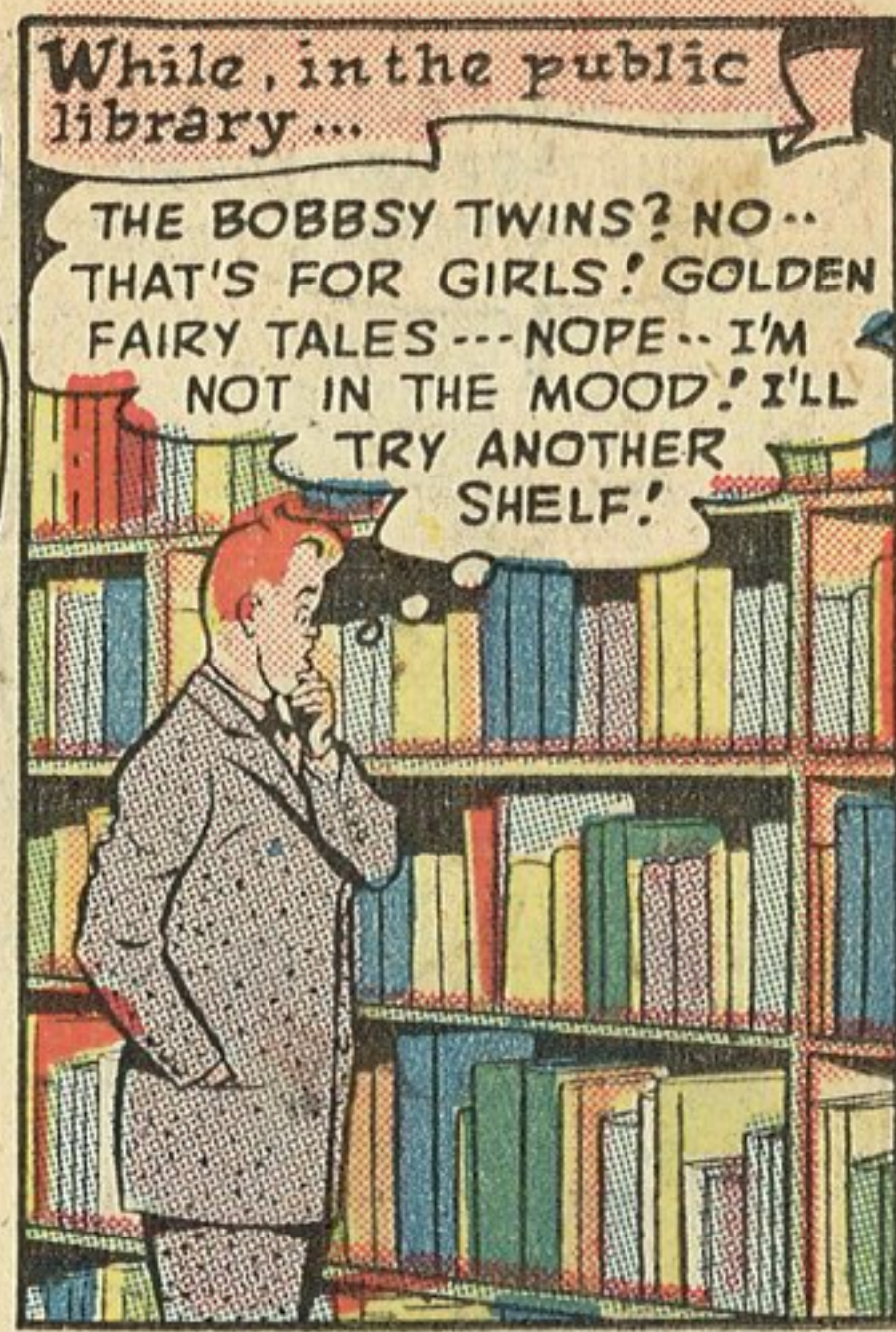


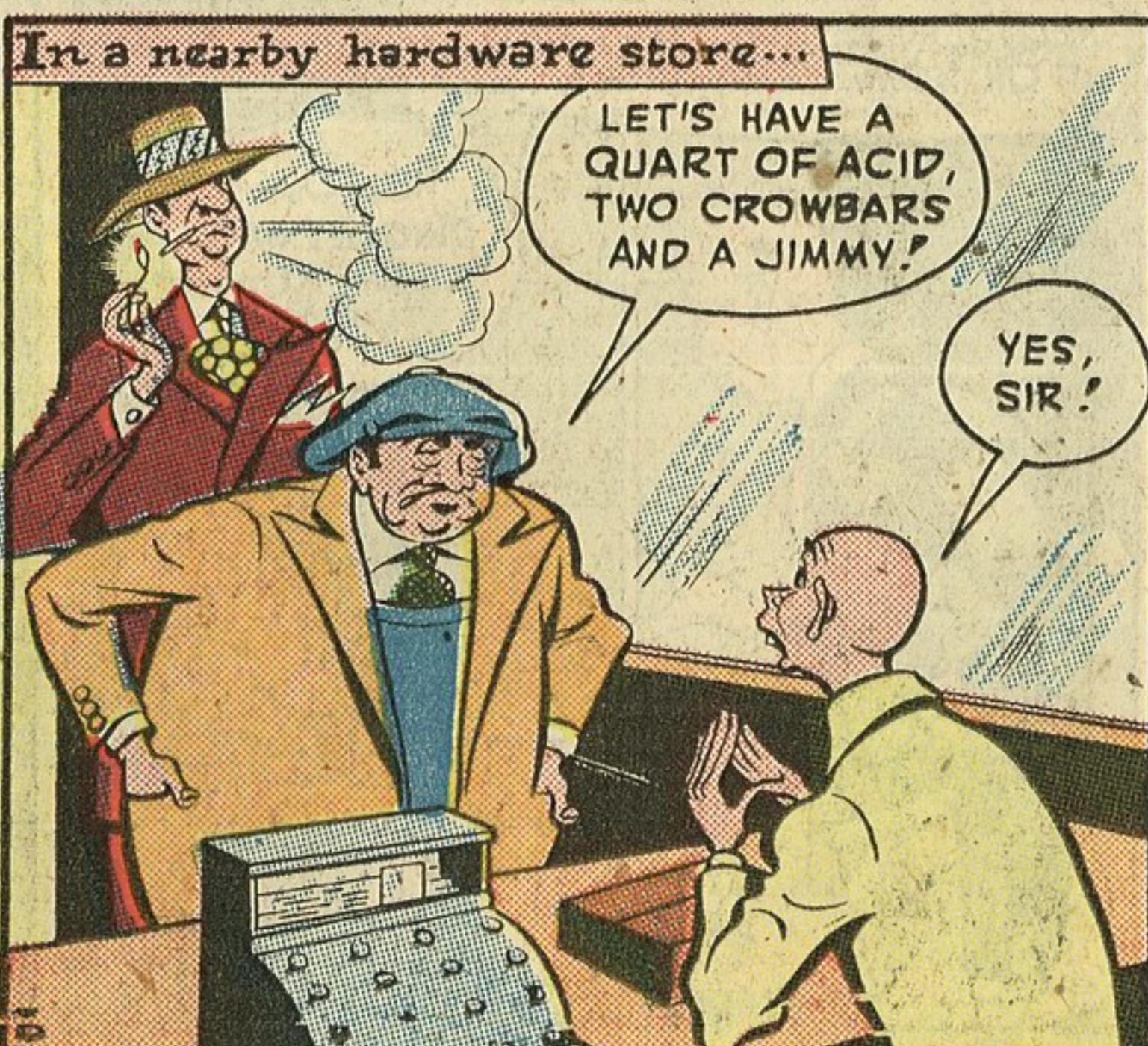
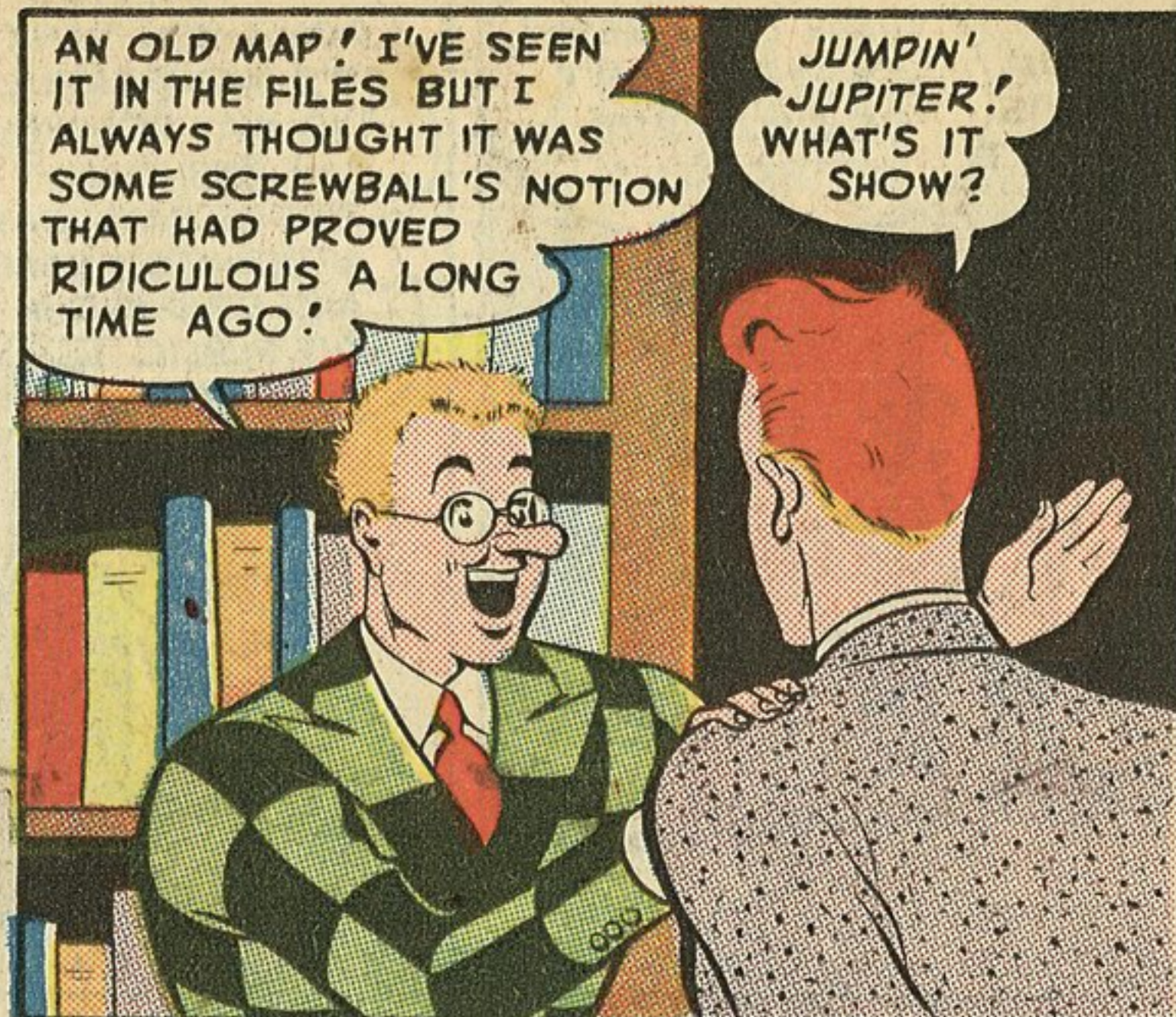


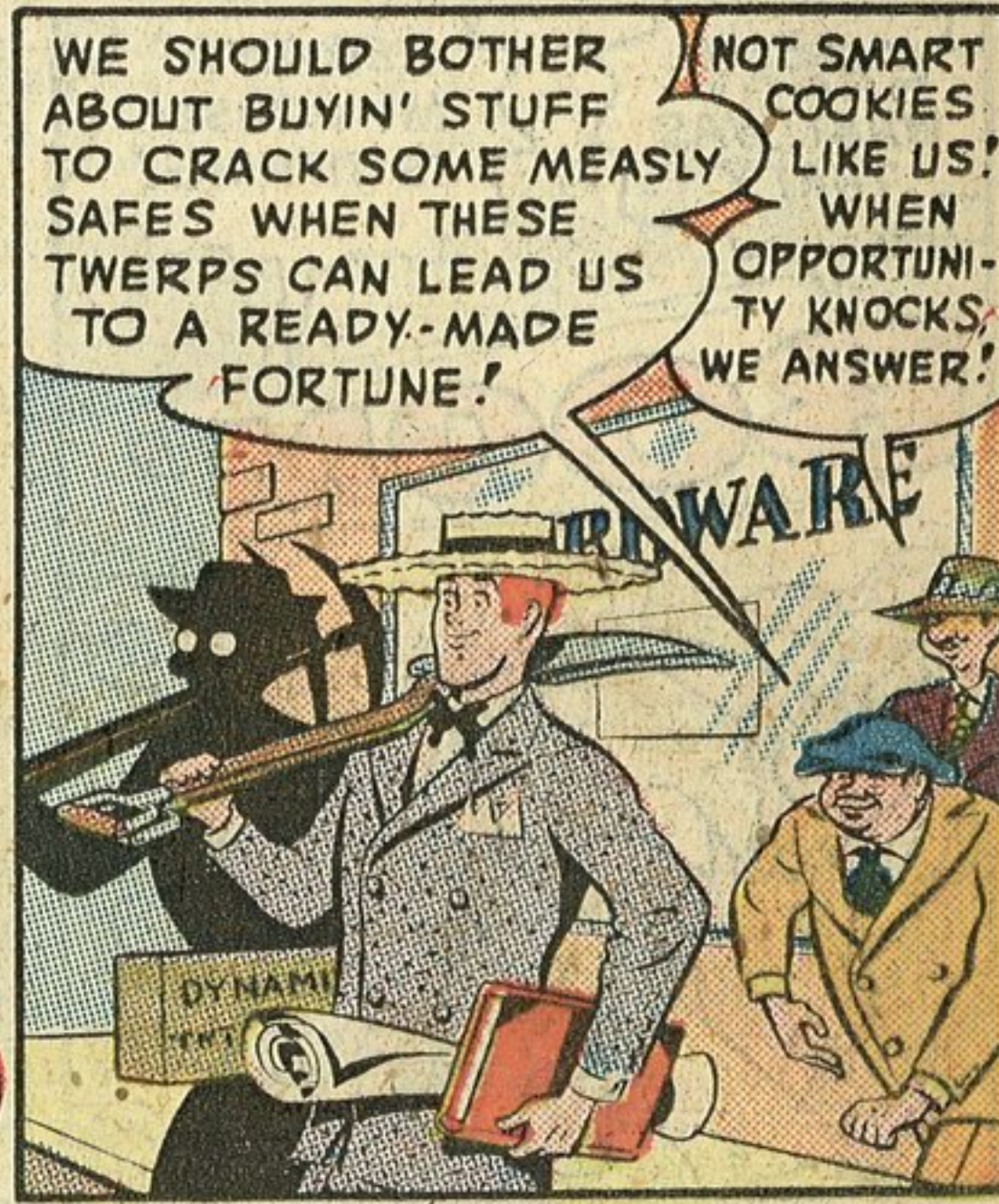
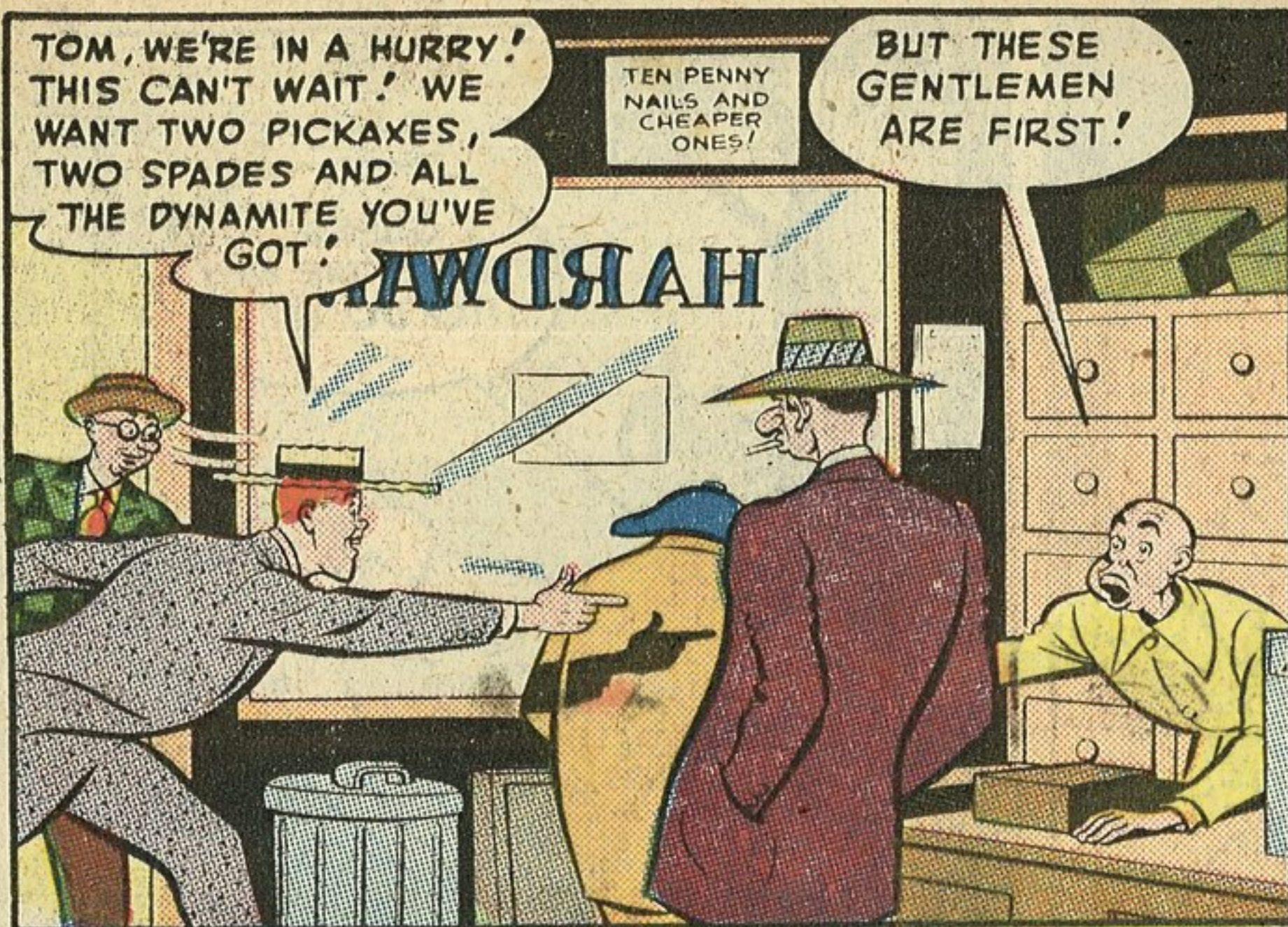
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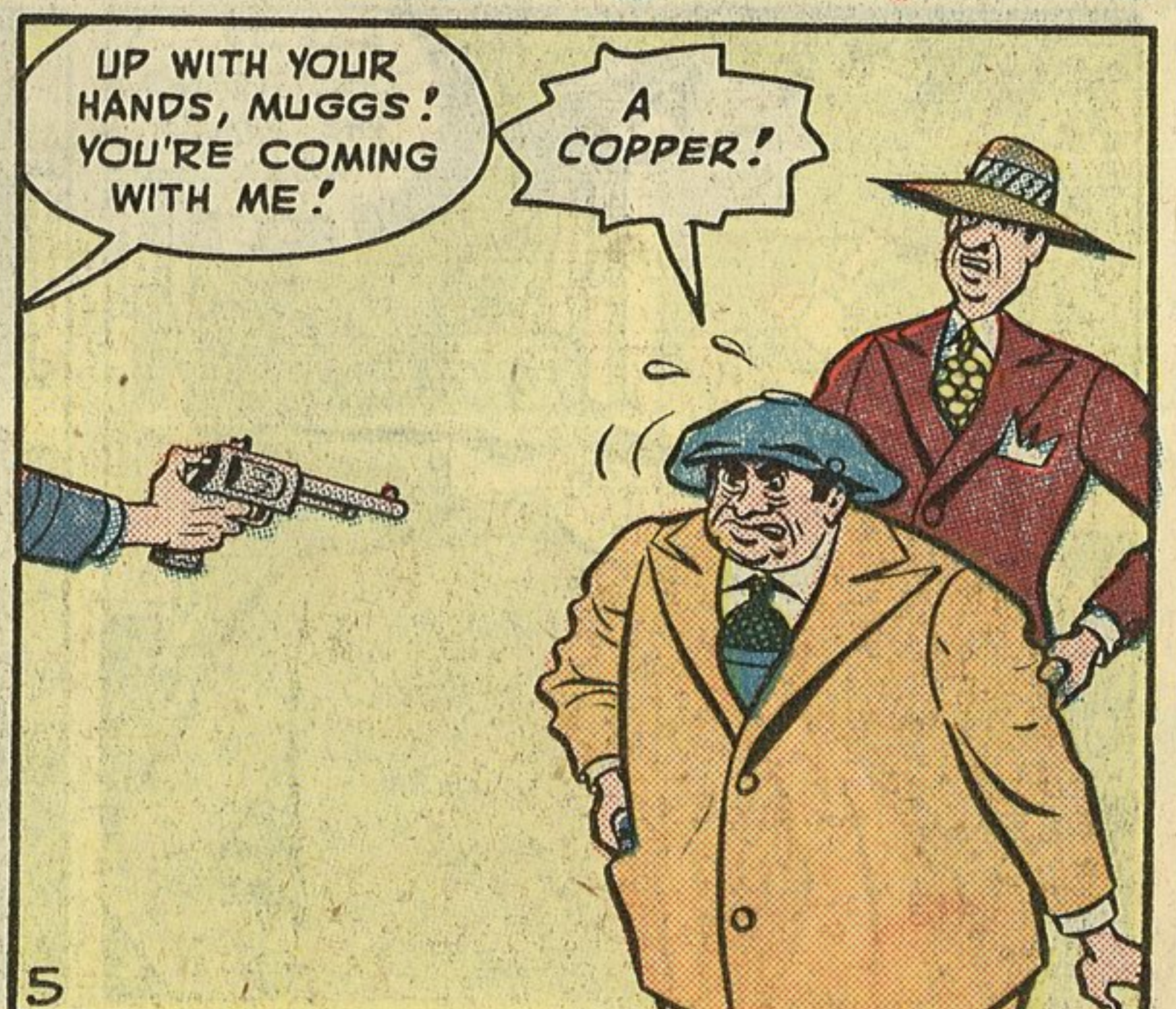
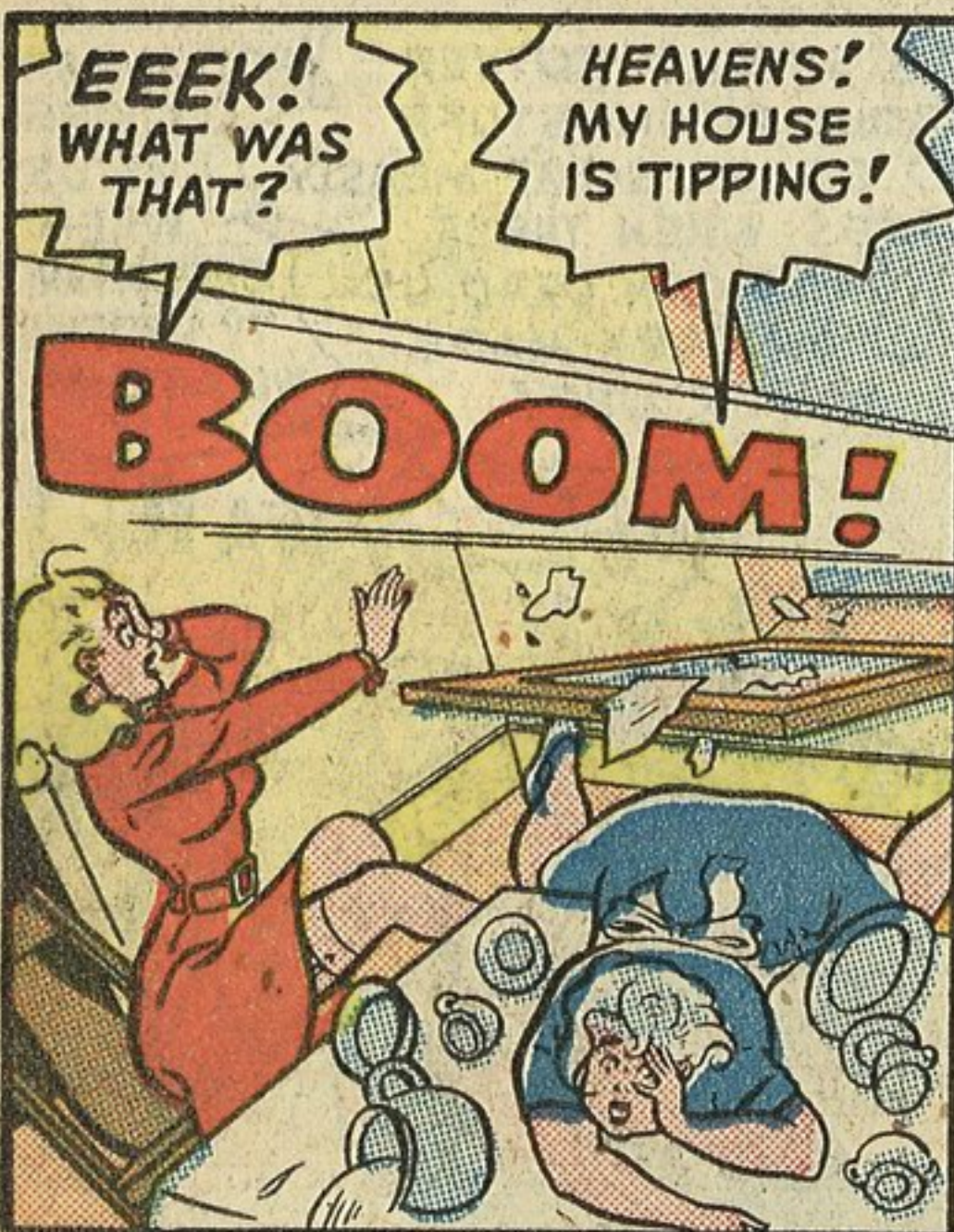


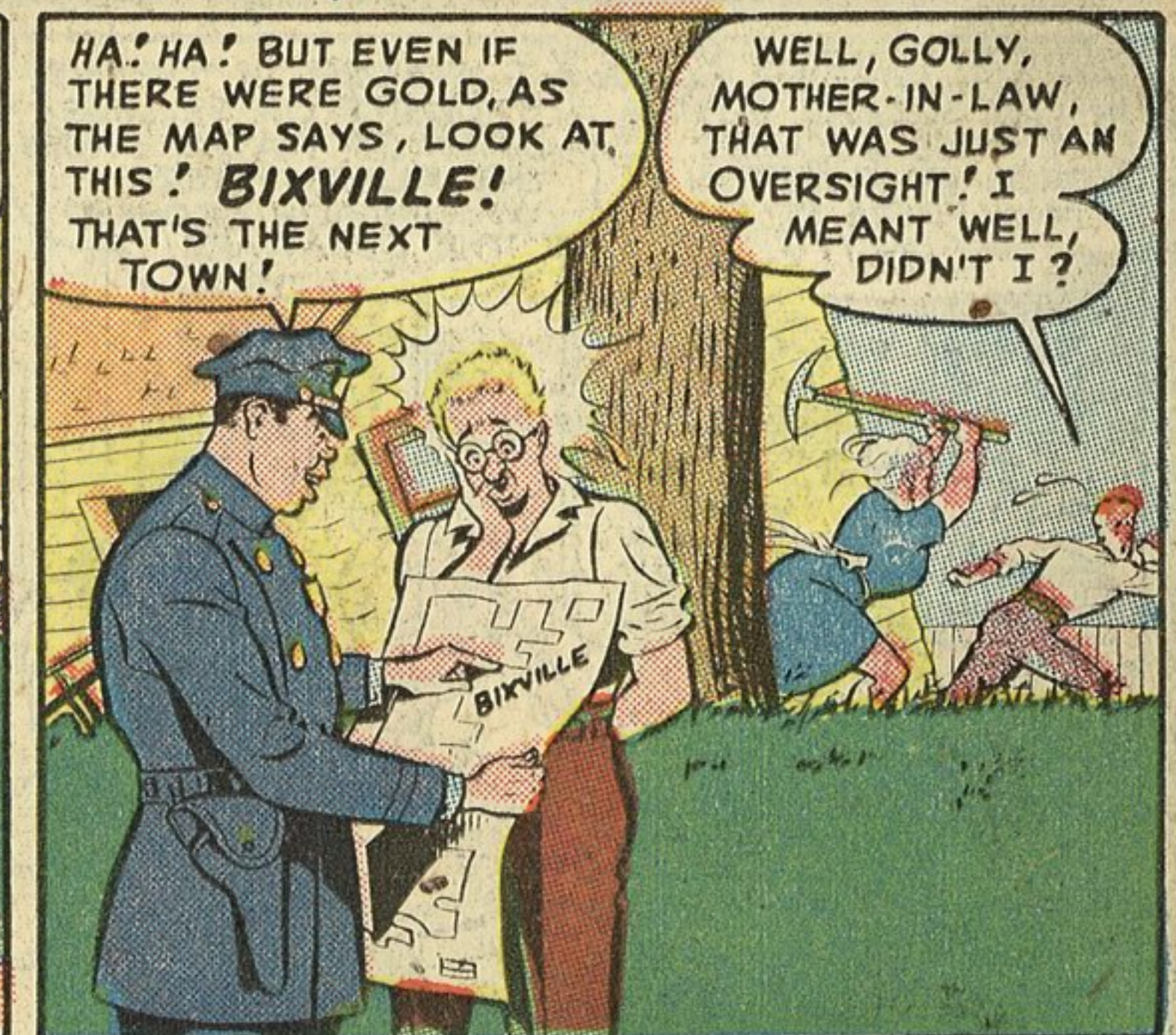
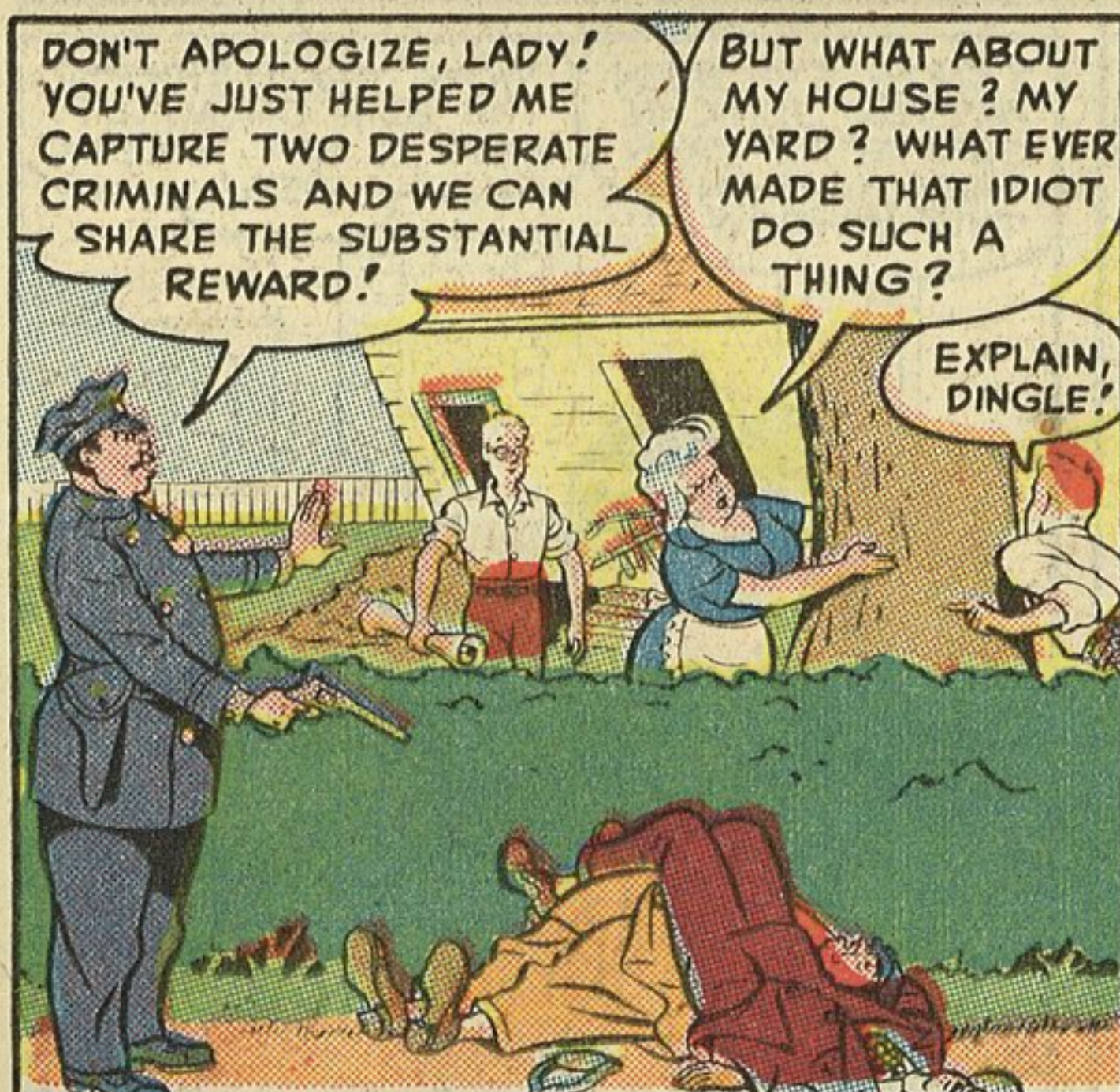
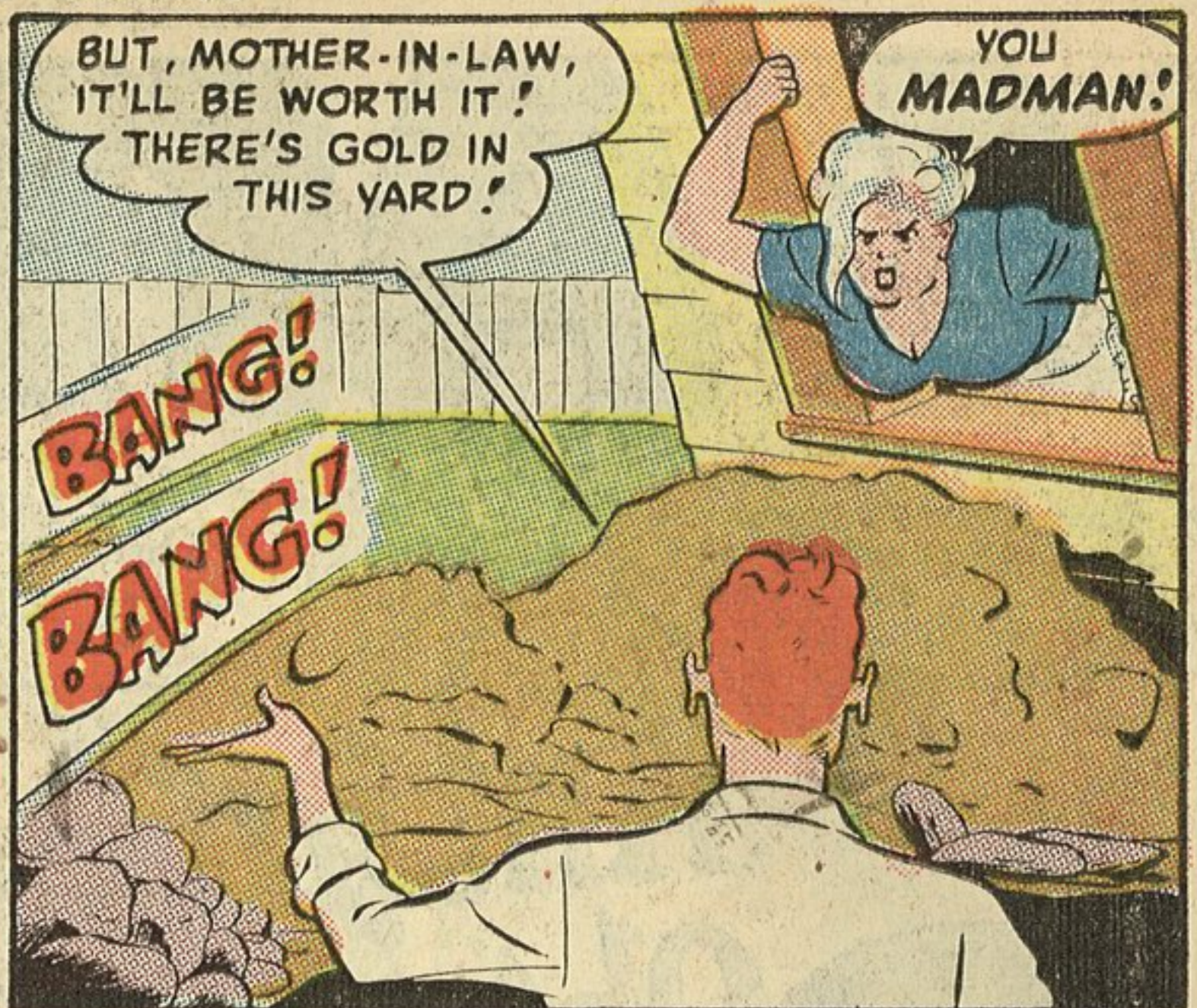
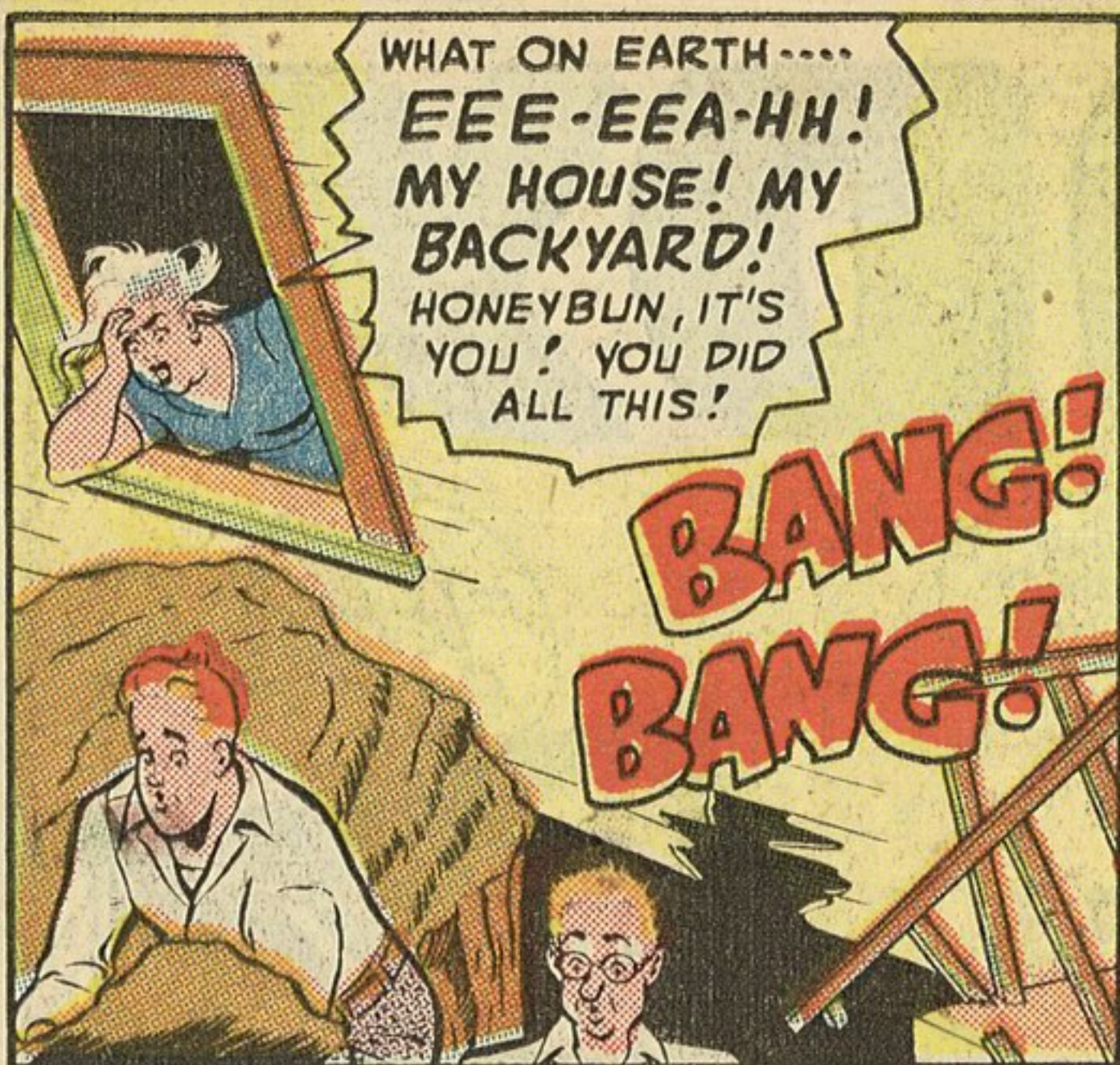
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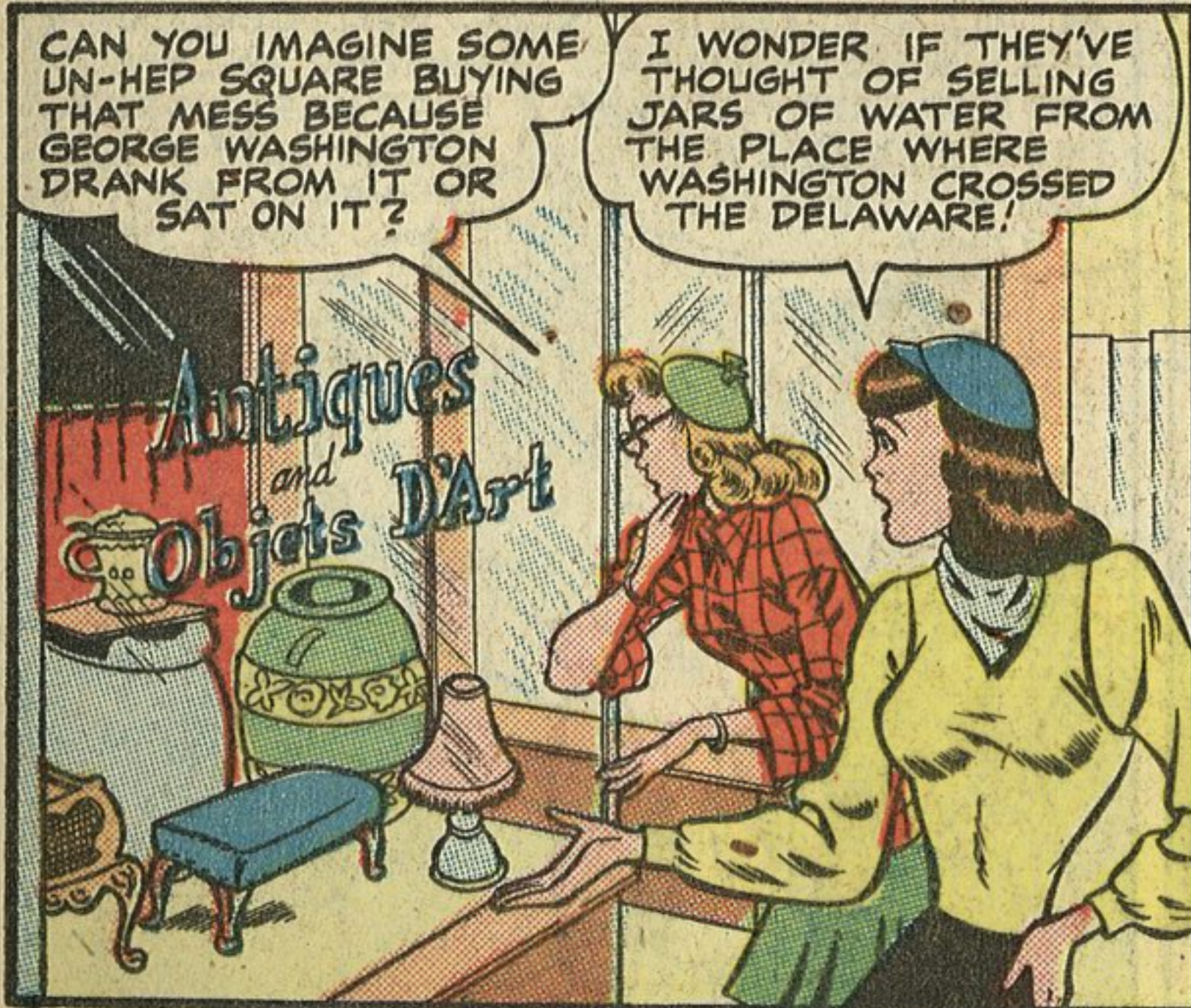
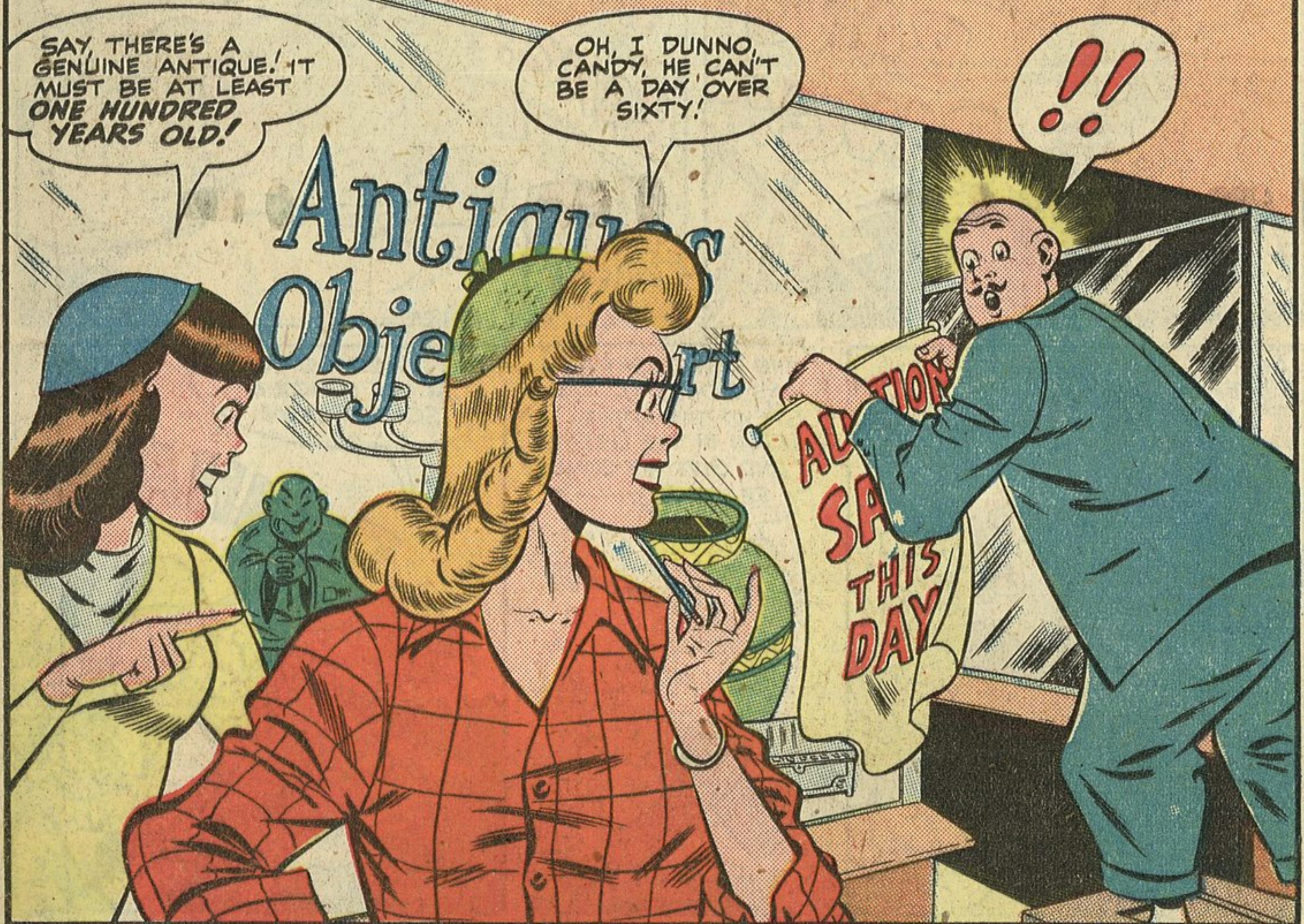








CANDY



LET'S PULL A FAST RAID ON YOUR ATTIC AND BOOT THE LOOT DOWN TO THAT SHOP!

I HEAR YOU CHOPPIN' BRAIN-TRUST! MAYBE WE CAN COME OUT WITH A FEW BUCKS, AT THAT!

WHAT KIND OF A CONTRAPTION IS THIS?

OH, THAT! THE OLD-TIME CHICKS USED TO STASH THEIR FRAMES IN THAT TRAP TO KEEP 'EM FROM BUSTIN' OUT ALL OVER!

WHATEVER THIS IS, I'LL BET IT'S WORTH SOMETHING!

TOSS IT IN WITH THE REST OF THIS STUFF, CANDY! WE'RE ALL SET NOW!



GOSH, IF WE WERE SELLING THIS STUFF BY THE POUND WE'D MAKE A FORTUNE! IT'S HEAVY!

LAST TIME WE CLEANED THE ATTIC WE HAD TO PAY A MAN TO HAUL THE STUFF AWAY!

IF IT TAKES THAT LONG TO FIGURE THE VALUE, THE STUFF MUST BE WORTH PLENTY!

I'M NOT FIGURING, YOUNG LADY! I'M AMAZED BY THE UTTER LACK OF ANYTHING WORTH WHILE IN THIS PILE!

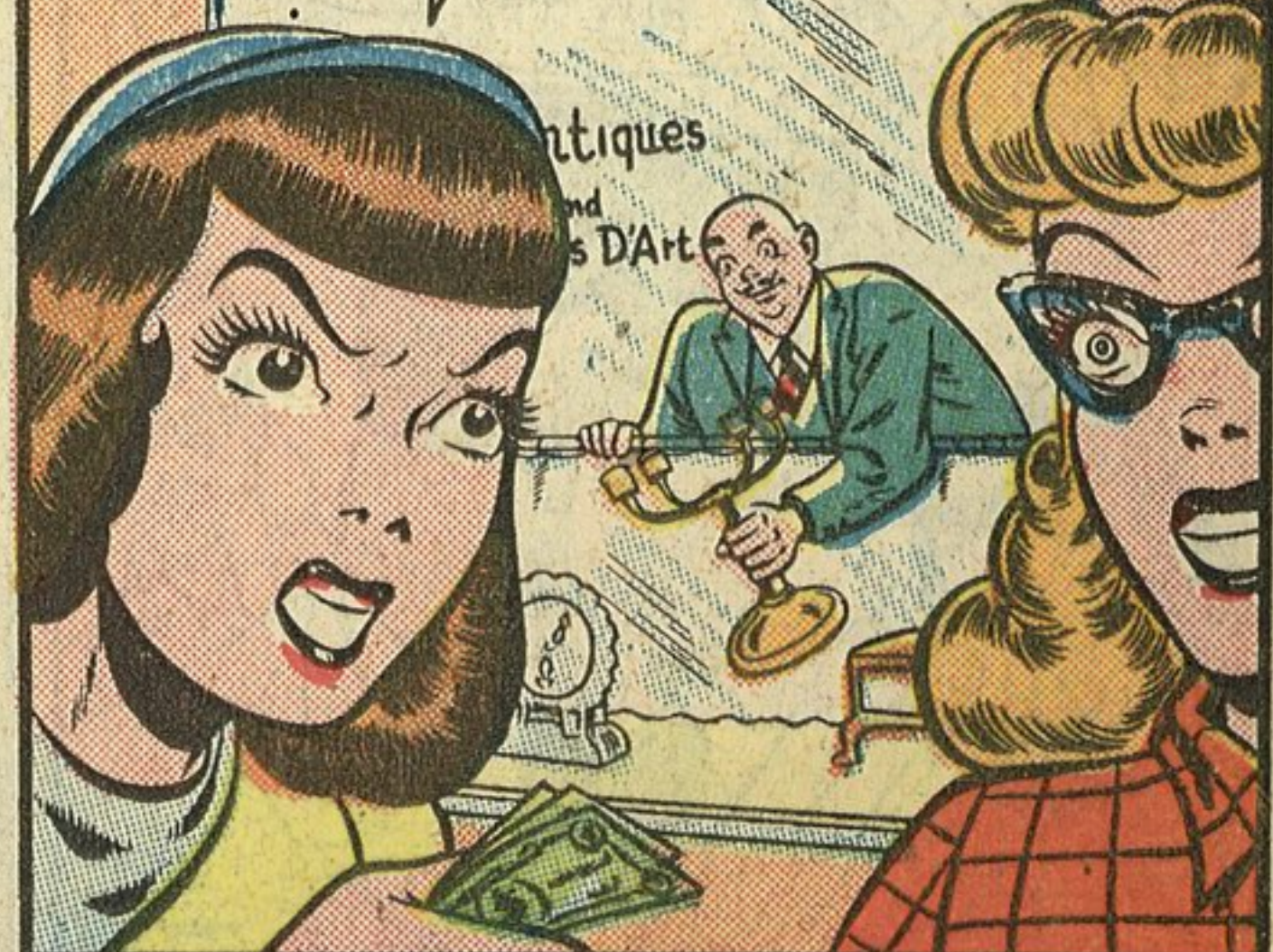


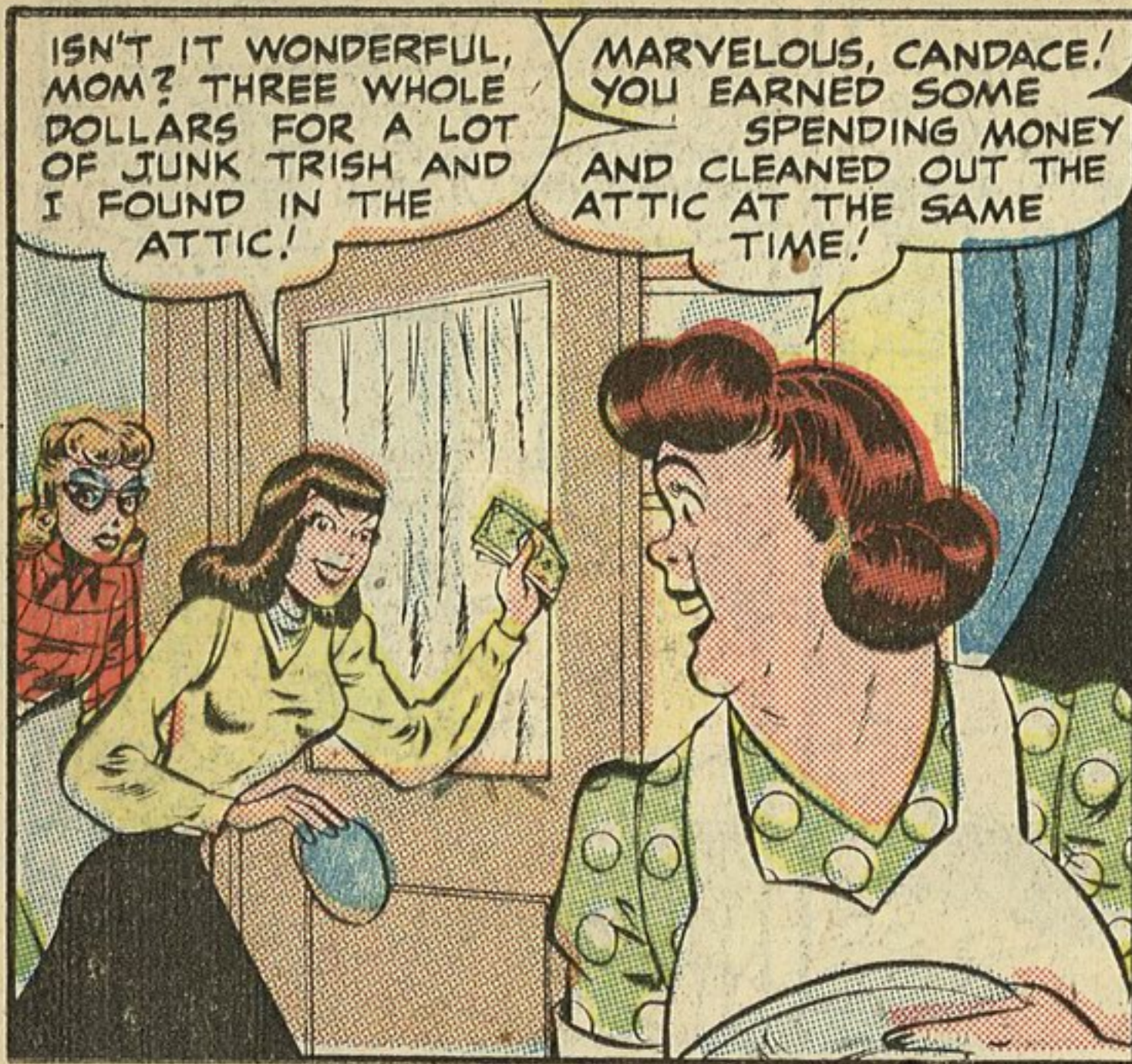
HERE'S THREE DOLLARS, AND TWO DOLLARS OF IT IS FOR YOUR TROUBLE IN BRINGING IT DOWN HERE!

DON'T FRACTURE YOUR WALLET, MISTER! THESE DOLLAR BILLS ARE MOULDIER THAN THE STUFF I SOLD YOU!

CAN YOU IMAGINE THE NERVE OF THAT GLEEP? THREE DOLLARS FOR ALL THAT STUFF, HUMPH!

IT WAS WORTH EVERY BIT OF THREE FIFTY!





ISN'T IT WONDERFUL, MOM? THREE WHOLE DOLLARS FOR A LOT OF JUNK TRISH AND I FOUND IN THE ATTIC!

MARVELOUS, CANDACE! YOU EARNED SOME SPENDING MONEY AND CLEANED OUT THE ATTIC AT THE SAME TIME!



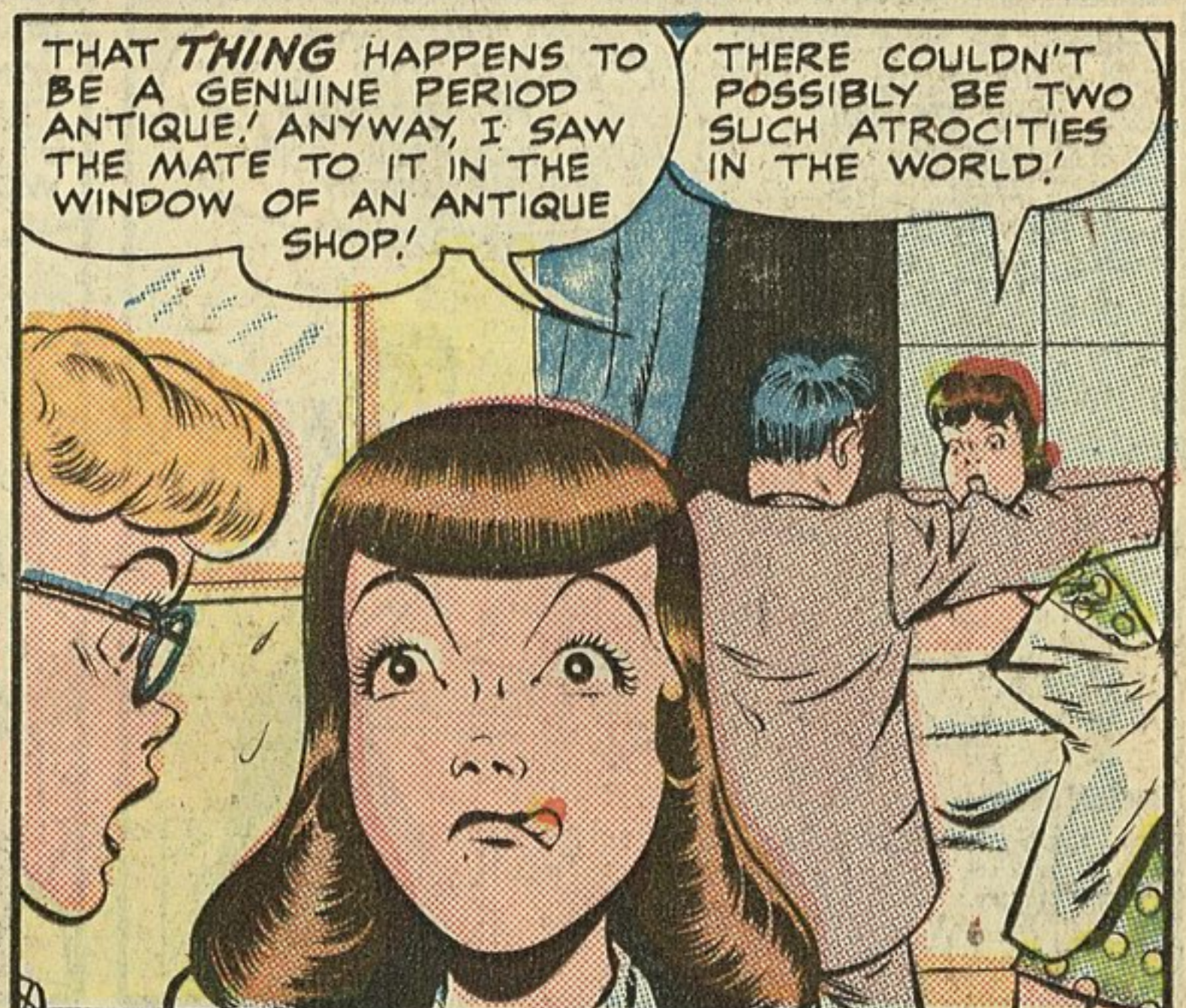
HELLO, GIRLS! CANDY, I HAVE A WONDERFUL SURPRISE FOR YOUR MOTHER!

DON'T TELL ME YOU'VE DECIDED TO BUY ME A NEW FUR COAT, TIM!



NOTHING AS EXTRAVAGANT AS THAT, DEAR! DO YOU RECALL THAT LOVELY CANDELABRA I BOUGHT FOR YOU ON OUR WEDDING ANNIVERSARY?

OH, THAT THING! IT'LL BE A PLEASANT SURPRISE IF YOU TELL ME YOU'VE LOST IT!



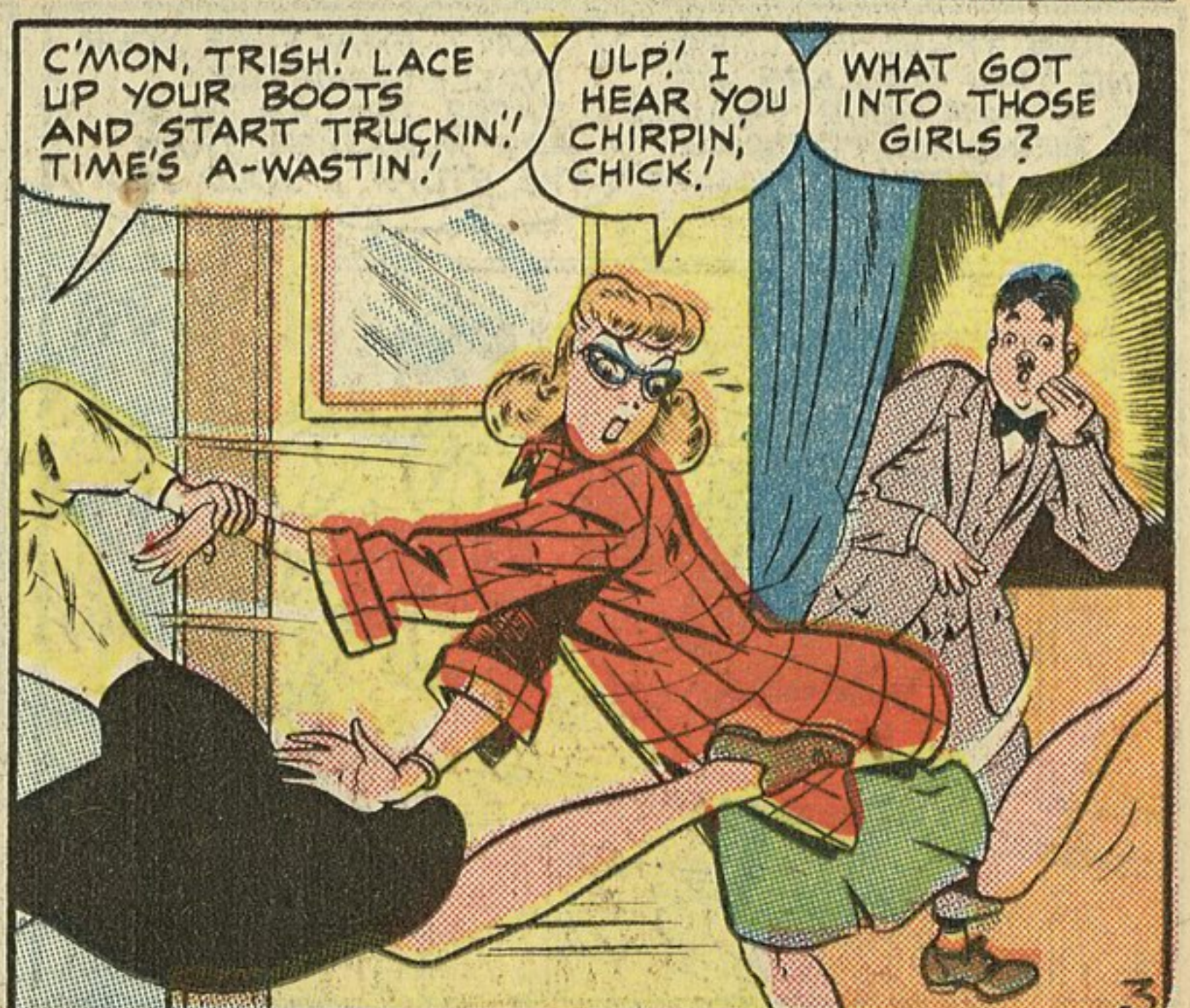
THAT *THING* HAPPENS TO BE A GENUINE PERIOD ANTIQUE! ANYWAY, I SAW THE MATE TO IT IN THE WINDOW OF AN ANTIQUE SHOP!

THERE COULDN'T POSSIBLY BE TWO SUCH ATROCITIES IN THE WORLD!



D--DAD, WH--WHAT DID Y--YOU S--SAY IT LOOKS L--LIKE?

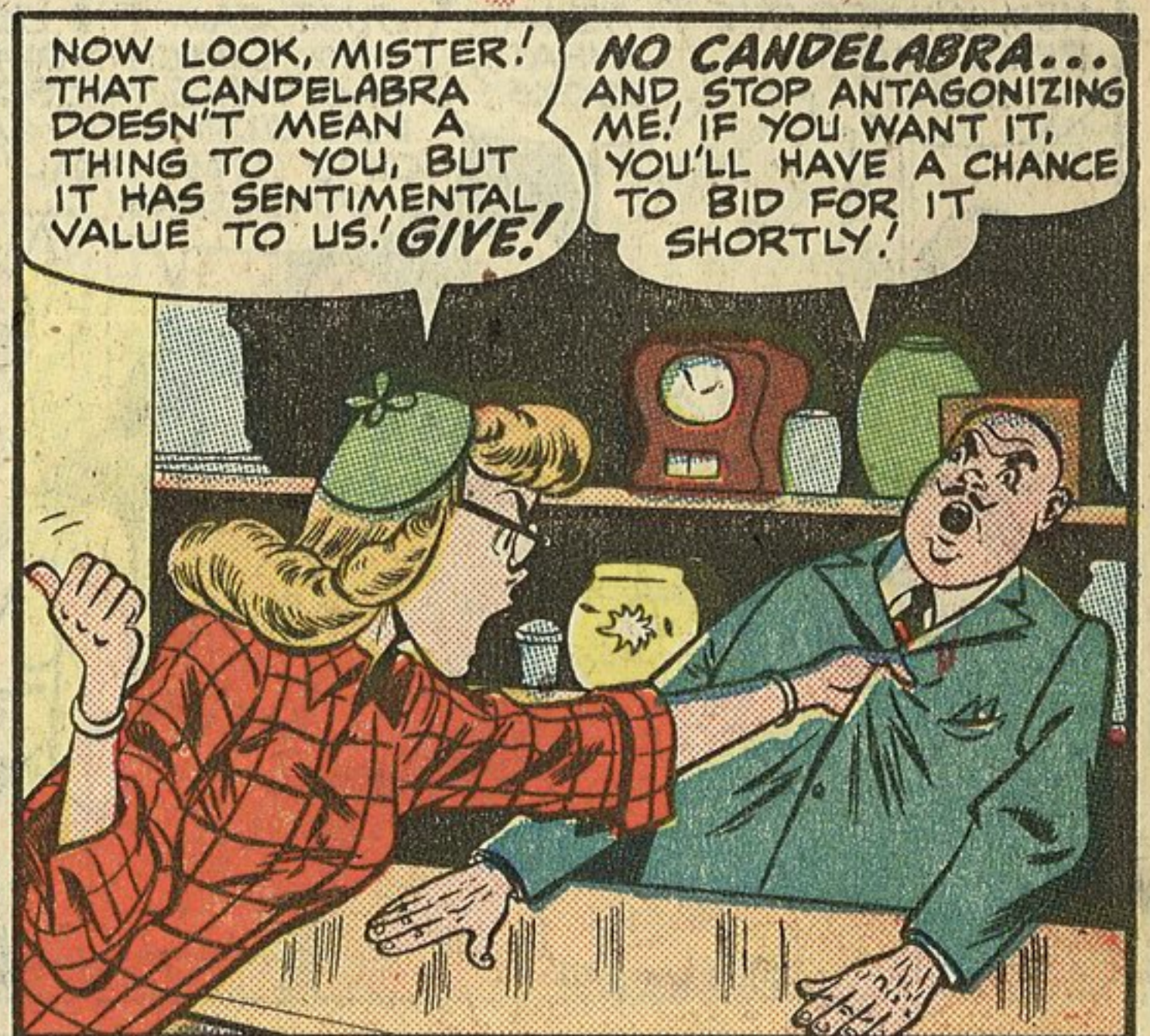
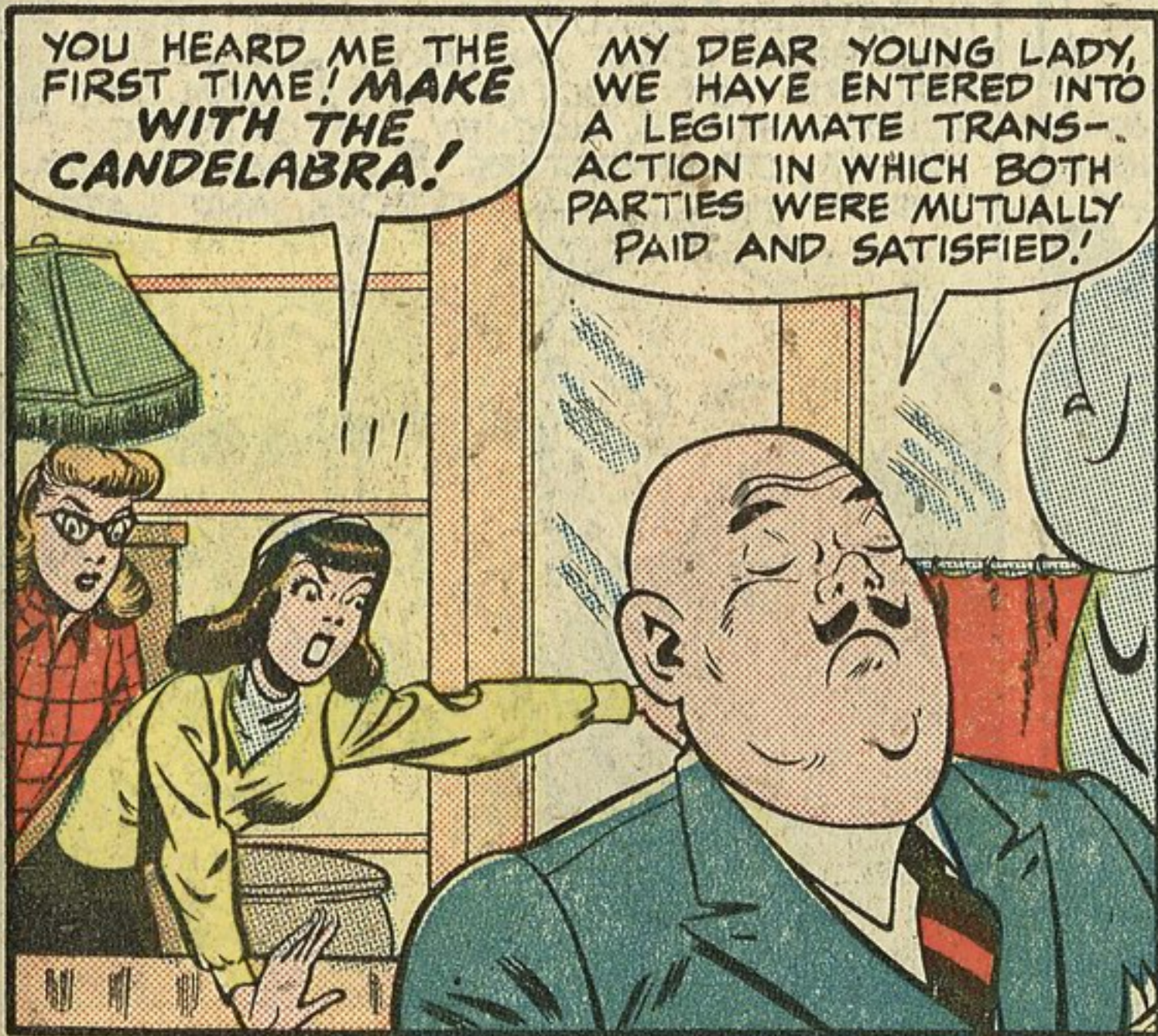
WELL, IT'S MADE OF HAND WROUGHT BRASS AND HAS HOLDERS, FOR FOUR CANDLES! REALLY A WORK OF ART... I **MUST** BUY IT!

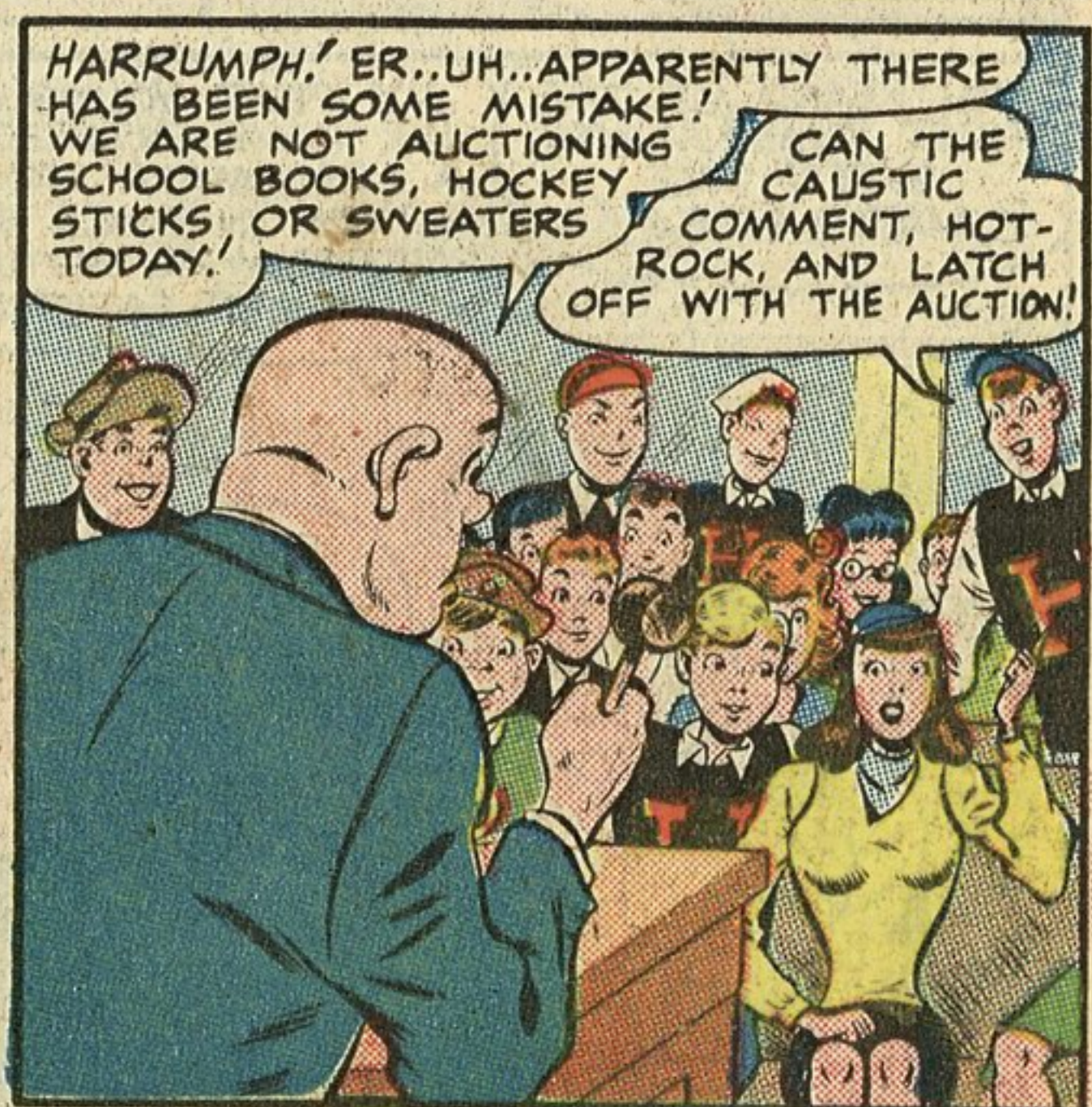
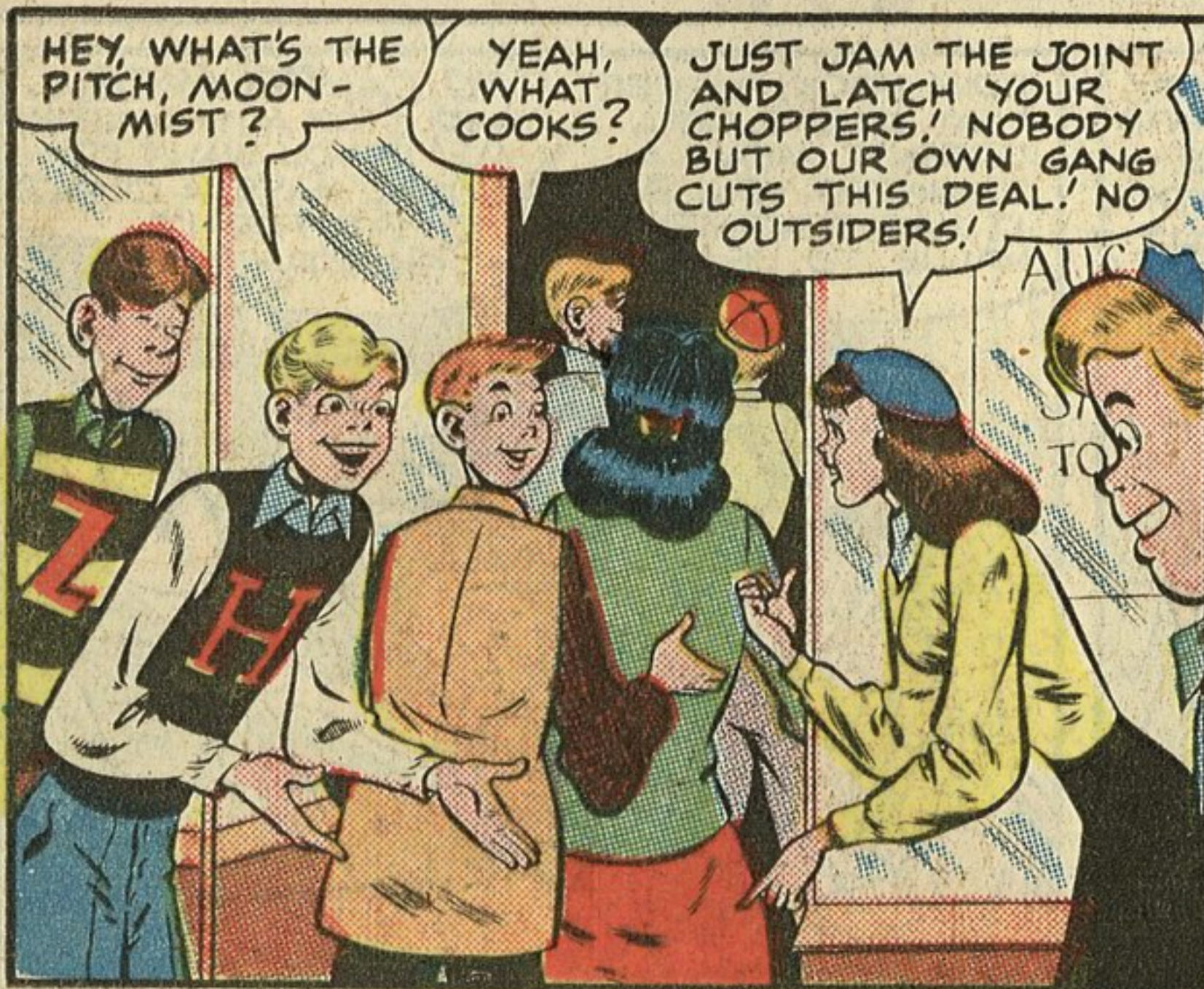
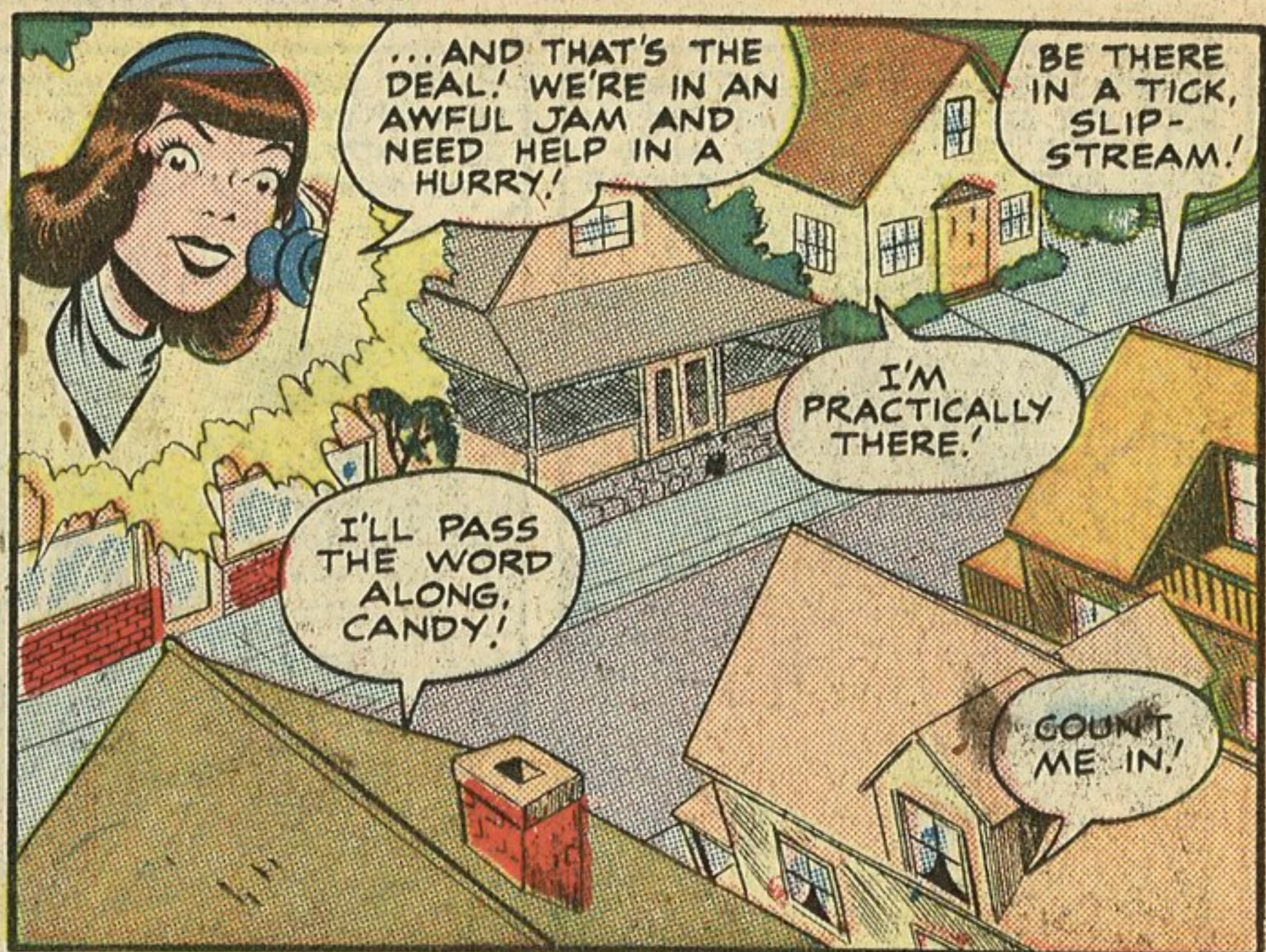


C'MON, TRISH! LACE UP YOUR BOOTS AND START TRUCKIN'! TIME'S A-WASTIN'!

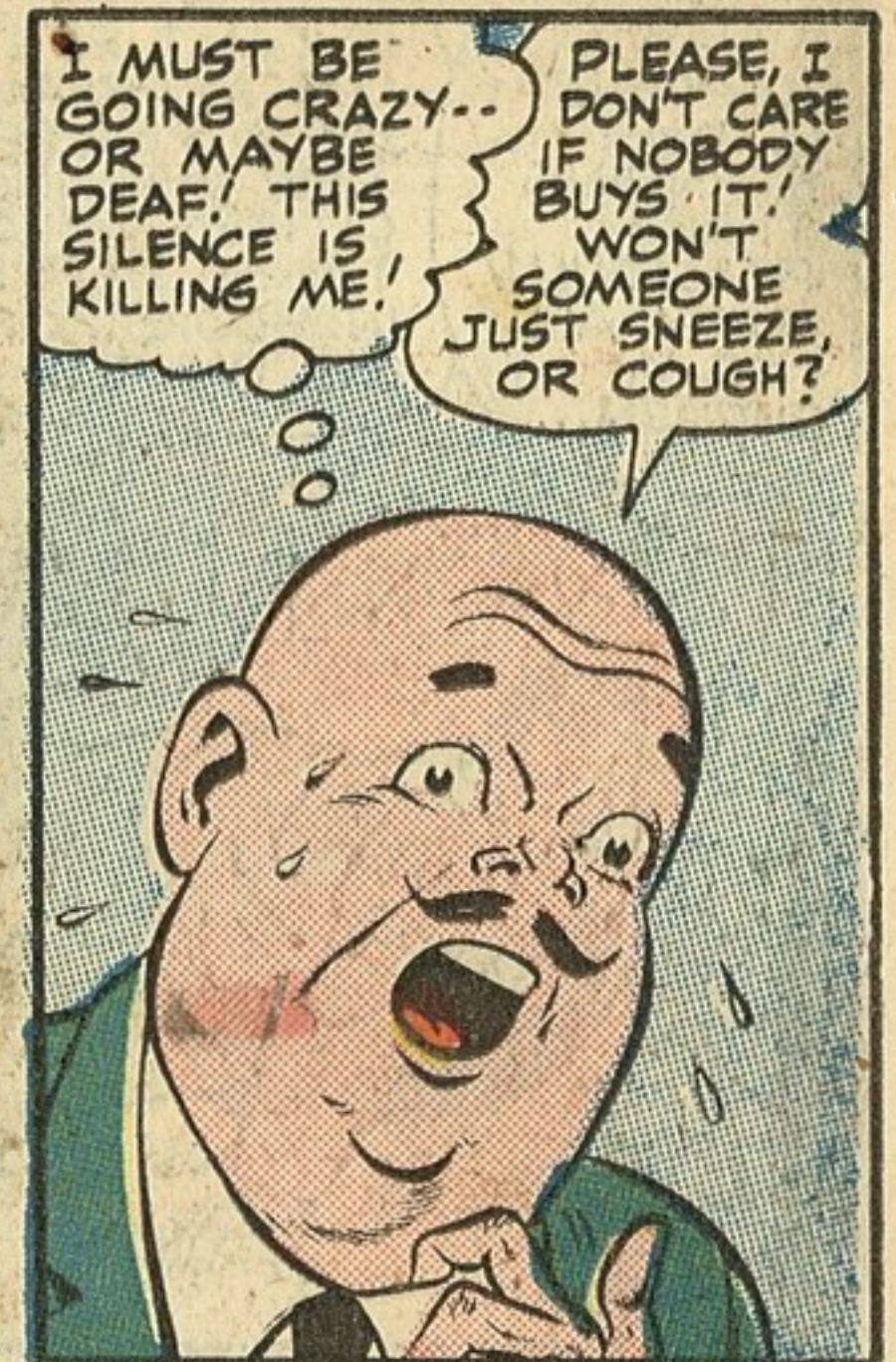
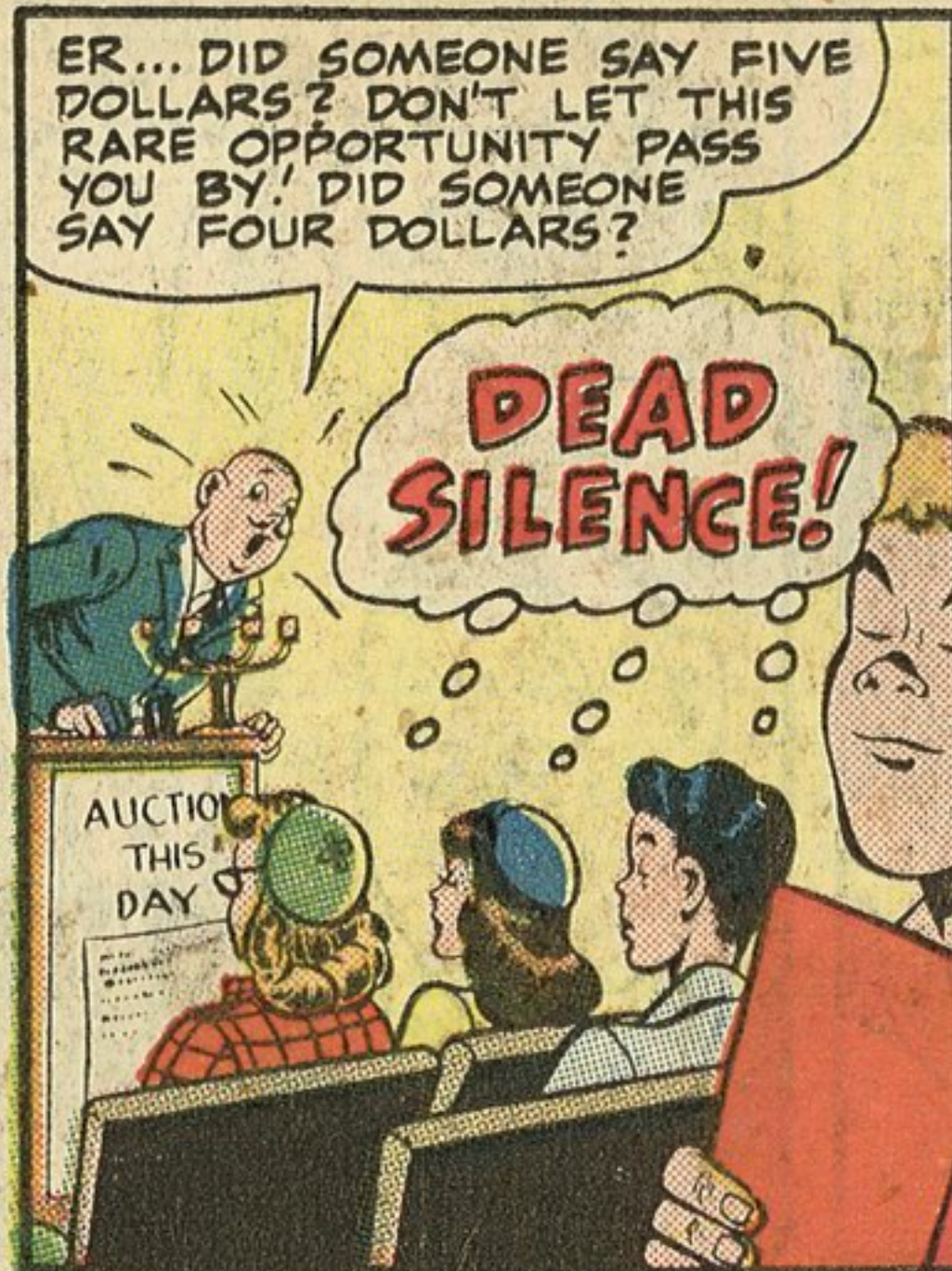
ULP! I HEAR YOU CHIRPIN', CHICK!

WHAT GOT INTO THOSE GIRLS?





POLICE COMICS



POLICE COMICS



WH-WHAT HAPPENED? I WAS STANDING THERE PEACEFULLY WHEN ALL OF A SUDDEN...

IT CAN'T BE TRUE! IT'S A DREAM! I'M A PEACEFUL, LAW ABIDING CITIZEN... SUCH THINGS HAPPEN IN BOOKS... OHHHH, I'M RUINED!

SALE TODAY



IT WAS THE FIRST ITEM ON SALE... A BRASS CANDELABRA... NOT EVEN AN ANTIQUE!

A WHAT? SAY THAT AGAIN!



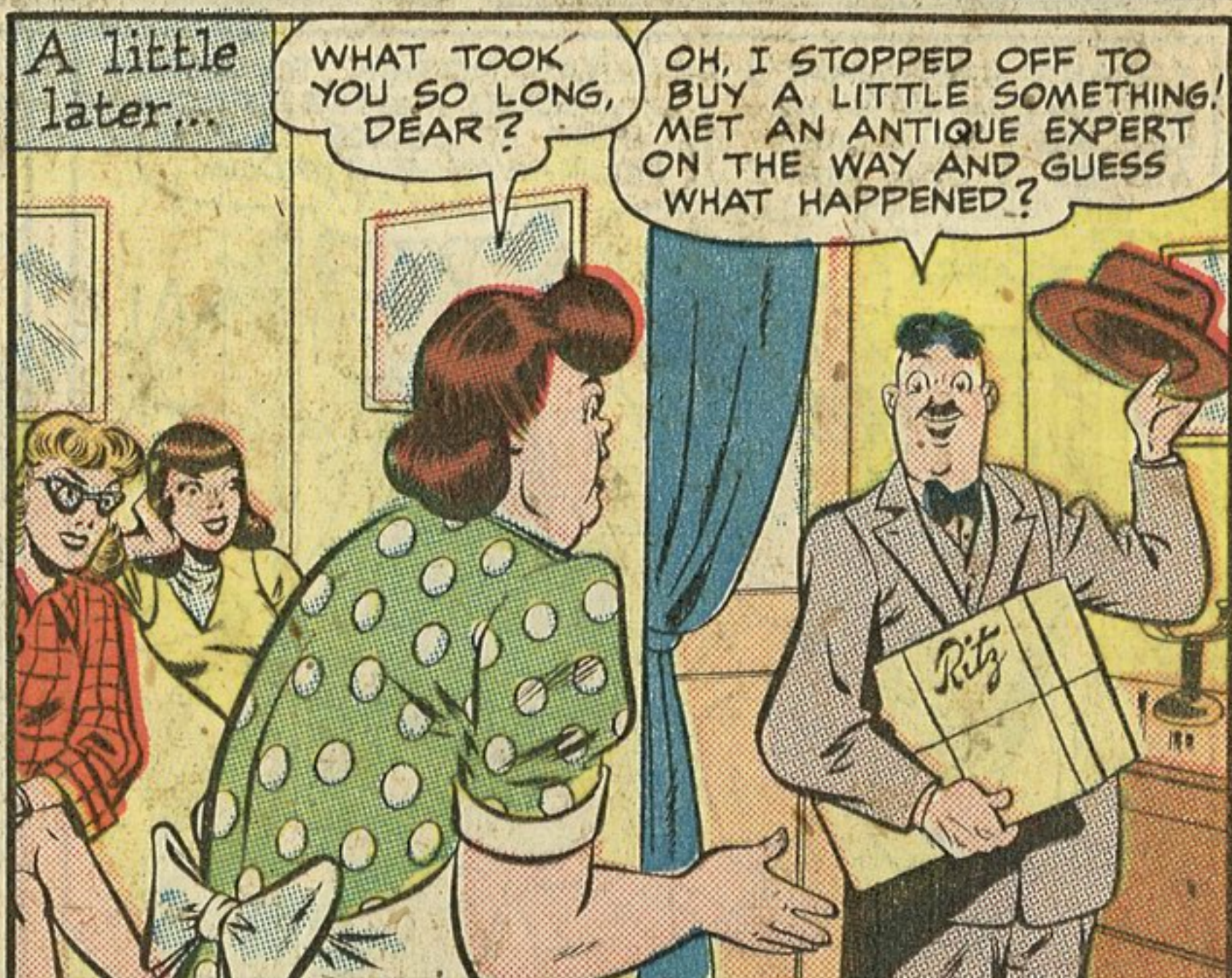
QUICK! TELL ME HOW MUCH IT SOLD FOR!

ARRGH! T--TWENTY-F--FIVE CENTS... ULP!



GRRR! TWENTY-FIVE CENTS... AND I COULDN'T EVEN GET INTO THE PLACE!

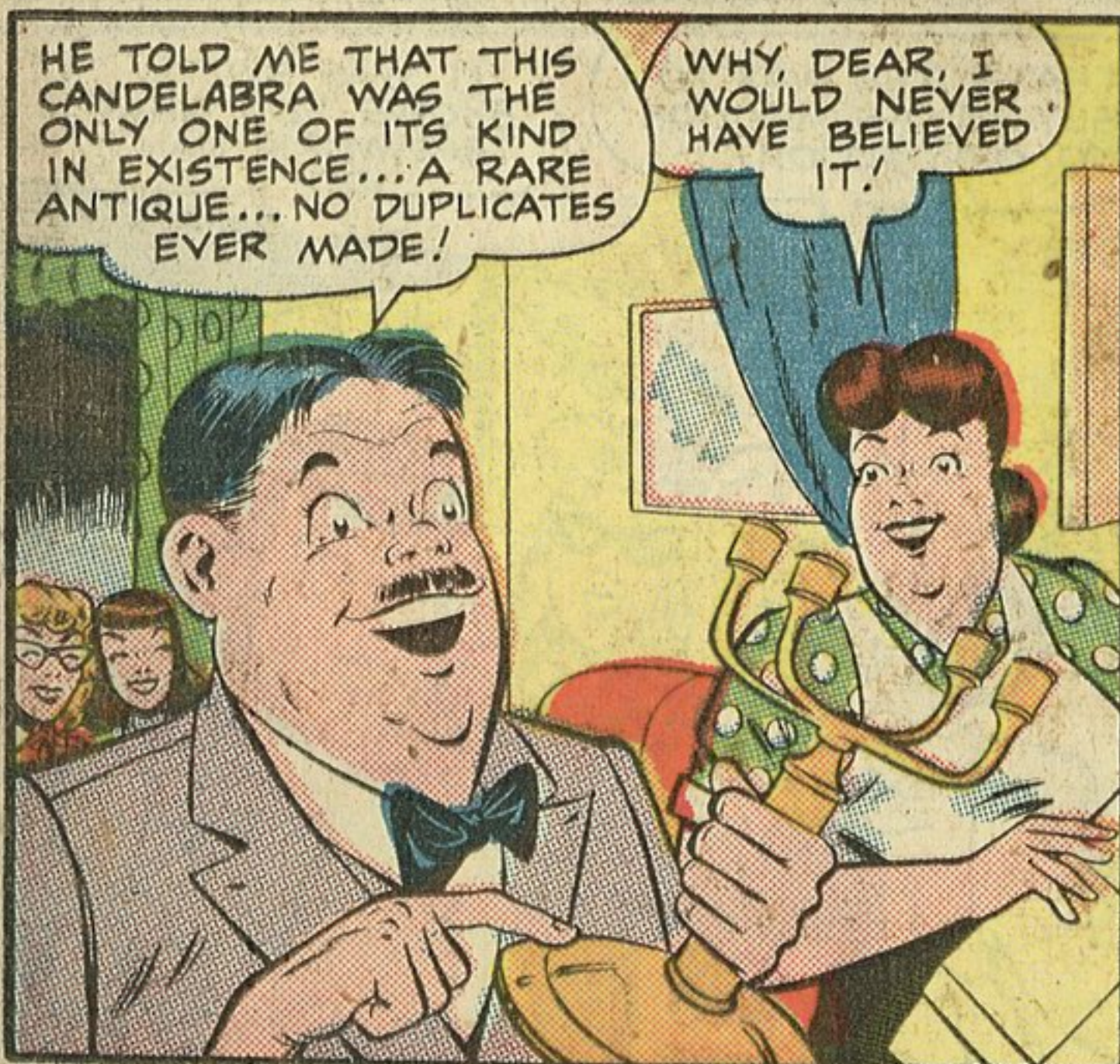
IT'S A BAD DREAM! I NEED A REST... BEEN WORKING TOO HARD! OHHHH!



A little later...

WHAT TOOK YOU SO LONG, DEAR?

OH, I STOPPED OFF TO BUY A LITTLE SOMETHING! MET AN ANTIQUE EXPERT ON THE WAY AND GUESS WHAT HAPPENED?



HE TOLD ME THAT THIS CANDELABRA WAS THE ONLY ONE OF ITS KIND IN EXISTENCE... A RARE ANTIQUE... NO DUPLICATES EVER MADE!

WHY, DEAR, I WOULD NEVER HAVE BELIEVED IT!



I DIDN'T WANT YOU TO BE DISAPPOINTED BECAUSE I COULDN'T GET THE OTHER CANDLE HOLDER, SO HERE'S A LITTLE SOMETHING FOR CONSOLATION!

OH, DARLING, IT'S WONDERFUL!

THE SPIRIT

The skies over Central City are spectacular these nights....

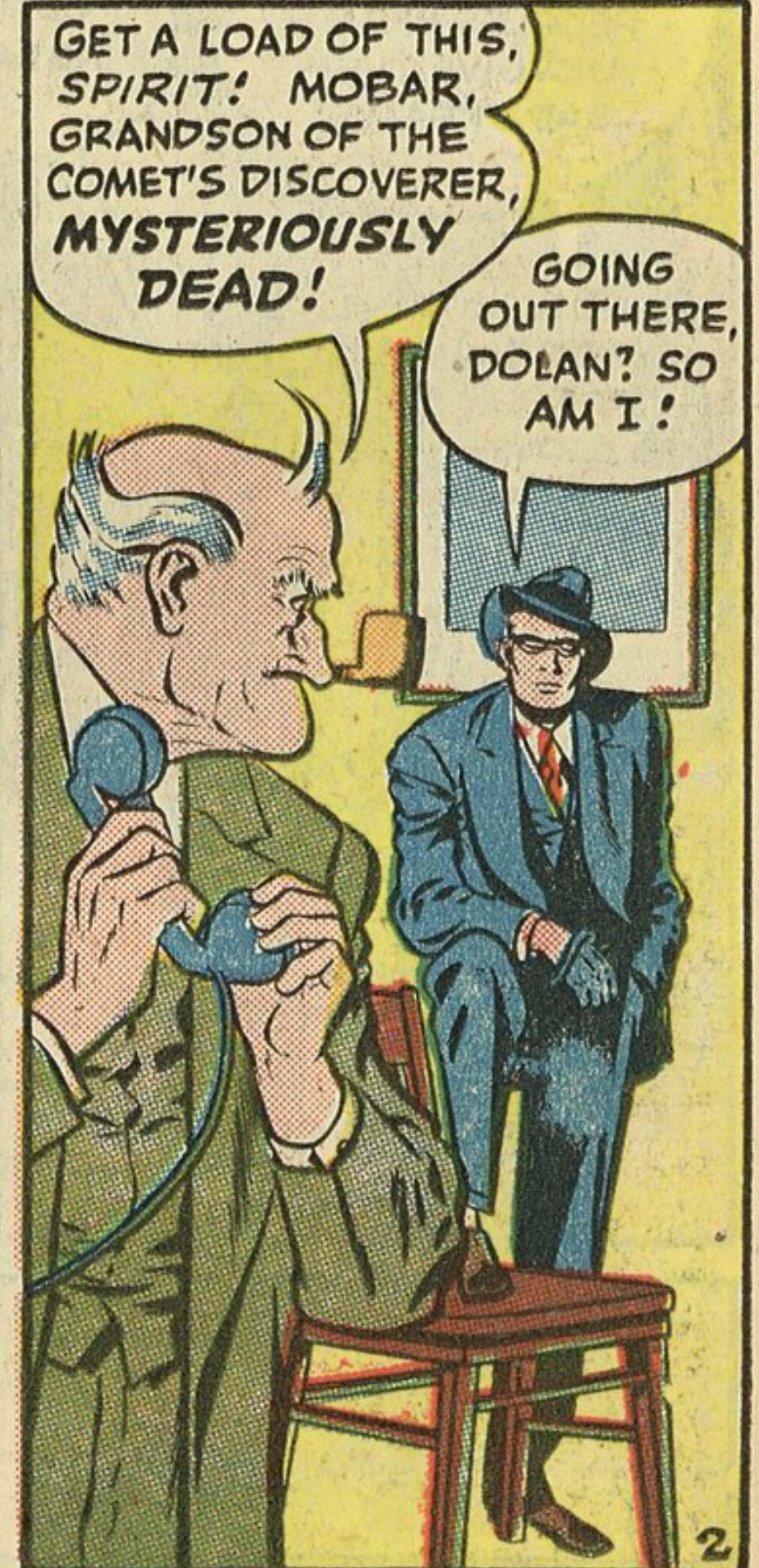
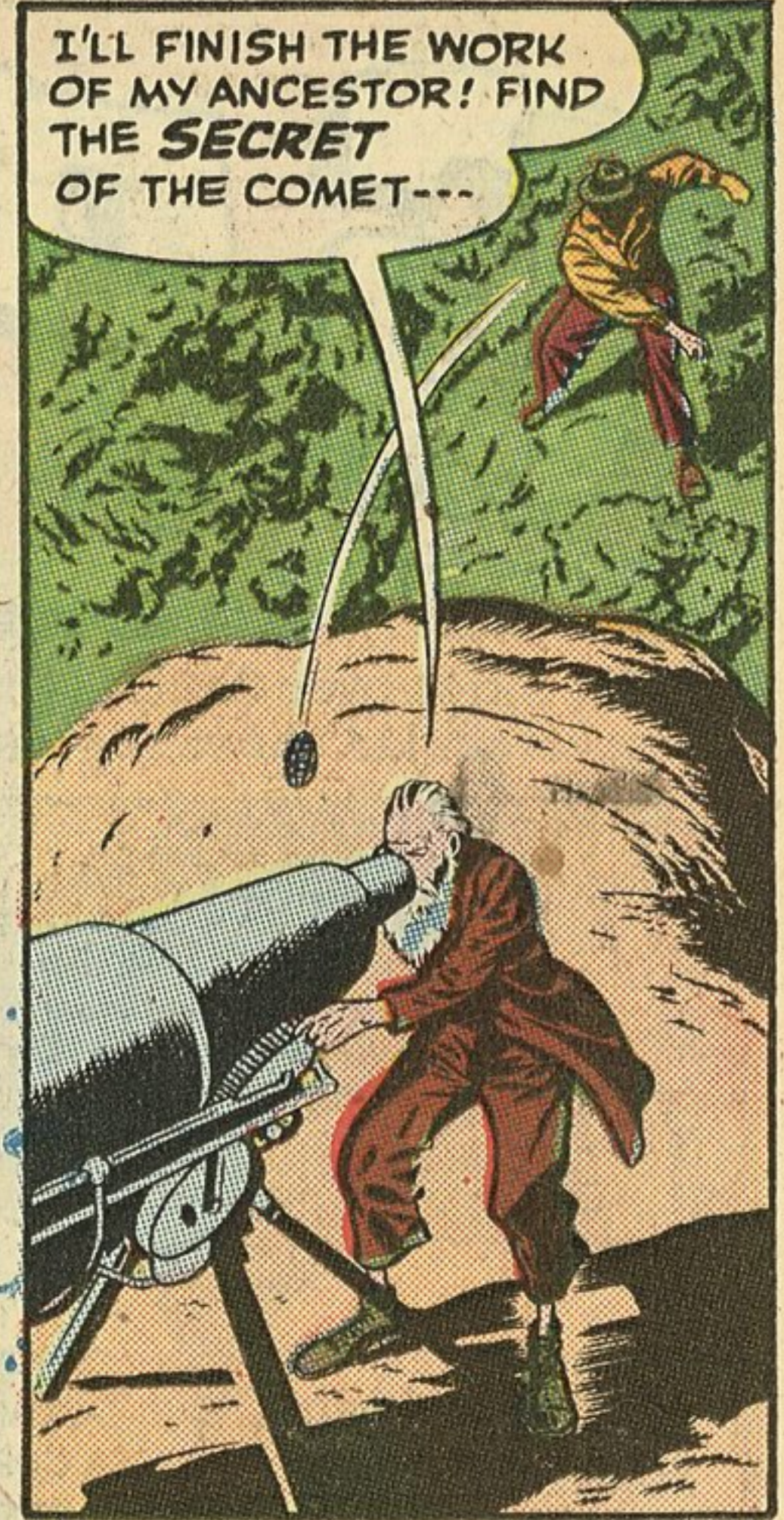
EVERY HUNDRED YEARS IT RETURNS, SPIRIT--
MOBAR'S COMET--TO GLARE INTO THE PEOPLE'S EYES AND GIVE THEM BAD DREAMS!

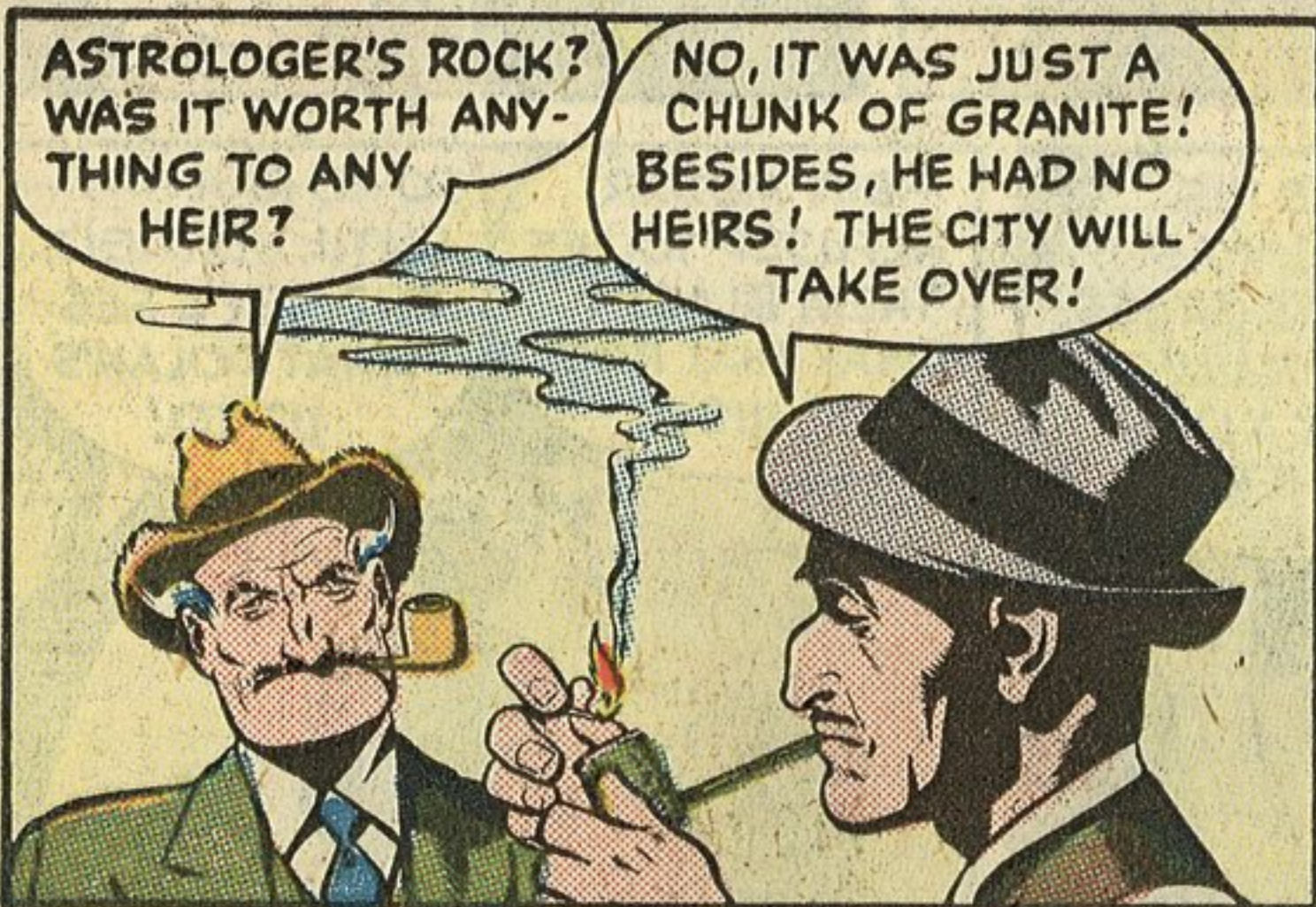
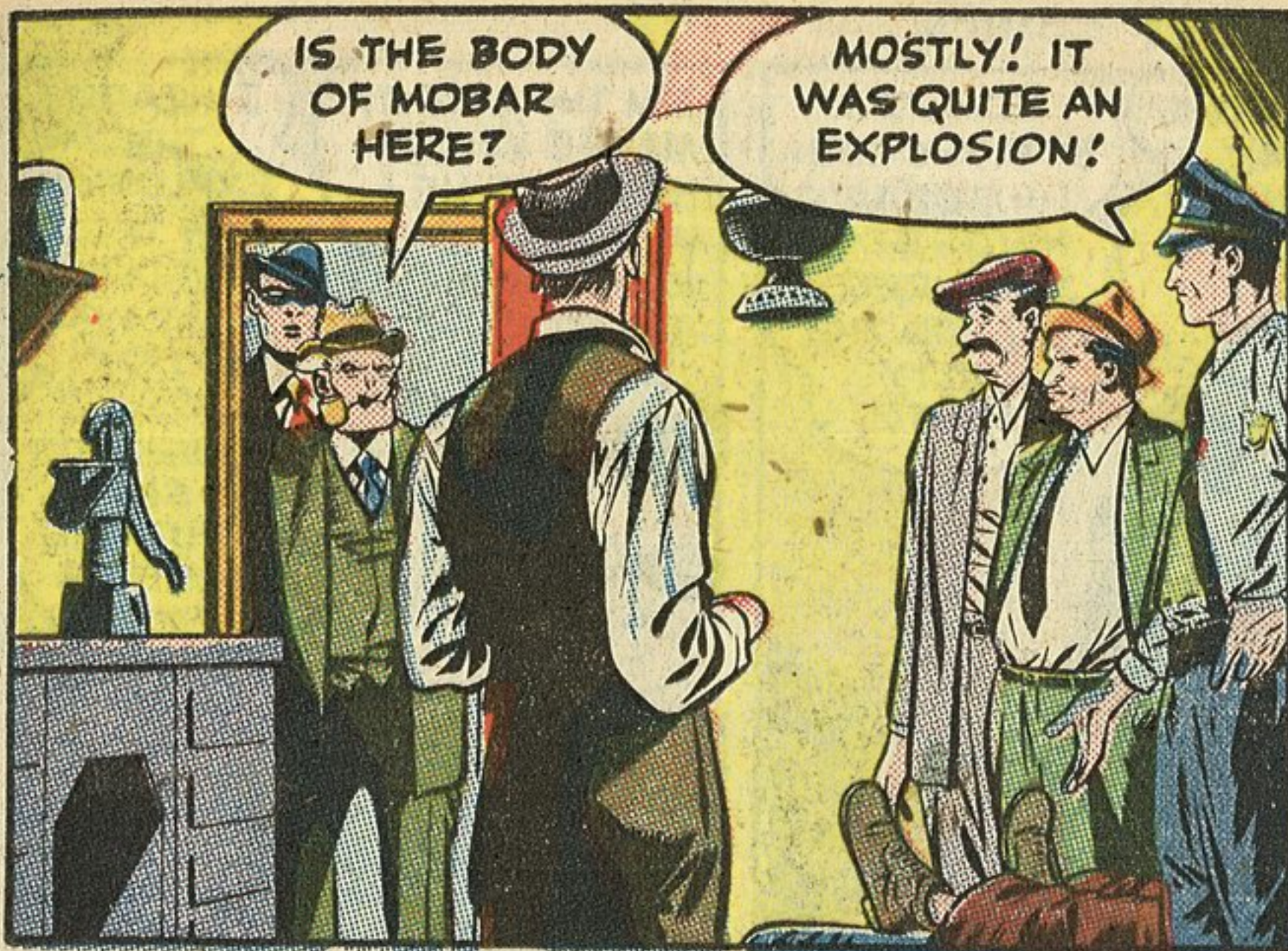
YOU'RE POLICE COMMISSIONER, DOLAN! DECLARE A CURFEW AND ARREST THAT COMET FOR NOT OBEYING!

YOU'D NOT LAUGH IF YOU REMEMBERED THE OLD STORY! EVERY TIME MOBAR'S COMET PASSES, A **CRIME WAVE** BREAKS OUT!

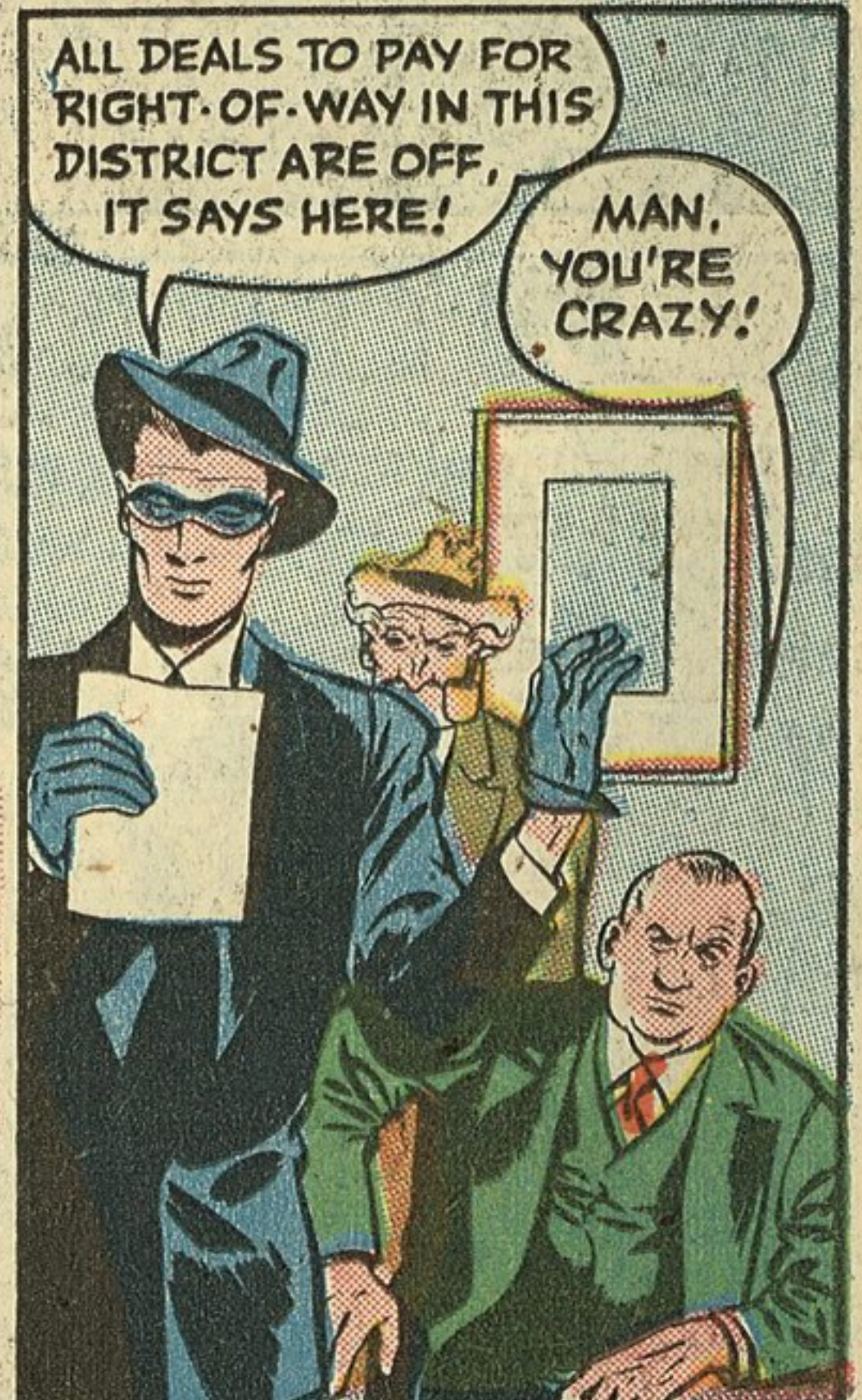
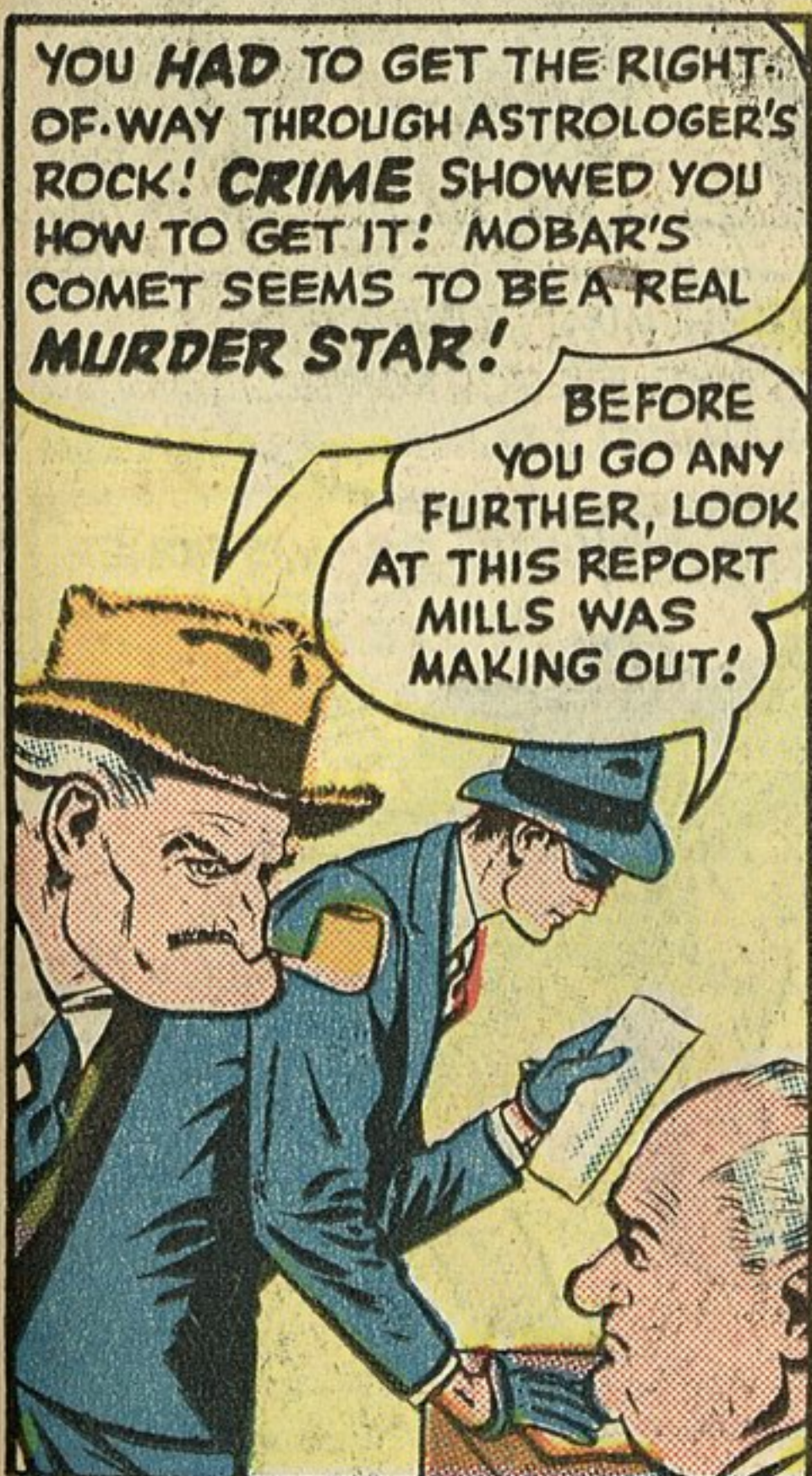
PEOPLE BELIEVED SUCH THINGS A CENTURY AGO-- COME UP TO DATE AND BE SCIENTIFIC!

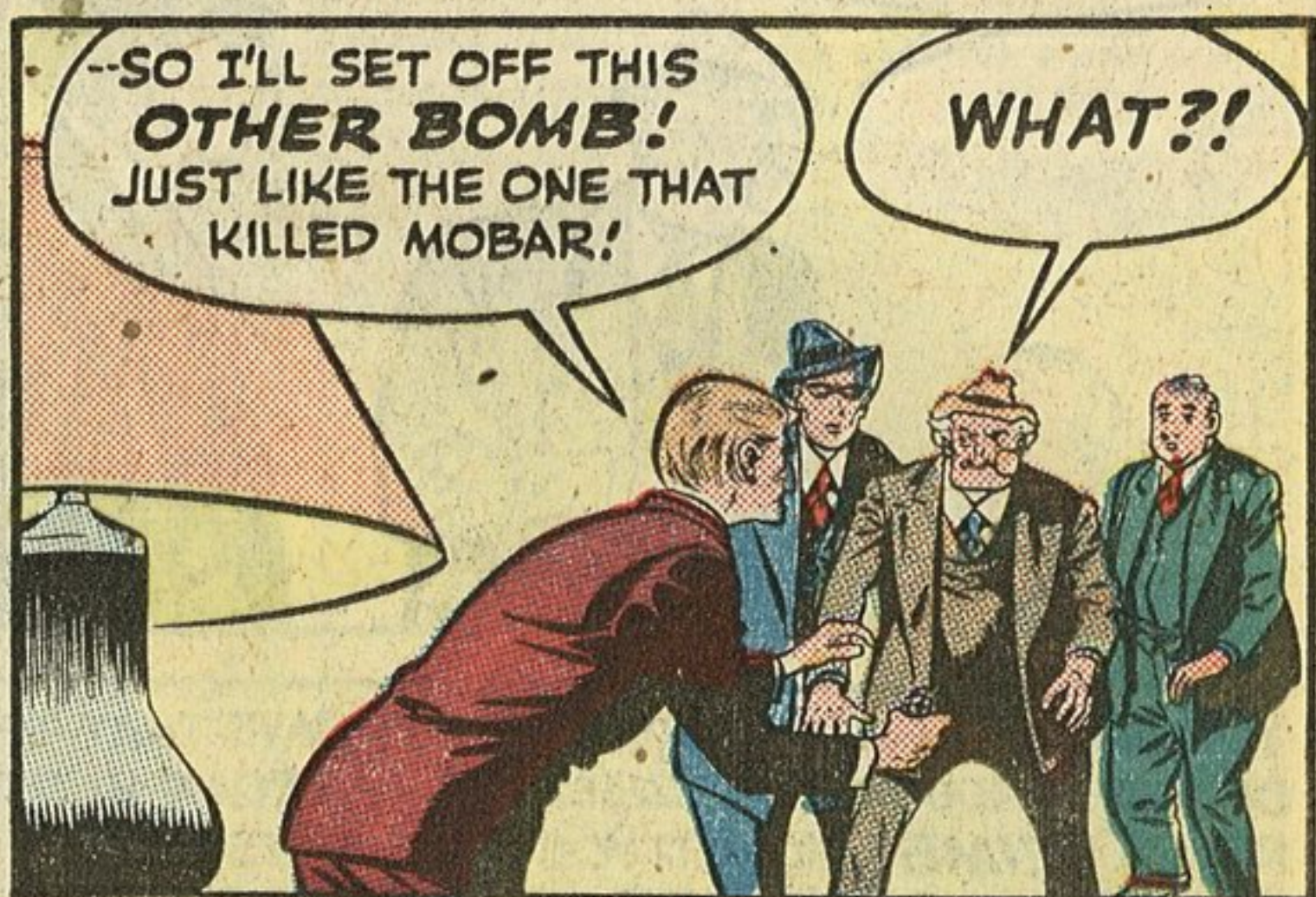
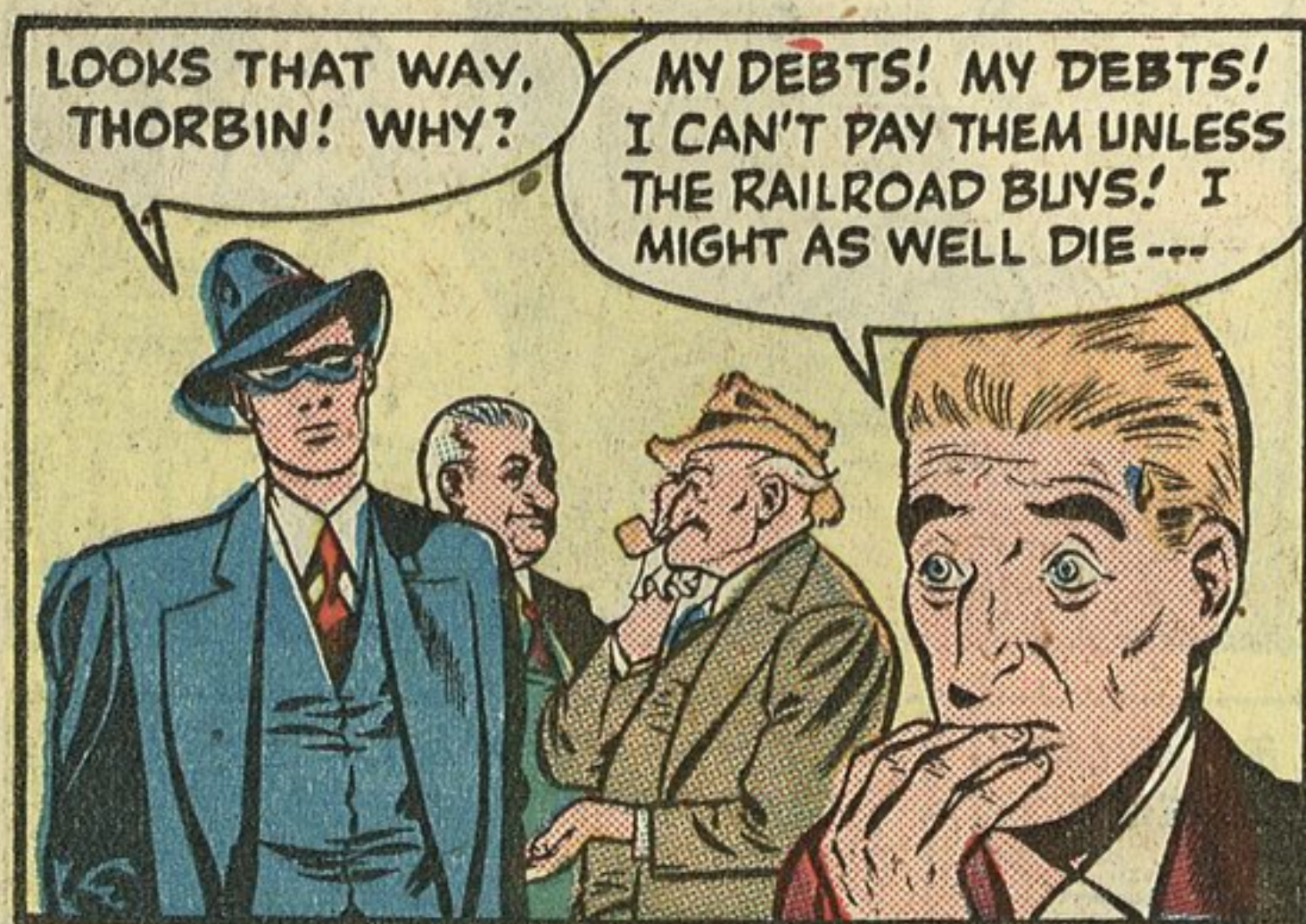


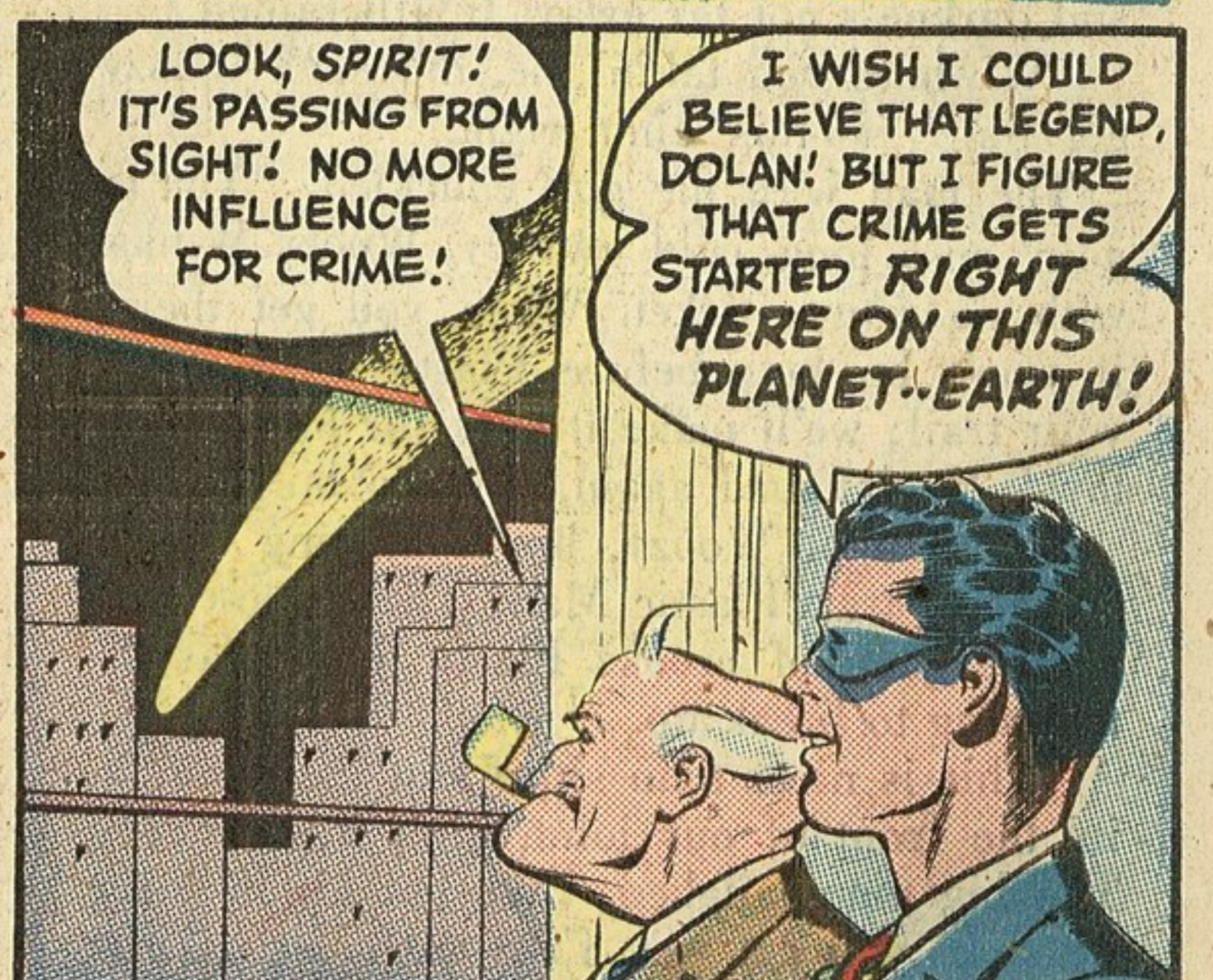
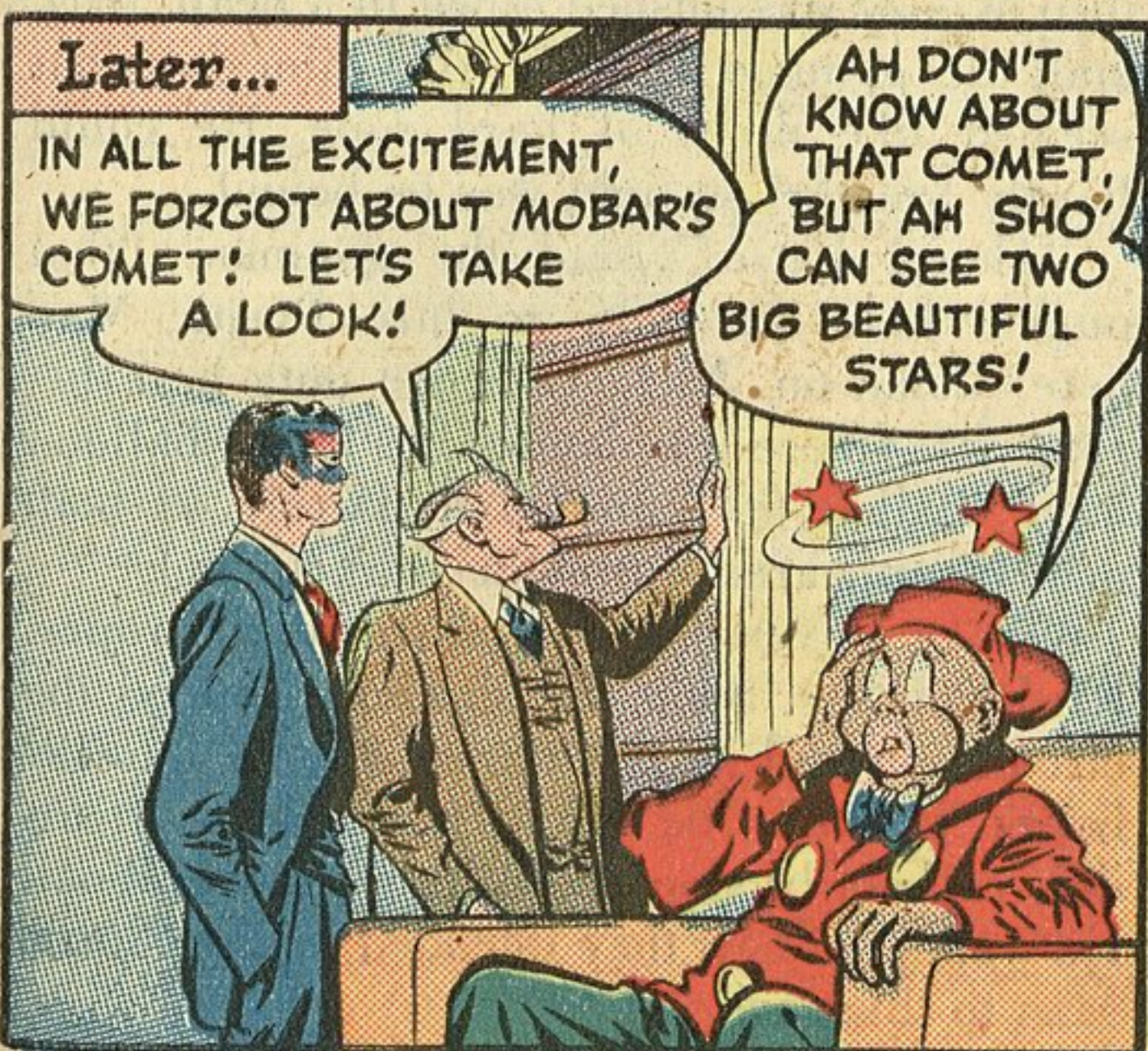
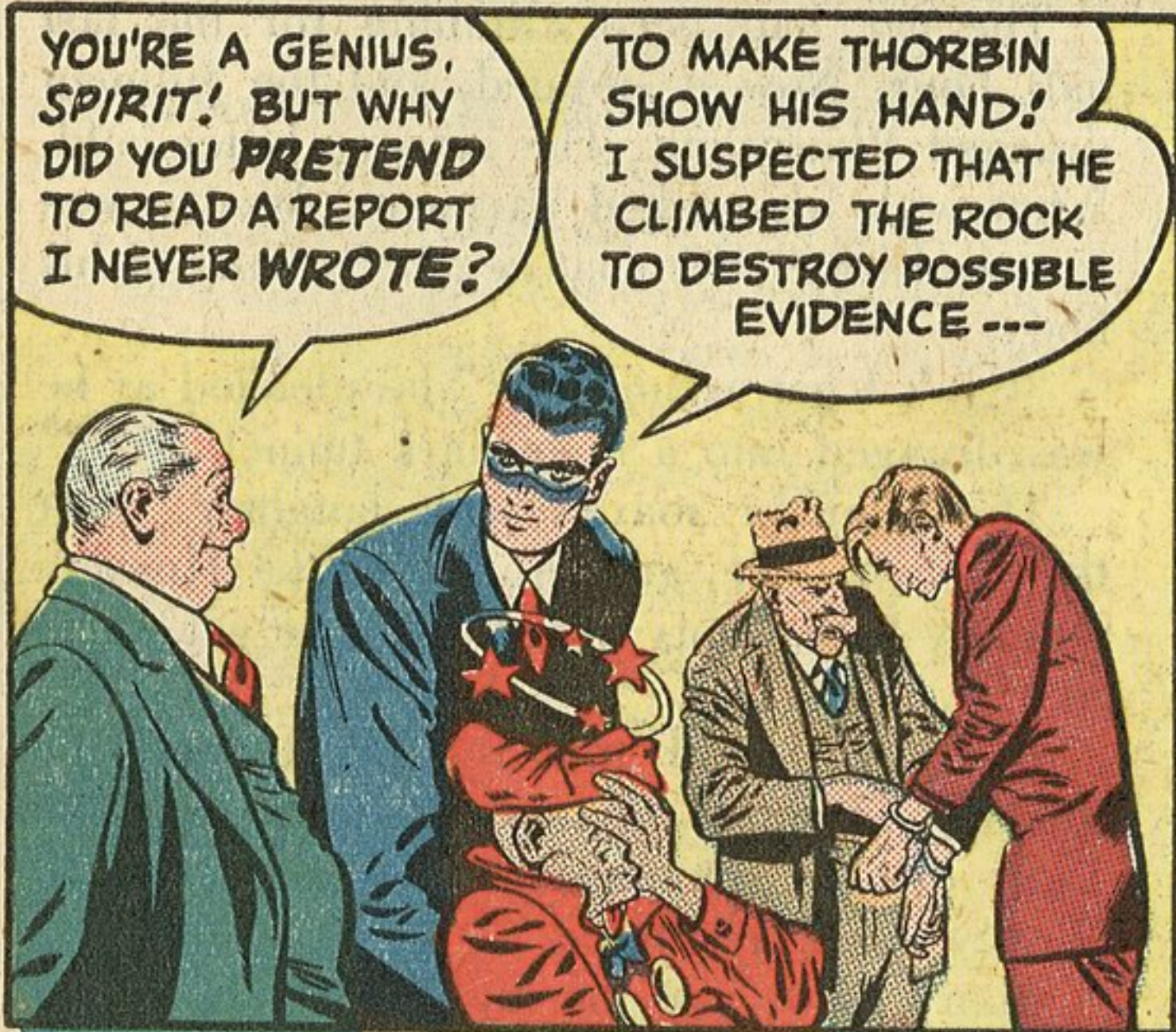












ON ICE

"OH, migosh," sighed Woozy. "This is awful. I been sittin' in this rain for an hour. Where is Plas?"

It had not been raining when Plastic Man had dropped Woozy off in front of the old building and told him to watch it. The sun had been shining. Now Woozy was huddled on a wind-swept step with the water soaking him to the skin. Where was Plas?

A big black car swung around the corner and drew up at the curb. "Hop in," said a voice. The back door was held open. Woozy scrambled to his feet. Plastic Man at last!

As he jumped into the big car, a gun was poked in his ribs. "Collapse, you!" growled a deep voice.

The car roared away. Woozy slumped into the cushions and thoughts roved through his head. Who were these mugs? And what would Plastic Man think when he returned to the rendezvous and found him gone?

"Where's that rubbery mutt, Plastic Man?" demanded the man with the gun. "Don't bother answering, dummy. You don't know any more than we do. But we soon will know. Step on it, Nick!"

The car's speed increased. Woozy saw that the road was getting narrower and that trees were dotting the fields on either side. They were out in the country. The sun was gone and darkness not far away. It still rained.

"W-where you takin' me, mister?" Woozy got out. "Th-this ain't right."

The man with the gun chuckled. "You're goin' on a long, cold journey, Woozy Winks. with no return ticket. When you get there, it won't be long before Plastic Man is on your trail; we'll make it easy for him to follow." He laughed again, a nasty laugh.

So, thought Woozy, his kidnaping was a device to trap Plastic Man! These were part of the gang of crooks Plastic Man was attempting to break up.

"This is nicer than sittin' out there watchin' the front of our joint, ain't it, Woozy?" The big man laughed. "We got kinda sorry watchin' you get wet, f'r a fact. We said to

ourselves, 'Mebbe little Woozy would like it up at the caves better, where th' water ain't wet—it's frozen solid!'"

Woozy shivered. He had heard about the ice caves, far in the mountains. Was it cold enough for water up there to freeze this early in the season? Must be, he reasoned, since they were taking him.

"And after we freeze Plastic Man in solid," said the gunman, "we'll get along with our work. Boy, it'll be wonderful not to have that stretchy lug buttin' in to our business all the time. Well, here we are."

The car had been climbing for the last half hour. Now it stopped, and the gunman dragged Woozy out. The air was bitter cold. What with his soaked garments, Woozy was in a bad state. His coat began freezing to his body.

"Can't I get warm first?" he pleaded as he was dragged into a huge dark tunnel.

The gunman roared with laughter. "Get that, Nick," he guffawed. "Little Humpty Dumpty here wants to know can he get warm first!"

As they passed into the big tunnel, the gushing rain fell in torrents down over the face of the mountain, like a waterfall. Woozy's teeth chattered.

Many yards into the tunnel they went, and then Woozy was pushed down in a heap. Nick and the gunman quickly tied him in what seemed like miles of hard rope. He could hardly breathe, so tight was he bound.

"There, Fatso," said the gunman, "that oughta hold ya. Now to lure Plastic Man here. Come on, Nick. Let's get outa here before we freeze to death. So long, balloon boy!" called the gunman derisively as both men disappeared down the dark tunnel.

Woozy shivered and strained at the ropes. It was no use. Soon the bindings stopped the circulation and he felt the cold settle into his bones. He knew he would freeze in short order, especially since he couldn't move about. He wondered how they intended luring Plastic Man to this cave.

"Sure, sure, I see it," said Woozy to himself. "Plastic Man would never leave me or anybody in such a spot. He'll come as soon as he finds out—an' I bet that won't be long."

A head suddenly appeared in front of Woozy. The light in the cave was growing dim, but he could make out the well-known features.

"Plas!" he shouted. "It's you. Migosh, I'm glad you're here. Cut me loose. We gotta get outa here fast. We'll be frozen in solid."

Plastic Man grinned. "I knew it was a trap for me. But I got here so fast that maybe they'll be off their guard. Where are they?"

Woozy didn't know.

Plastic Man brought the rest of his flexible body into the cave and with cold fingers went about unfastening Woozy. It was a tough job; the knots were tied hard and already frozen solid.

"I came so fast that I didn't think to bring anything along," Plastic Man said. "Say, these knots are sure frozen hard. Can't seem to budge them."

The storm had increased. They could hear the loud roaring of the wall of water tumbling down over the mountain face. It became a thunderous drumming of sound. Woozy thought of being caught under Niagara. "Hurry," he said.

Plastic Man was still fiddling with the first knot. "My fingers are numb," he said. "Wish we had some heat. There. One of them is free."

But almost a half hour had passed before he got the second knot loose. Woozy was sure that he was freezing solid. He felt drowsy. He thought the roaring outside had grown dimmer. Plastic Man worked on with the knots fumbling considerably because of his half-frozen fingers.

Suddenly they were both conscious of the cessation of sound outside. Had the storm stopped?

Plastic Man abruptly leaped up and sped for the cavern entrance. Woozy heard him shout, "She's freezing over. I'll have to—"

Woozy heard a plopping sound, and the loud breathing of Plastic Man. Then the latter hurried back into view on one leg; the other Woozy could see stretching off into the darkness of the tunnel.

"Left a hole," Plastic Man explained. "It

may keep us from becoming icicles. I've got to get out of here, Woozy. That mob is planning to create a terrible situation in the city—with me gone."

One after another, the knots slowly gave way under Plastic Man's manipulations. But it was tedious work. The hours dragged. But at last Woozy was loose. At first he couldn't move a muscle. But as the blood started, a little warmth stole over him and he could move a bit.

"Hurry," commanded Plastic Man. "Follow me."

Woozy was able, after a few minutes, to wobble in Plastic Man's wake. When he reached the entrance of the tunnel he saw a sight that froze him all over again. The wide entrance was frozen over solid!

"Don't worry," said Plastic Man. "There's a hole through." He pointed to a four inch hole down close to the cave's floor.

While I'm gone," said the flexible man, "you run back and forth, get your circulation going. I won't be long. We'll have you out of here in a jiff."

With that, Plastic Man suddenly became a human bean pole no larger in diameter than a silver dollar. Head and long neck, then the twenty-foot-long torso and legs twice that length, Plastic Man shot through the icy hole and was gone. Woozy knew he would be back soon. He began running back and forth, swinging his arms for warmth.

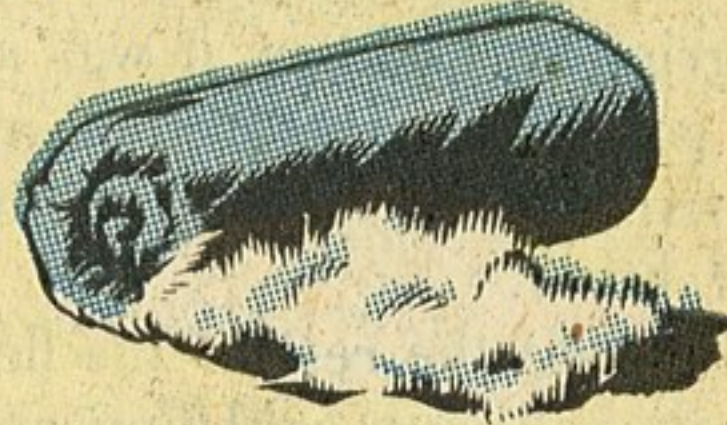
And then the water came. With a roaring gush, a wall of water leaped at him from the back of the cave. The mobsters had it all planned to drown him and Plastic Man while they were trapped by ice!

Woozy began swimming, gasping, praying that his rubbery friend would come soon. He was tiring rapidly and now he could see the roof of the cave not five feet above him. The air was getting thin; he began coughing, gasping for oxygen.

Flames burst with a crackling roar through the entrance of the cave, through the wall of ice. The water went out with a rumbling avalanche of sound, and Woozy fell quickly to the hard floor, soaked and freezing all over again. A long arm snatched him up, and a moment later he was inside a warm car and speeding toward the city. Plastic Man was chuckling.

MANHUNTER

Strange are the weapons of Death and Disaster conceived by evil minds! For example, a roll of cotton...



...a bottle of acid...



...carefully mixed in the right proportions...



...touched by the flame of a snapping spark...



BOOM!



...and the result is

MURDER!



As Patrolman Dan Richards walks his lonely beat...

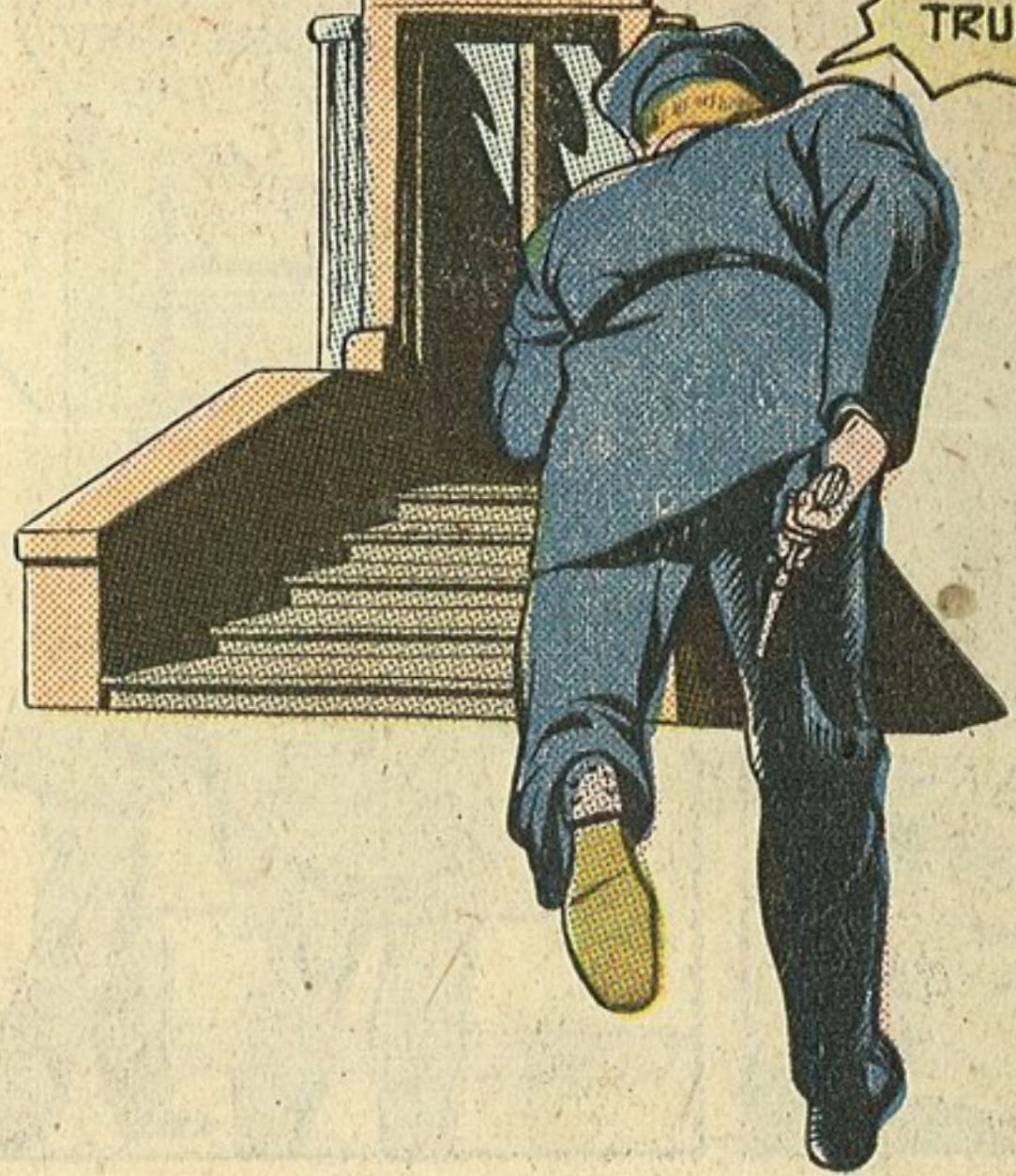
BOOM!

WHA...? A BLAST--SOUNDED LIKE IT CAME FROM INSIDE ONE OF THESE BUILDINGS!

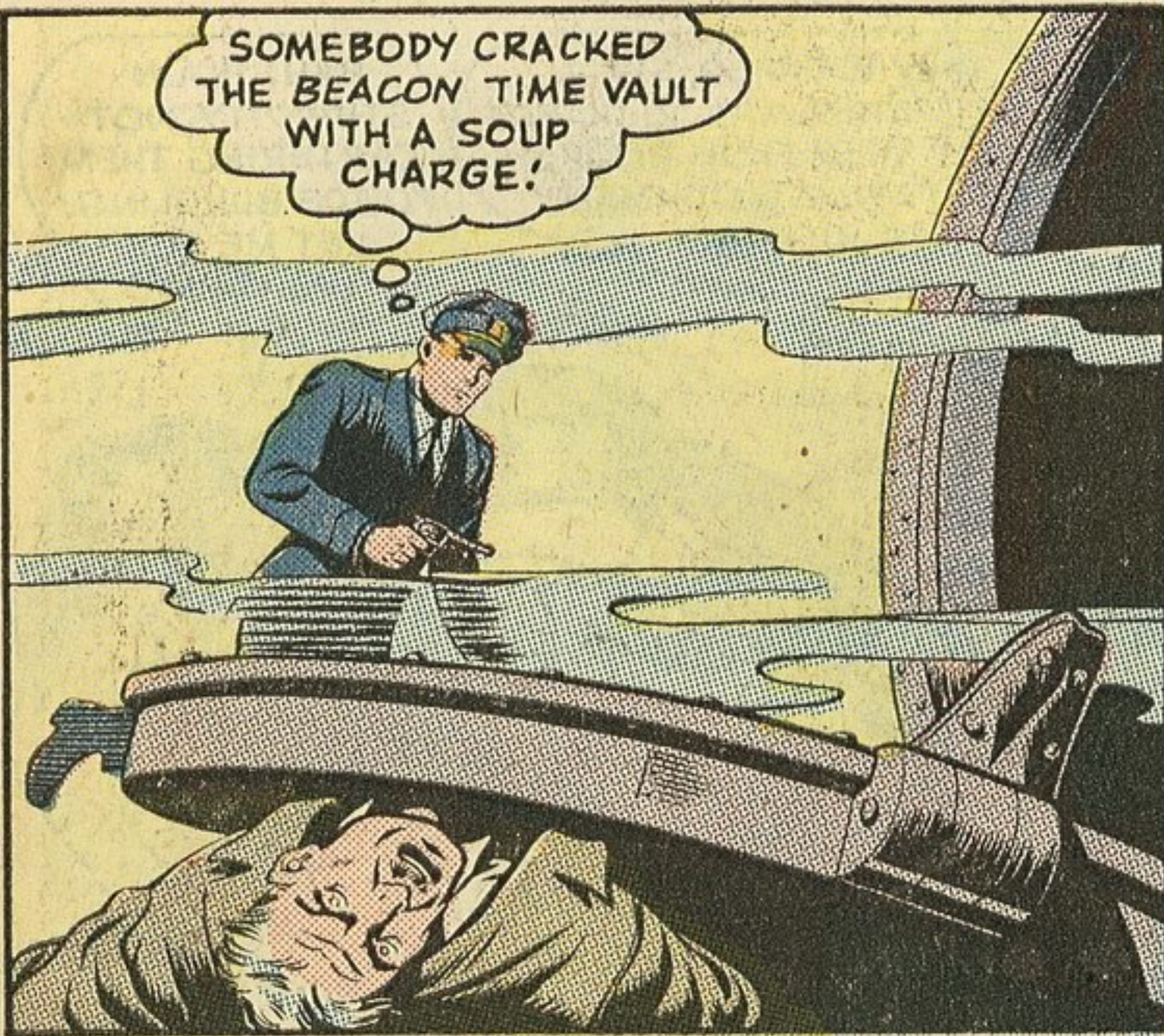


BEACON TRUST CO.

THE BEACON TRUST!



SOMEBODY CRACKED THE BEACON TIME VAULT WITH A SOUP CHARGE!



THEY MUST HAVE FLED WHEN THEY HEARD ME COMING! AT LEAST, THEY COULDN'T HAVE HAD TIME TO LOOT THE VAULT!



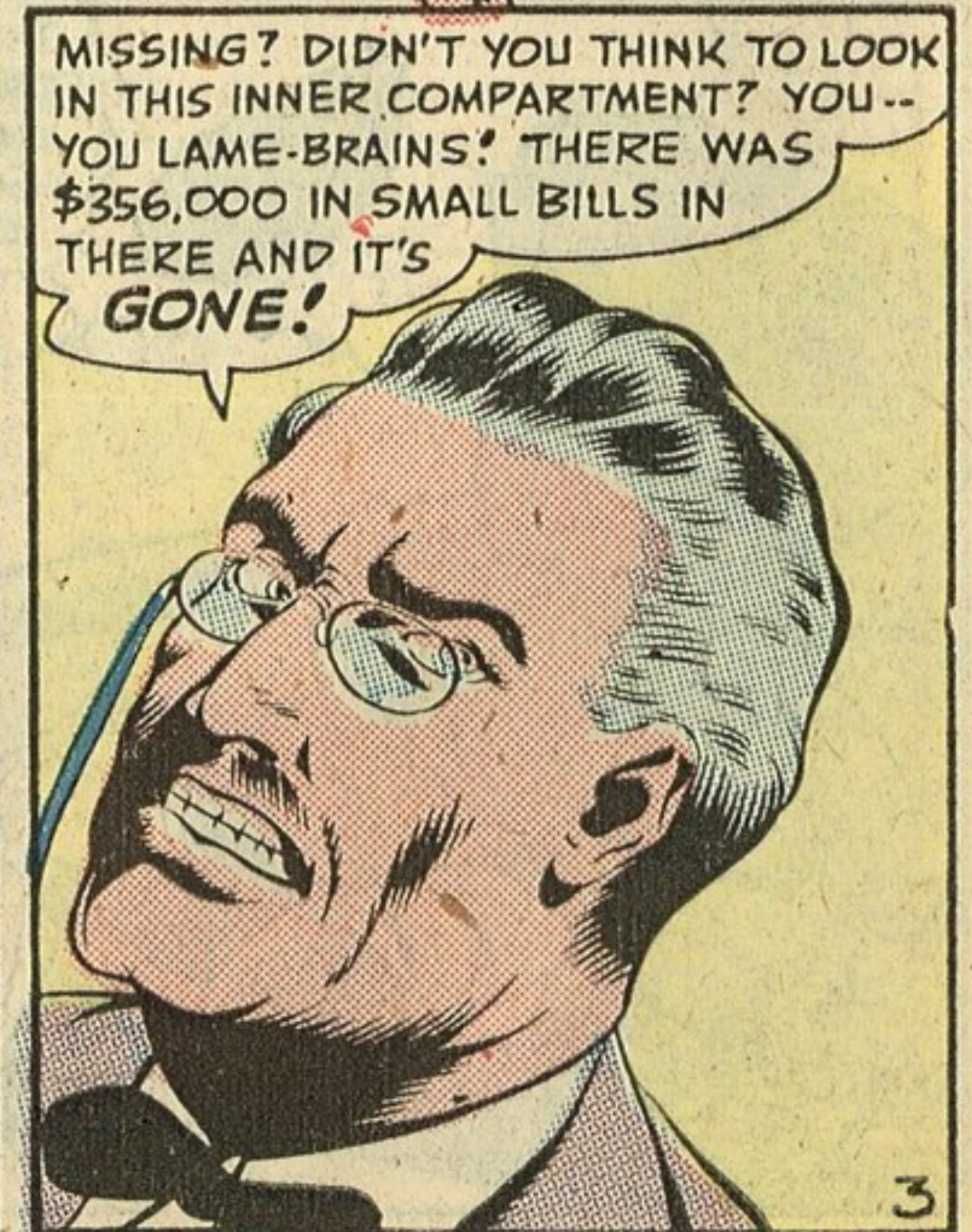
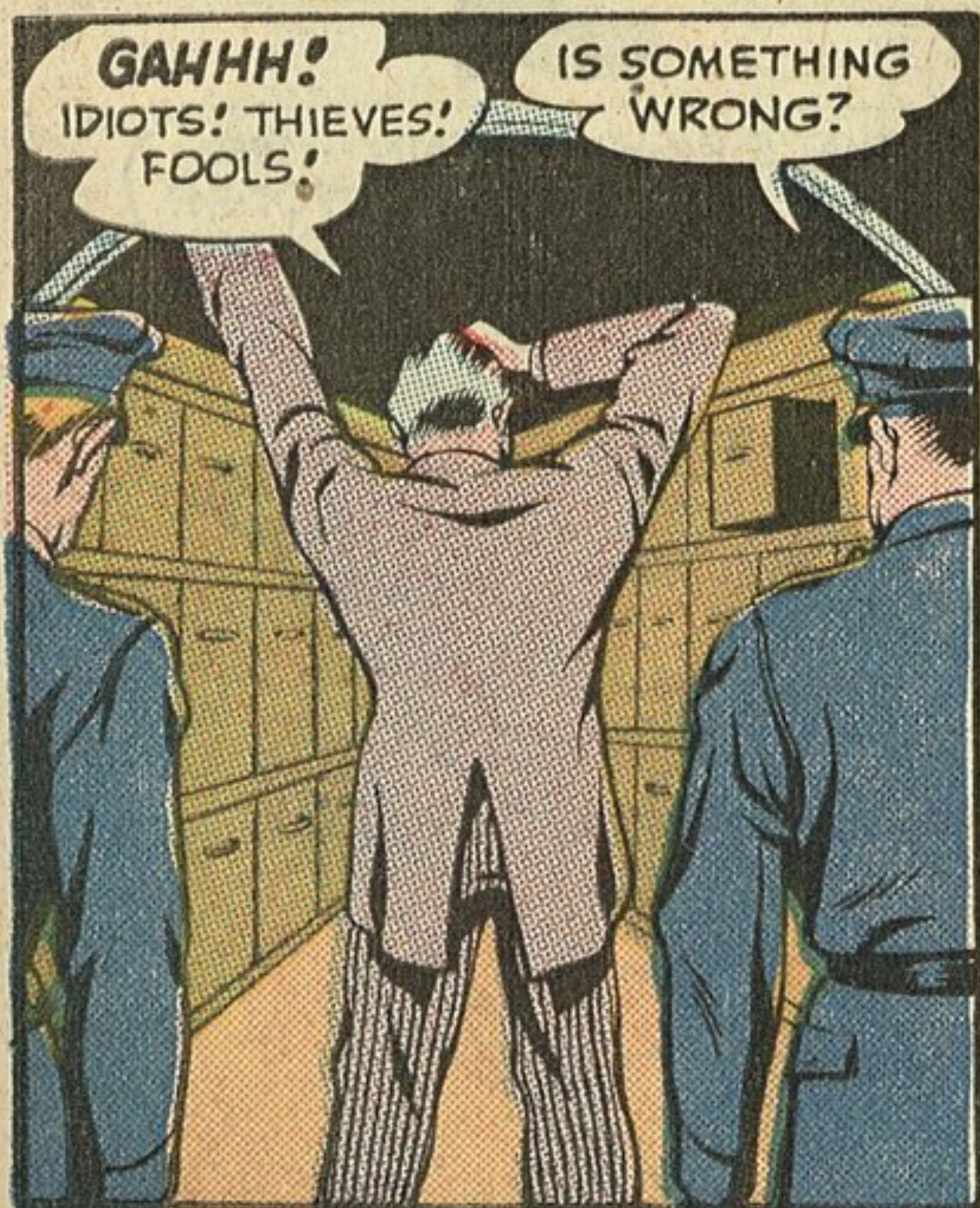
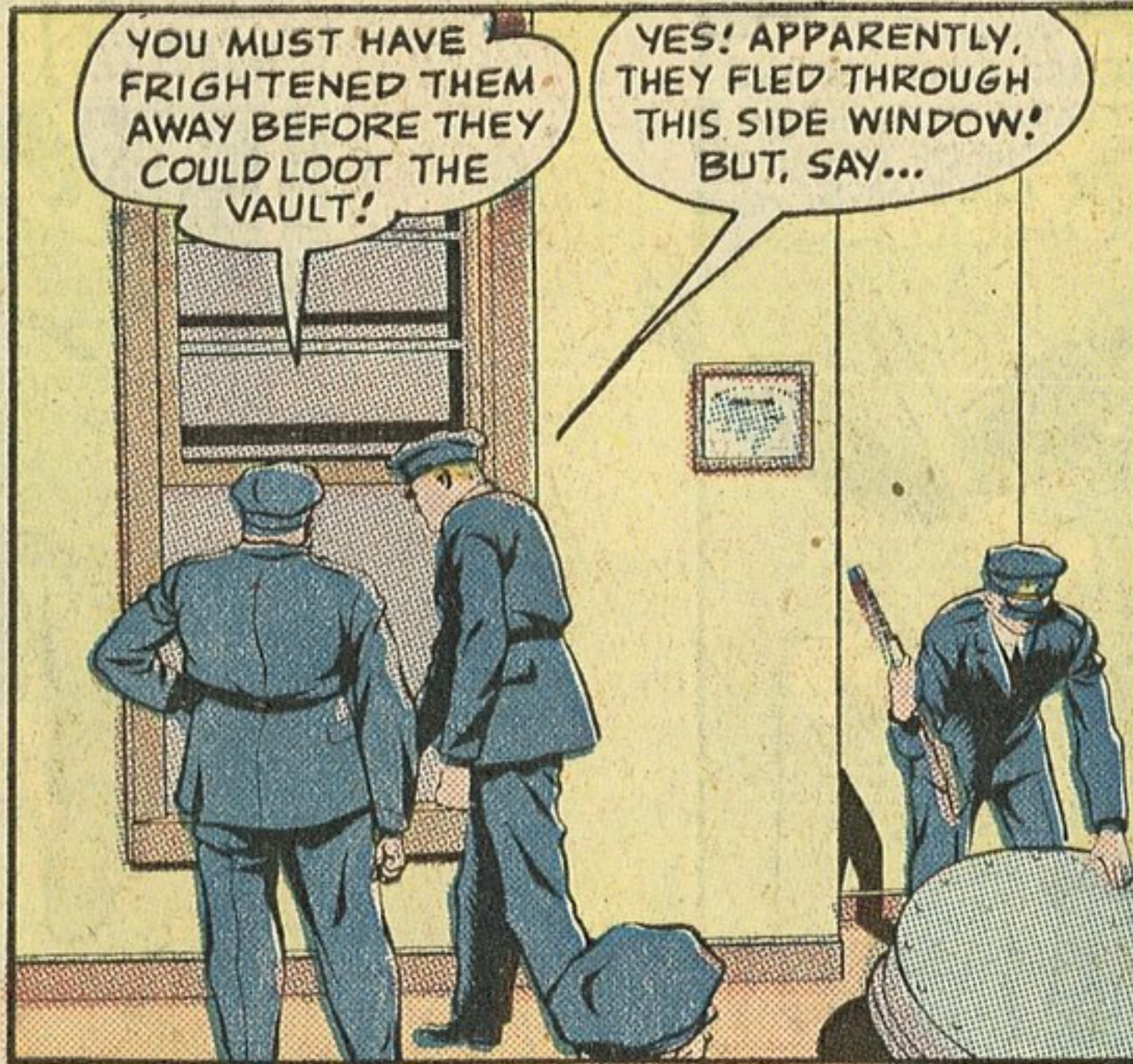
THEY ONLY HAD TIME FOR MURDER! POOR OLD WATCHMAN MUST HAVE GOTTEN IN THE WAY OF THE VAULT DOOR WHEN IT BLEW!

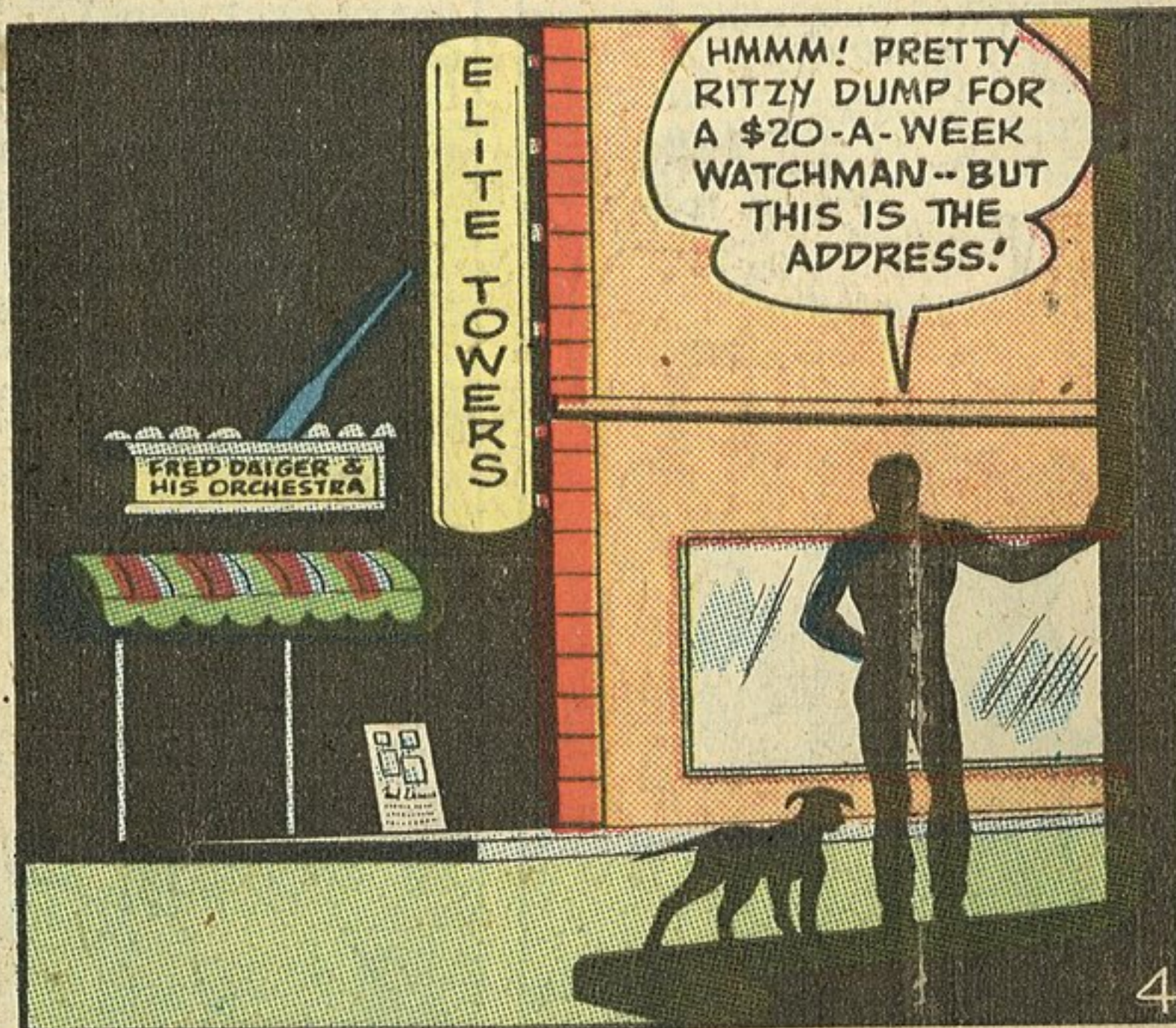


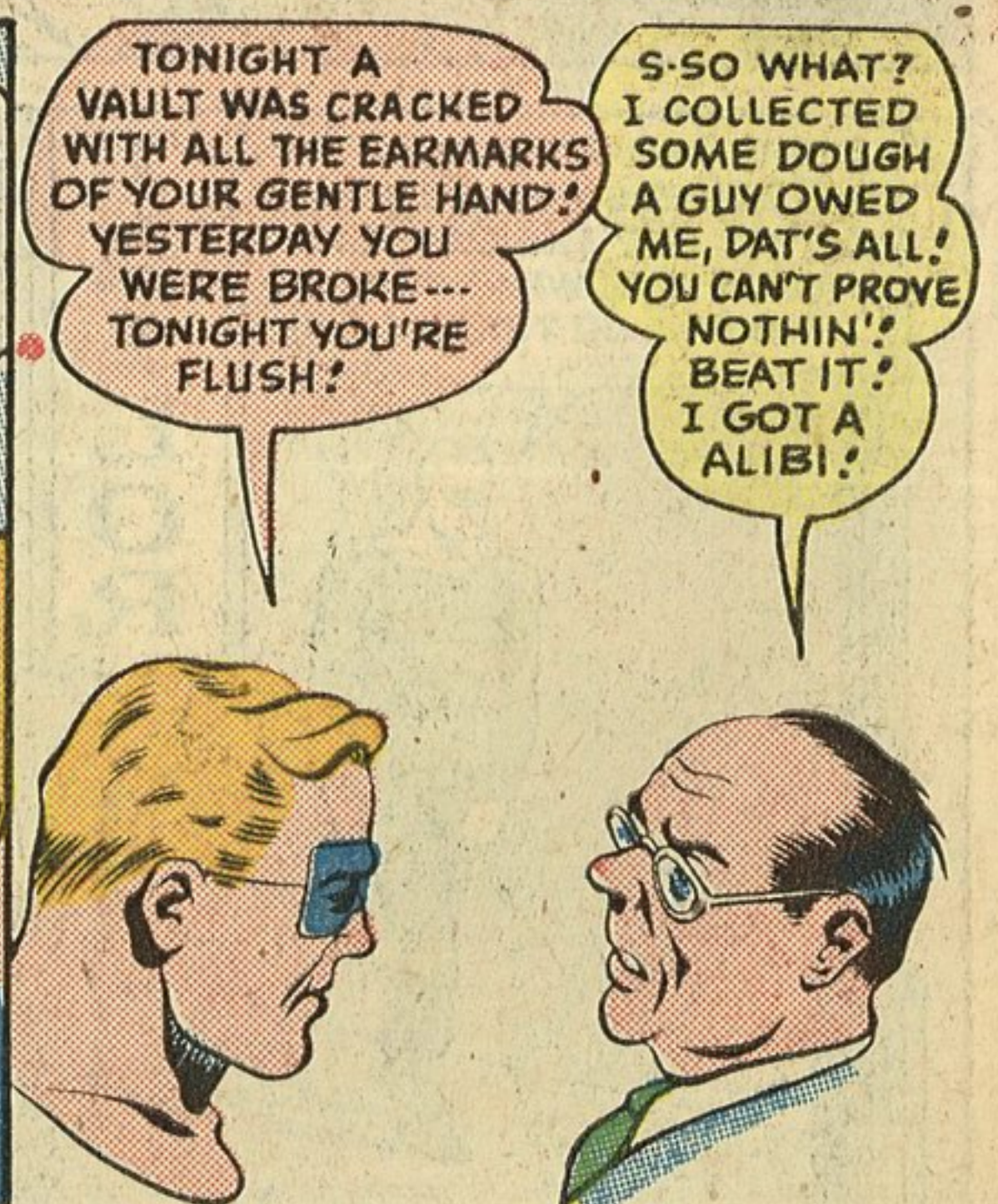
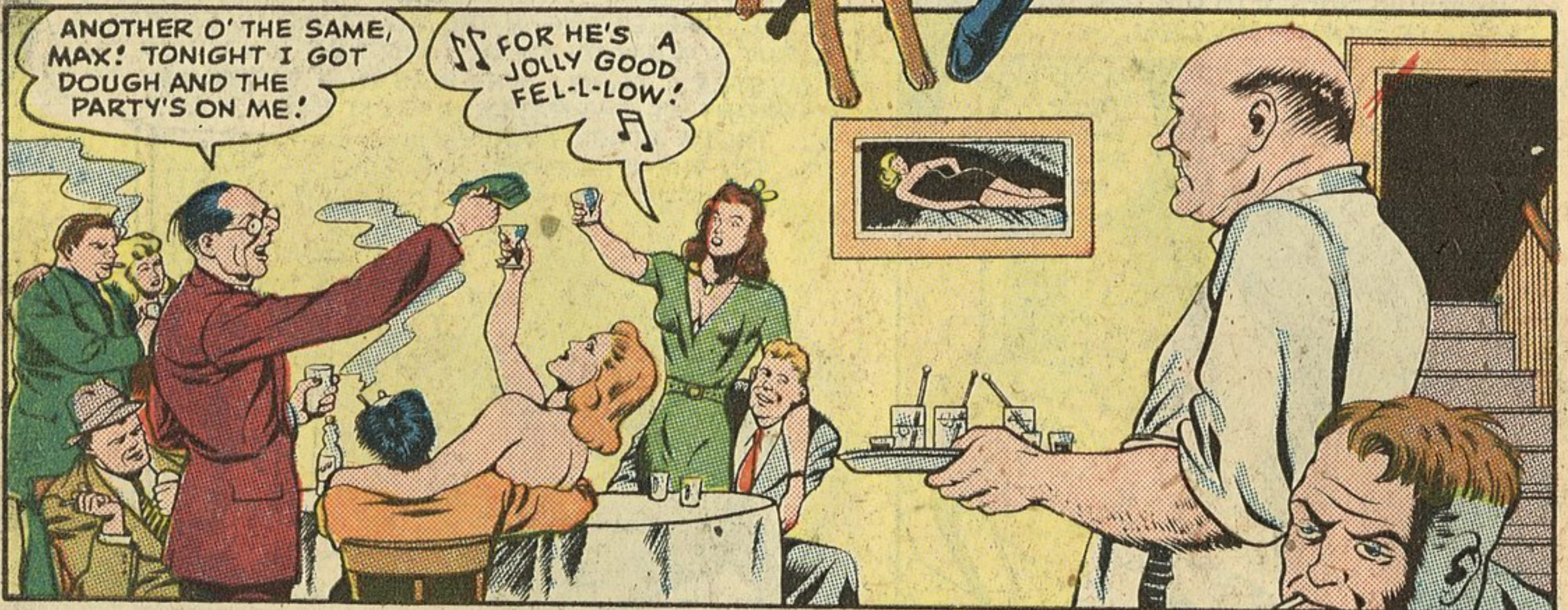
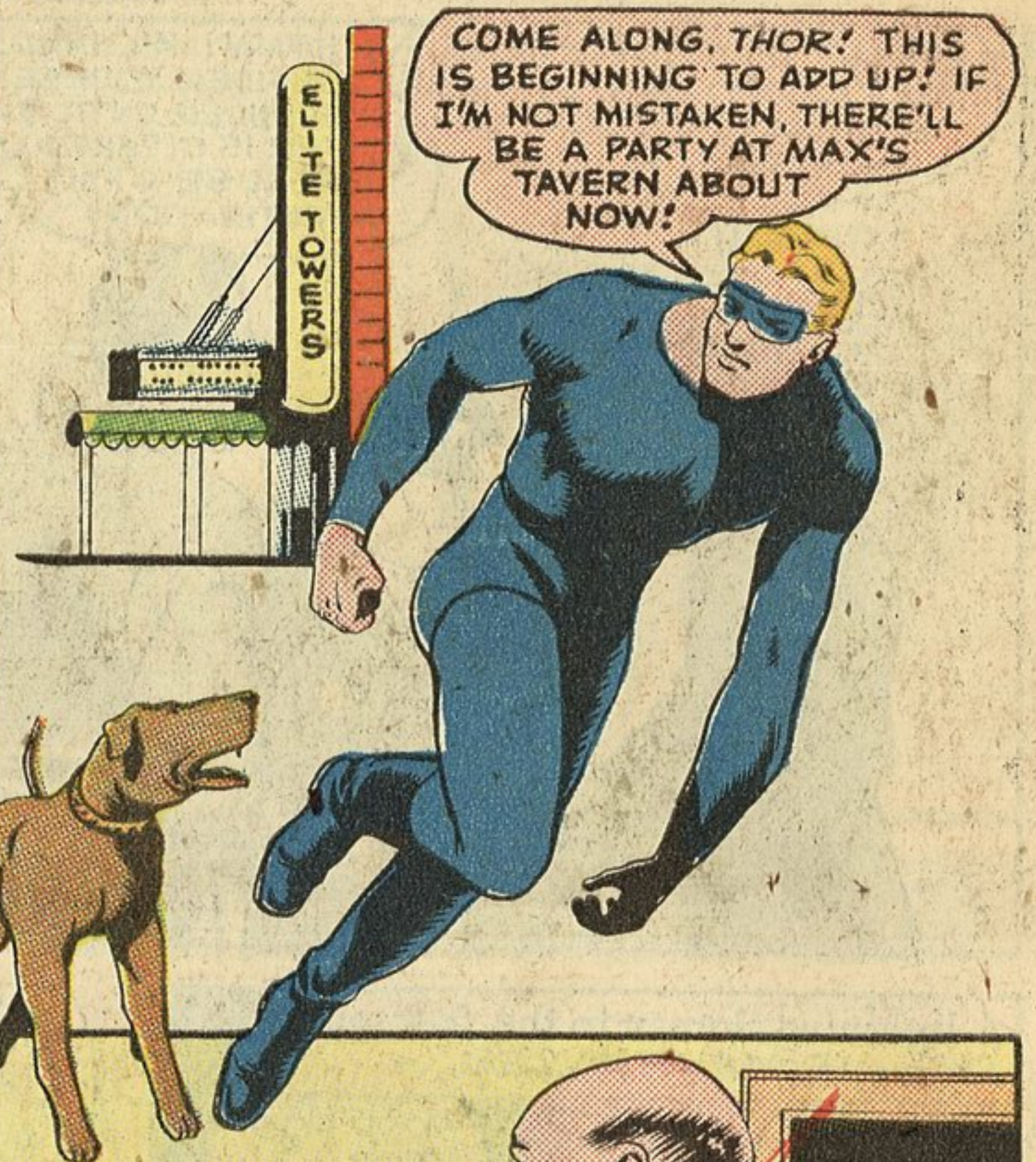
THAT'S RIGHT, CAPTAIN ---ONE DEATH, BUT NO MONEY STOLEN! I'LL STAND GUARD UNTIL YOU GET HERE!

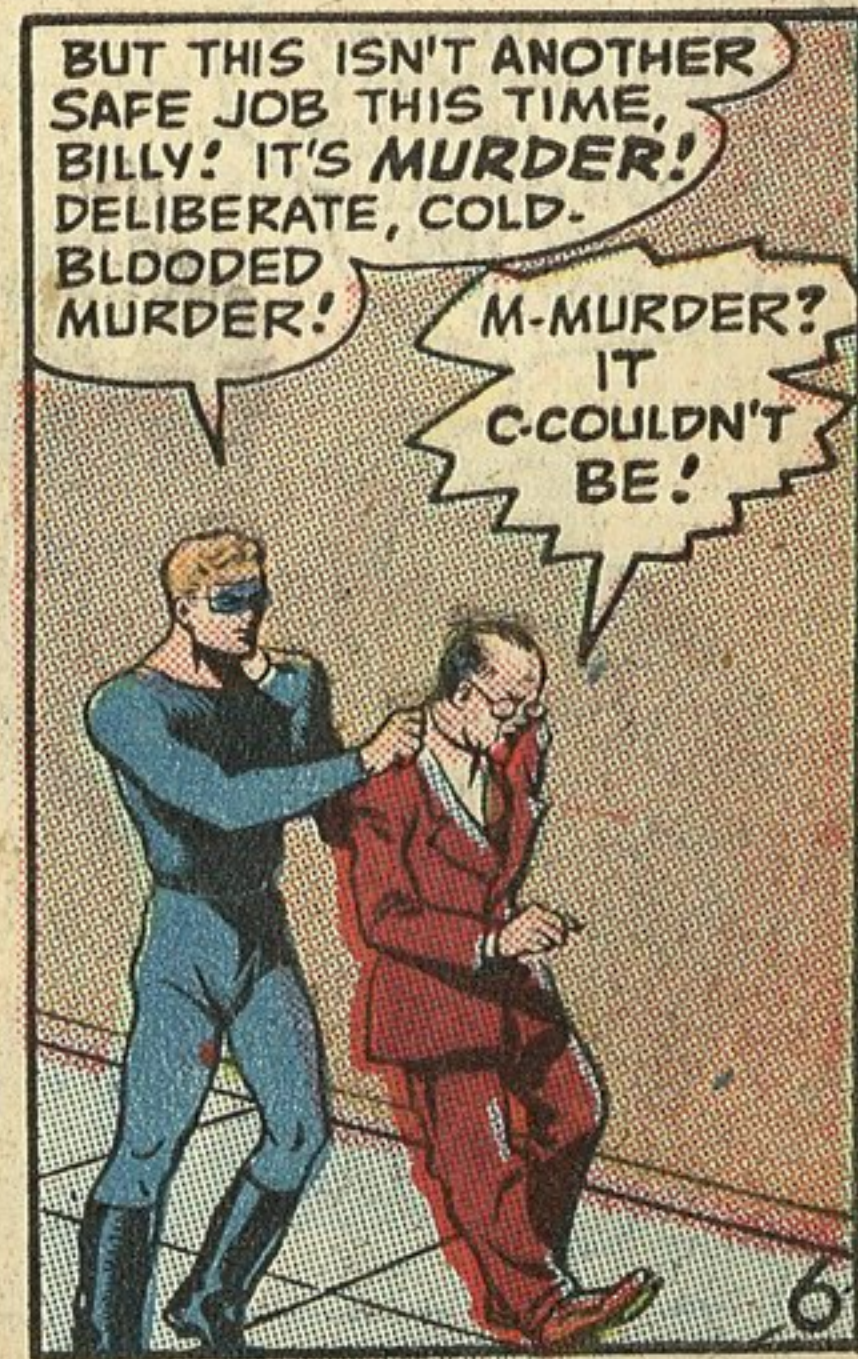
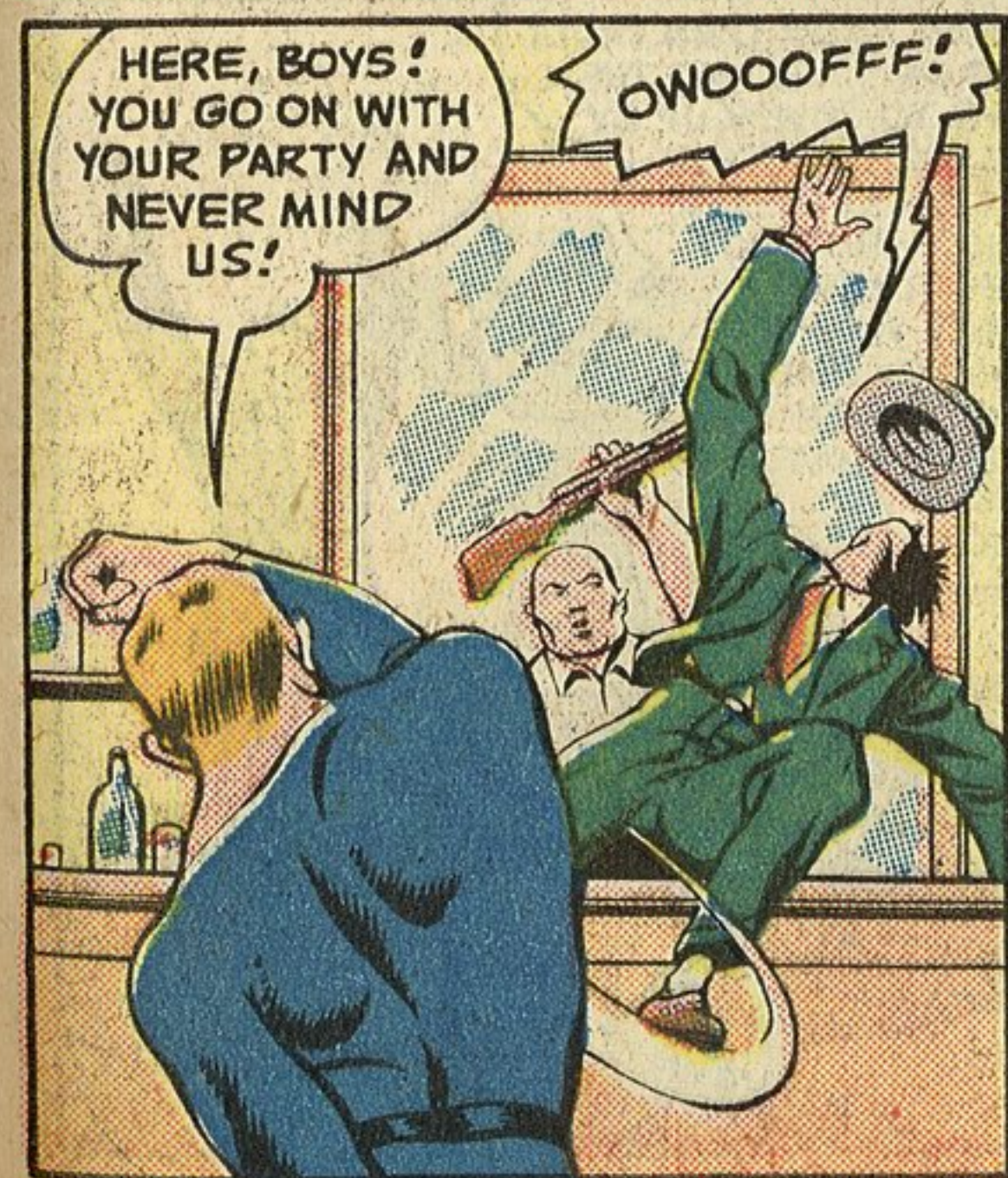
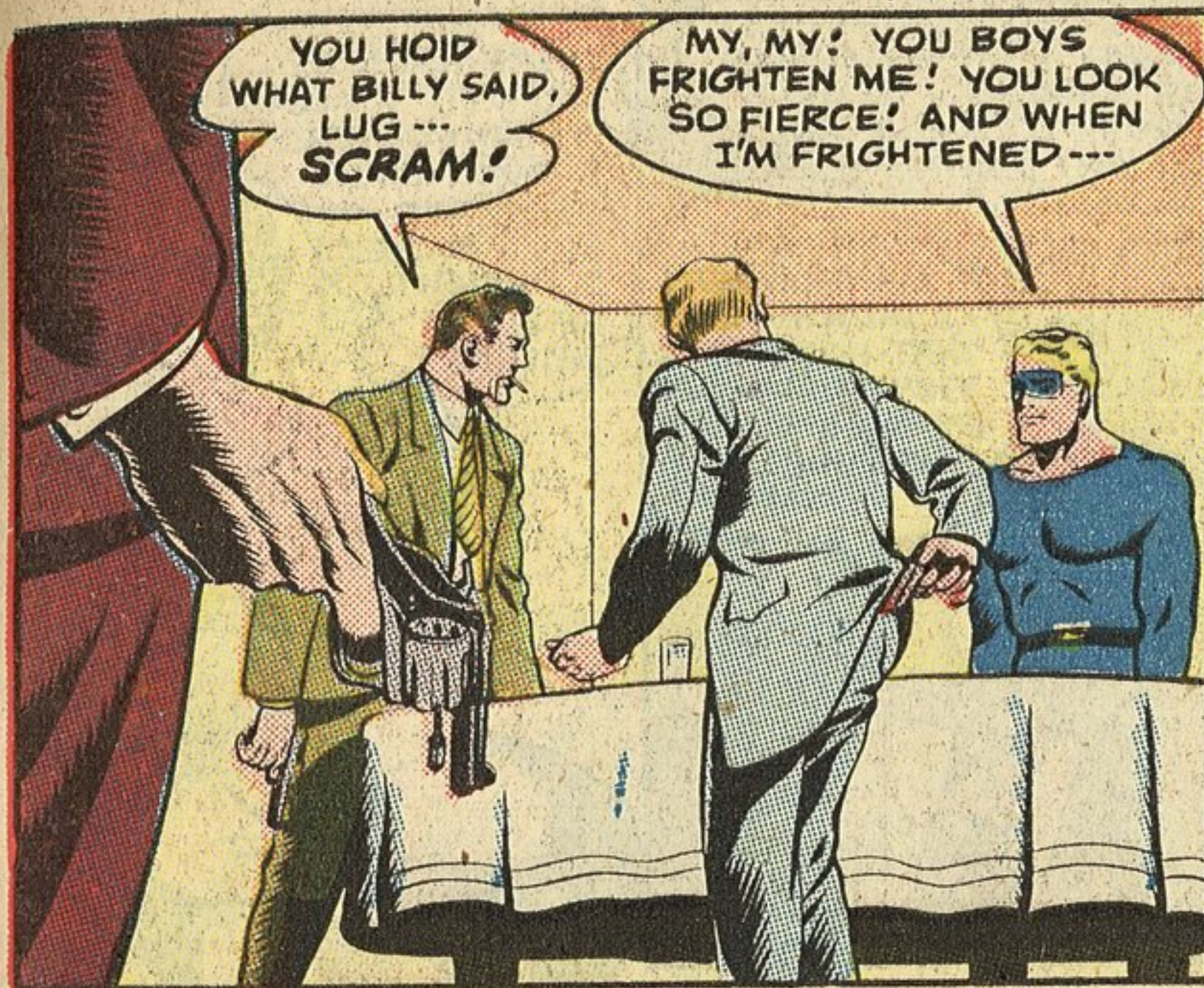


POLICE COMICS









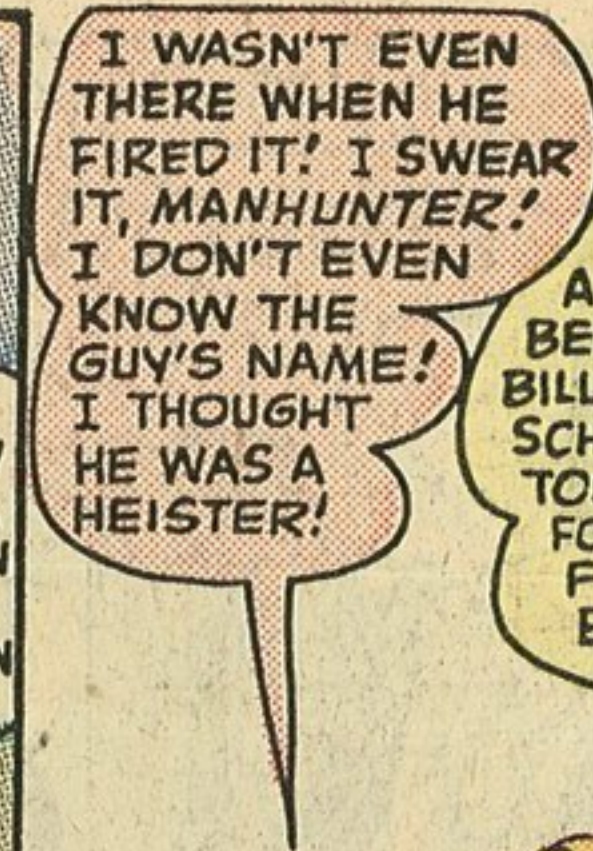


I SAW THE BLACK MARKS ON THE WINDOW SILL MADE BY THE SYNTHETIC RUBBER INSULATION ON THE WIRES! THAT TIPPED OFF ME TO THE TRUTH!

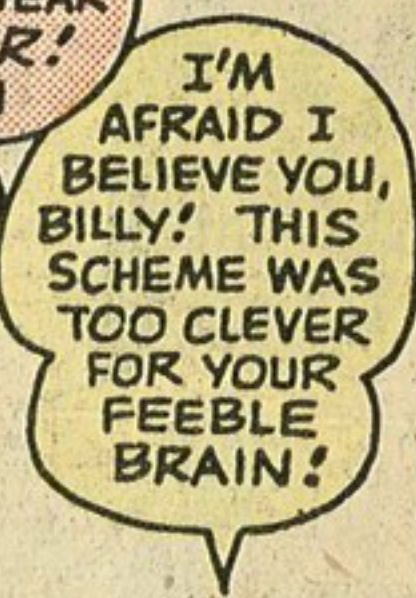


IT WAS DELIBERATELY SET OFF WHEN THE WATCHMAN WAS IN FRONT -- TO MAKE MURDER LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENT DURING ROBBERY!

GLUG! WU-WAIT, MANHUNTER! I DIDN'T KNOW THAT--HONEST! A GUY PAID ME TEN GRAND TO PLANT THE SOUP! THEN I SCRAMMED!



I WASN'T EVEN THERE WHEN HE FIRED IT! I SWEAR IT, MANHUNTER! I DON'T EVEN KNOW THE GUY'S NAME! I THOUGHT HE WAS A HEISTER!



I'M AFRAID I BELIEVE YOU, BILLY! THIS SCHEME WAS TOO CLEVER FOR YOUR FEEBLE BRAIN!

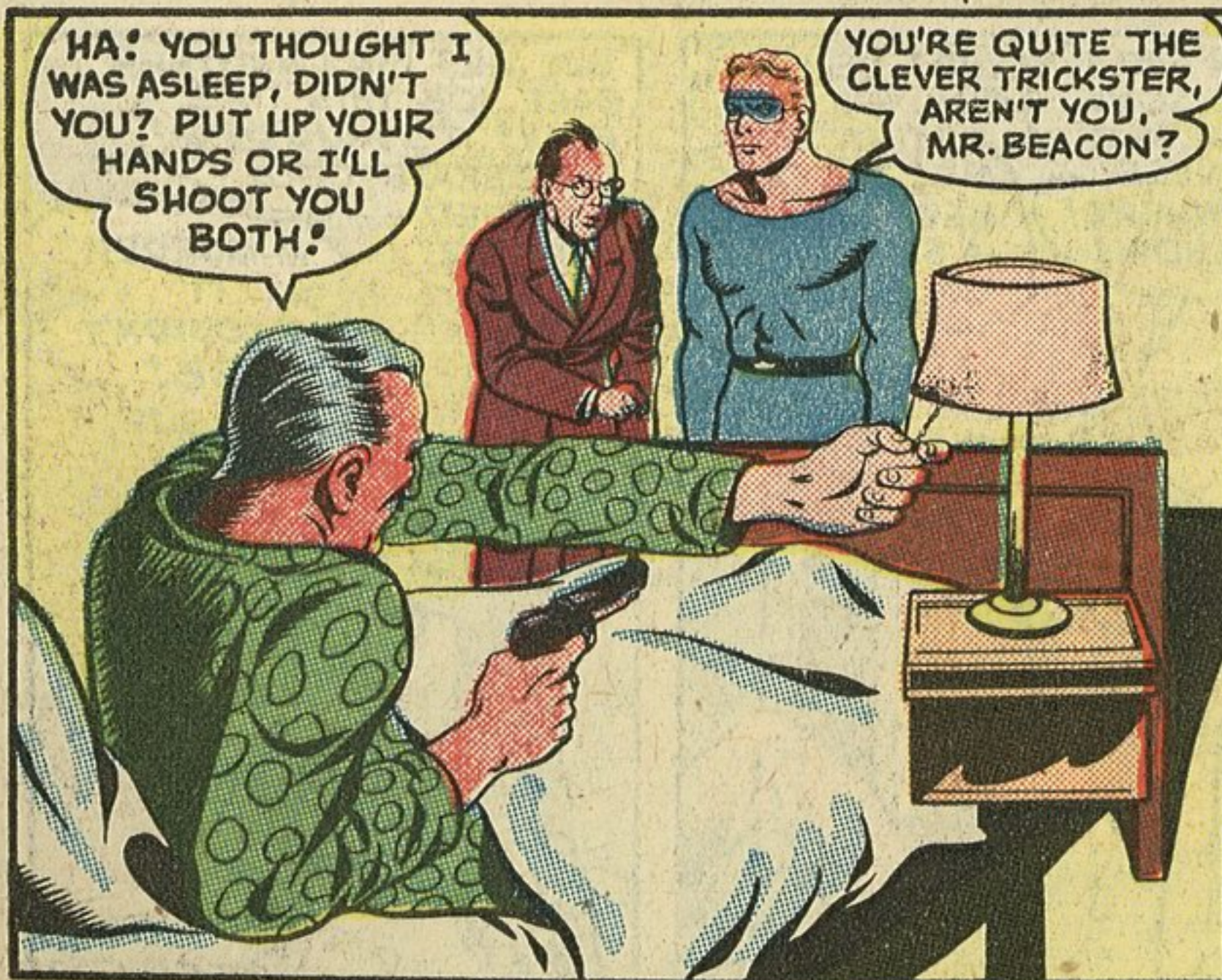


BUT I KNOW WHO DID IT--AND WHY! I WANT TO MAKE A PHONE CALL-- THEN WE'LL VISIT OUR CLEVER KILLER!

I'LL HELP YOU, MANHUNTER! SURE I CRACK SAFES-- BUT I AIN'T NO DIRTY MURDERER! DEY CAN'T FRAME ME FOR NO KILL!



A short time later...



HA! YOU THOUGHT I WAS ASLEEP, DIDN'T YOU? PUT UP YOUR HANDS OR I'LL SHOOT YOU BOTH!

YOU'RE QUITE THE CLEVER TRICKSTER, AREN'T YOU, MR. BEACON?



BOBBING YOUR OWN VAULT AHEAD OF TIME AND THEN TRYING TO COVER UP BY BLASTING THE DOOR WAS ALMOST CLEVER ENOUGH--BUT NOT QUITE! YOUR BIG MISTAKE WAS IN TRYING TO COMBINE ROBBERY WITH MURDER! THAT AROUSED MY SUSPICIONS!

POLICE COMICS

THE WATCHMAN CAUGHT YOU ROBBERING YOUR OWN BANK, DIDN'T HE? HIS SUDDEN WEALTH SOUNDS LIKE A BLACKMAIL PAYOFF!

CLEVER, MANHUNTER-- BUT YOU'RE RIGHT! I STOLE THE \$356,000 YESTERDAY AND JIMMIED THE INNER DOOR BEFORE I LOCKED THE VAULT!

AKINS WAS BLACKMAILING ME! I HAD TO GET RID OF HIM, SO I HIRED BILLY, THERE, TO PLANT THE EXPLOSIVE! THEN I FIRED IT LATER!

WHY, YOU DIRTY---!

QUIET, BILLY! NEVER INTERRUPT A KILLER WHEN HE'S CONFESSING!

WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE, YOU FOOLS? I'M KILLING YOU NOW! I'LL CLAIM YOU BROKE IN AND I SHOT YOU, THINKING YOU WERE THIEVES!

LIKE ALL YOUR SCHEMES, BEACON --- IT HAS A FLAW IN IT! YOU OVERLOOKED ONE THING ... **TAKE THE GUN, THOR!**

AWRRRK! MY WRIST! GET THAT BEAST OFF ME! HE'LL KILL ME!

THOR WON'T-- BUT THE STATE WILL ... IN AN ELECTRIC CHAIR!

HERE'S AN ANAESTHETIC FOR THAT HURT WRIST!

GREAT WORK, MANHUNTER! WE HID OUTSIDE AND HEARD THE WHOLE CONFSSION! THANKS FOR PHONING US THE TIP!

GIVE DAN RICHARDS THE CREDIT, CAPTAIN! HE SUSPECTED THOSE BLACK MARKS AND TIPPED ME OFF!

HMM! I'LL KEEP AN EYE ON RICHARDS, MAN-HUNTER! MAYBE HE'S GOT A FUTURE ON THE FORCE, AT THAT!

Here's
News About
a Sensational
FREE
Offer to
DICK TRACY Fans

GET THIS AUTHENTIC DICK TRACY RAPID-FIRE TOMMY GUN

that LOOKS and SOUNDS
just like the real McCoy!

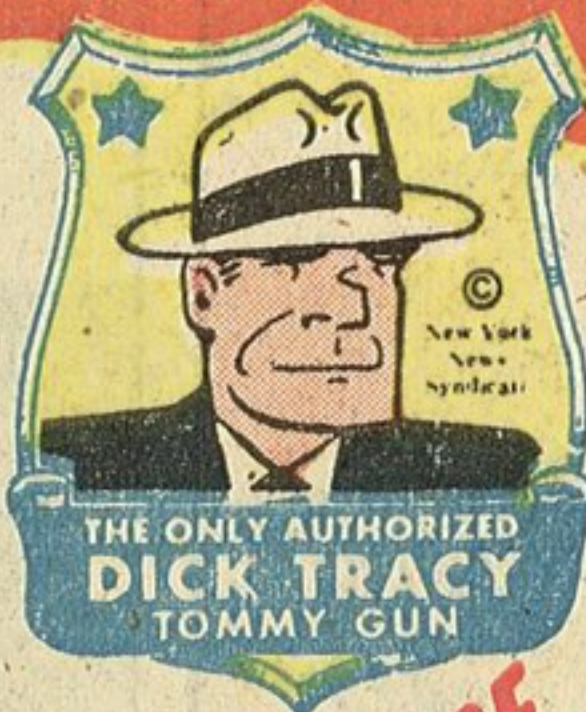
Be Sure You Get
the One and Only
Authorized
DICK TRACY
Tommy Gun

- ★ Realistically styled to look like genuine U. S. Army Tommy Gun.
- ★ Regulated automatic repeater action.
- ★ All-metal, precision-cast, hardened copper alloy.
- ★ Real gun-metal finish.
- ★ Complete with Army-Type shoulder strap.
- ★ Includes Dick Tracy Badge and membership in Dick Tracy Detective Club.

\$3.79

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FOR A LIMITED
TIME ONLY



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RAPID-FIRE
TRIGGER
ACTION
TAT-TAT**

Over 20 Inches long

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Say, Kids—how would you like to have the one and only authorized Dick Tracy RAPID-FIRE TOMMY GUN patterned after those used by U. S. Army Commandos? Well, you have the chance of a lifetime to get this super-action gun for only \$3.79. Watch the other kid's eyes "pop" when they see this wonderful Tommy gun. And when they hear that realistic "rat-a-tat-tat" of its trigger, they'll stick 'em up in a hurry! Everyone wants one of these genuine Dick Tracy TOMMY GUNS... but it's first come, first served, so get your order in today!

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Free!

A Thrilling Episode
in the Lives of
SECRET AGENT X-28
and His Son **JUNIOR**

GET THOSE HANDS
UP IN THE AIR, *X-28!
YOUR NUMBER'S UP!

NOW YOU'VE GOT EXACTLY 60
SECONDS LEFT TO TELL US WHERE
YOU'VE HIDDEN THAT ATOMIC EXPLOSIVE
FORMULA... OR WE'LL BLOW A HOLE IN YOU!

WHAT'S
THIS?

MEANWHILE, *X-28'S SON, JUNIOR HEARS
POLICE INSIDE AND LOOKS THROUGH
REACH FOR THE CEILING
FELLAS. I'LL
SHOOT THE
FIRST GUY
WHO MOVES

HURRY, OPERATOR... SEND
THE POLICE OVER TO SECRET
AGENT *X-28'S APARTMENT
RIGHT AWAY

I HAVE TO HAND
IT TO YOU,
JUNIOR, THAT
WAS CERTAINLY
FAST THINKING

IT'S LUCKY I
HAD THIS DICK
TRACY TOMMY
GUN WITH ME.
IT LOOKS SO
MUCH LIKE THE
REAL THING, IT
FOOLS MOST
PEOPLE

YOU MEAN
TO SAY THAT
TOMMY GUN
ISN'T REAL?
WHY, I DON'T
BELIEVE IT!

YES, KIDS,
THIS DICK TRACY
TOMMY GUN LOOKS
SO REAL YOU
WON'T BELIEVE
IT EITHER. AND
IMAGINE... YOU CAN
GET ONE EXACTLY
LIKE IT FOR ONLY
\$3.79 IF YOU
Mail the Coupon Now!

**THIS GENUINE DICK TRACY
DETECTIVE BADGE IS YOURS TO KEEP**

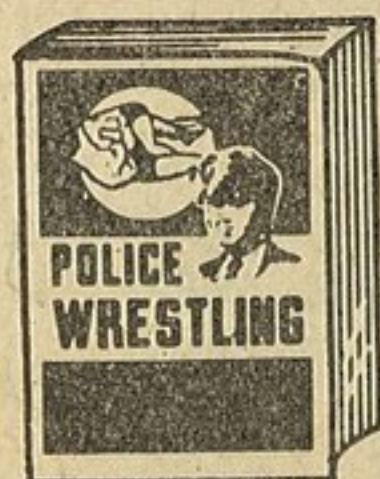
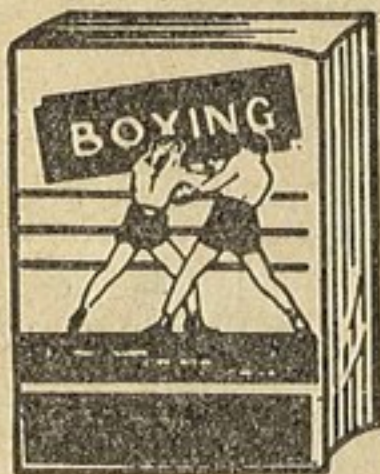
... even if you are not delighted with your DICK TRACY TOMMY GUN. Yes, if not completely satisfied you may return your TOMMY GUN for a complete refund and keep this wonderful GOLD FINISH Dick Tracy Detective Badge FREE!

FREE

WITH
YOUR
ORDER



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- ☐ POLICE WRESTLING . . . 50c

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"U.S." ROYAL

WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



TRAPPING A BANDIT



WE'VE GOT TO STOP THESE JEWEL ROBBERIES! THIS FAKE NEWSPAPER STORY MIGHT FOOL THE BANDIT AND LEAD US TO HIS HIDEOUT... WITH U.S. ROYAL'S HELP!

MY PAPER IS HAPPY TO CO-OPERATE WITH THE POLICE, SIR... WE'LL RUN IT IN THE NEXT EDITION!

CITY EDITOR

NEXT DAY, IN THE BANDIT'S HIDEOUT...

HERE'S WHERE I GET TO WORK! THAT TRAIN WILL PASS JUST A FEW MILES FROM HERE LATER TONIGHT...

...and this new diamond shipment will arrive here midnight tomorrow on the Trail Blazer Express

THAT NIGHT...

SOMEBODY SIGNALLED US TO STOP! MUST BE THE TROUBLE WE WERE WARNED TO EXPECT.

ALL RIGHT, FELLAS... HERE'S WHERE WE START TRAVELLING. I'LL TOW YOU WITH THIS HANDLEBAR.

AS DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND THE BOYS OF THE ELM CITY BIKE CLUB STREAK OFF AFTER THE ESCAPING BANDIT...

EASIEST STICK-UP I EVER PULLED! HANDED THE DIAMONDS RIGHT OVER... WHAT SAPS!

IF HE ONLY KNEW THOSE "DIAMONDS" ARE NOTHING BUT GLASS!

SO THIS IS WHERE HE HIDES THE LOOT! BOYS, I'LL STAND GUARD, WHILE YOU GO FOR THE POLICE...

LATER... YOU BOYS DID A SWELL JOB! IF YOU HADN'T FOLLOWED THIS THIEF TO HIS HIDEOUT, WE MIGHT NEVER HAVE RECOVERED THOSE STOLEN GEMS!

FELLAS - IF YOU WANT TO TRAVEL FAST... BUT SAFELY... USE U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES, WITH THE BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN.

NEXT ISSUE: RACING TO THE RESCUE!

"I'LL TAKE THE TIRE WITH THE BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN EVERY TIME" - SAYS "U.S." ROYAL

HERE IS A TIRE THAT HOLDS THE ROAD EVEN WHEN SURFACES ARE WET AND SLIPPERY. THAT BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN DESIGN GIVES BETTER CONTROL! WHY NOT TRY U.S. ROYALS ON YOUR BIKE?

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